The Saturday Evening
POST
March 8, 1958 — 15¢

MAR 4 '58
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CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S STORMY EXILE

By James P. O'Donnell

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT tells why she differed with Stevenson, broke with Truman, didn't support Kennedy

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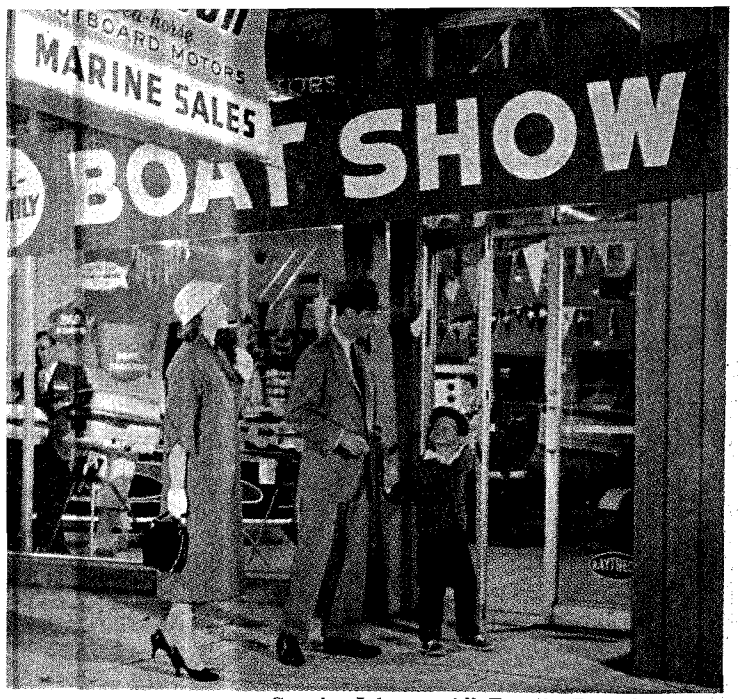


See the Johnson All-Family Boat Show . . .

March 7-16 at your Johnson dealer's!

New Super Sea-Horse V-50. Full 50 hp, 12-volt electric starting. $840.

"It's Boat Show time at the Sea-Horse sign!"

Ever been to a boat show? It's got a wonderful smell, of fresh varnish and new manila line. Everything glistens. There's magic in boats, you can see it in the children's eyes.

To find this out firsthand, simply visit your Johnson dealer's All-Family Boat Show. You don't have to be in a buying mood. Just nose around. Thump hulls. Ask questions.

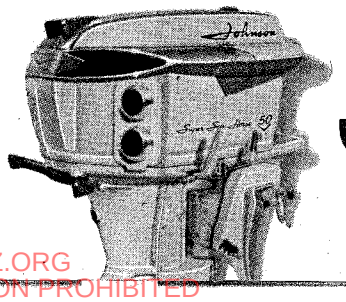
What will you see? A batch of new boats and boat-trailers. The latest water sports gear. And the 1958 Johnson Sea-Horses. They go from 3 to 50 hp, from $160 to $840. They're all quick, quiet and thoroughly dependable. And there's 12-volt electric starting in the 18, 35 and 50 hp classes. Look specially for the 4-cylinder Super Sea-Horse V-50—it's the world's first outboard V-engine!

Your Johnson dealer's listed under "Outboard Motors" in the classified phone book. Don't miss his show.

FREE SEA-HORSE CATALOG! *Write Johnson Motors, 318 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill. (Div. of Outboard Marine Corp. In Canada, mfd. by Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ont.). Prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change.*

See THE BOB HOPE SHOW, NBC-TV, Saturday night, April 5

First in dependability...
pioneers of the "V"age engine



Johnson

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No matter where you go now...
You Can't Escape from Germs!

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions, on contact —gargle Listerine at least twice every day!

Germs are everywhere these days. Colds and sore throats due to colds, sniffles and sneezes are really going the rounds.

Take this sensible precaution while the current colds outbreak lasts. At least twice every day, gargle Listerine Antiseptic. Use it full-strength. Listerine kills germs associated with colds *on contact*, by the millions.

Tests with more than 3,000 people over a 12-year period clearly proved that those who gargled twice daily with Listerine had fewer, shorter and milder colds than those who did not.

The figures on the chart (right) show how regular use of Listerine helped reduce colds and sore throat due to colds. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic full-strength twice every day without fail.

HOW LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC REDUCED COLDS
Results of 12-year test involving more than 3,000 people

Those who did NOT gargle Listerine twice daily had

- **89%** more severe colds than those who did
- **85%** longer colds, measured in days
- **73%** more sore throats
- **51%** more "ordinary" colds

Reach for Listerine

your No. 1 protection against infection!

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PHILCO OUTDATES 45 MILLION REFRIGERATORS—

Tri-frigeration..

The '58 Philco Super Marketer
Model RF-1488—13.5 cu. ft. with 5.2 cu. ft. freezer

ONLY PHILCO HAS IT!

Here's the greatest refrigeration news since automatic defrosting—Philco's revolutionary new Tri-frigeration!

Philco now gives you *three* cold zones, each the perfect temperature for a certain kind of food. Other refrigerators have only *two* zones. Get a Tri-frigeration demonstration at your Philco dealer's today!

1 38° ZONE REFRIGERATOR

Perfect temperature and humidity for all regular foods, plus special compartments for eggs, butter, milk and cheese.

2 33° ZONE MEAT LOCKER

A *separate* section (not just a meat pan) operates on its own cooling system. It keeps meat fresh *days longer*, without freezing, by maintaining a meat-perfect temperature zone of 33°. No other refrigerator provides this ideal meat-keeping "climate."

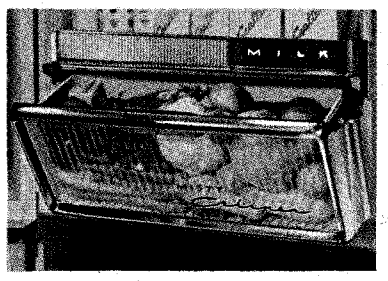
3 ZERO ZONE FREEZER

Special sub-zero freezing surfaces keep 181 lbs. of frozen foods safe and solid. Tiptoe touch on foot pedal opens the door.

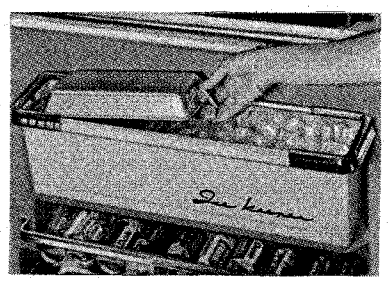
LOOK AHEAD... and you'll choose
PHILCO

... and look at these "Woman Designed" features!

- Exclusive dairy-bar storage door!
- Adjustable and folding shelves!
- Aluminum and chrome throughout!
- Striking turquoise interior!
- Also available with *left-hand* doors!



NEW "MISTY CRISPER" automatically sprays a fine mist over fresh produce—each time you close the crisper. Keeps everything garden-fresh.



NEW PORTABLE ICE KEEPER puts 160 ice cubes at your finger tips. Ice trays slide on top; finger touch releases cubes into lightweight basket.

..new from PHILCO®

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Amos Sewell's gentlemen could be saying, "Shall I ignite your cheroot, Lord Cholmondeley?" "Frightfully good of you, old boy." The lads are lighthearted; and that's enough punning for a while. That cigarette lighter is called a kerosene bomb; the chain is to carry it with, but don't toast your fingers; neither rain, nor snow, nor wild, wild wind will extinguish it, so next day it will be smothered with a wad of cloth. Imagination, by straining some, can picture a kerosene bomb as a cute cigarette lighter for the living-room coffee table—how cozy, on a winter evening, to gaze into its flame, as into a dancing flame on the hearth. In summer it could be lighted on the lawn to lure mosquitoes off the patio; or would that fill the air with all the bugs on the block?

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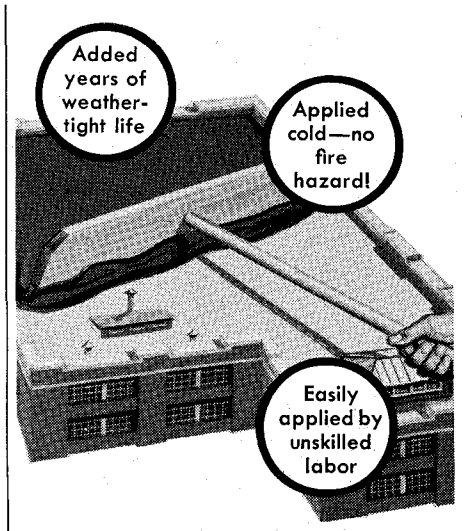

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(and heaven help the water heater!)

50% Longer Guarantee
PROTECTION FOR 15 YEARS

Today, It Takes Tanks and Tanks of Clean, Rust-Free Hot Water to Keep Up with the Kids, the Washing, the Dishes and the House.

And *you* can have all the hot water you'll ever need with *Permaglas!* Today's *Permaglas* automatic Water Heater has a new glass lining so long-lasting that it permits a guarantee *50 per cent longer than ever before . . . for 15 years!* What's more, this new glass discovery can *only* be applied to *Hydrasteel,* A. O. Smith's exclusive research discovery. So now, more than ever, it's extra-important to *you* to specify *Permaglas, by name!*

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Letters

Where is the Midwest?

Dear Sirs:

A good subtitle to John Bartlow Martin's engrossing articles, THE CHANGING MIDWEST [Jan. 11–Feb. 1] would be, "A Return to Sanity."

When this series of articles is over, it may not be an exaggeration to say that they counterbalance, in common sense, practicalities and good citizenship, all of the orations and outbursts of all of the politicians, business tycoons, bankers, economists, experts, consultants, advisors, et al., leaving a good sound residue in favor of the people of Rushville and the thousands of similar American communities.

GEORGE MC K. ROBERTS
Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Anent your article . . . (Jan. 11): Mayor William Morgan states, "We haven't had any foreign element come in to upset our tranquillity." . . . Well, I'd love to upset His Ornery's tranquillity for five minutes!! I wonder from what "foreign element" Morgan sprang from? The American Indian is the only true Native.

MRS. ANNE Y. ROSS
Las Vegas, Nev.

Dear Sirs:

John Bartlow Martin's . . . style of reporting is unusual in that he covers so much ground so rapidly. I feel now like I know the lovable city of Rushville, Indiana, quite well.

TAL HARLAN
Sacramento, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

You seem to be a bit mixed on your geography in "The Changing Midwest." Rushville, Ind., and Flint, Mich., are not in the Midwest. They are in the Central States. The Midwest begins with Illinois and runs on out thru Nebraska.

D. H. HANLEY
Tampa, Fla.

● *It's a matter of definition. Webster's Dictionary, for one, says the North Central or Midwestern states are roughly in the region extending from the Rockies to the Alleghenies, north of the Ohio River and the southern boundaries of Missouri and Kansas.*
—ED.

"Imaginative, Unscrupulous"

Dear Sirs:

You have rendered a great service by publishing Stewart Alsop's article on Khrushchev (BEHIND KHRUSHCHEV'S SMILE, Feb. 1). Khrushchev is the most imaginative, daring and unscrupulous statesman in the world today. About a hundred years ago, when the great Italian statesman, Cavour, was arriving at the front of the European stage, old Metternich, of Austria, about to die, exclaimed: "There is only one man in Europe, M. de Cavour, and, unfortunately, he is against us."

Unfortunately, Khrushchev is against us, and just as Cavour played surprise after surprise, always catching his opponents napping, so the Communist First Secretary is full of tricks which leave us gasping, and before we have recovered from one jolt, he is ready with another. . . .

Thanks to the Alsop article, we can at least be on double guard.

BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Sirs:

It is most informative . . . to read an article about a man whom we regard as dangerous to us, which is written in an unbiased manner . . .

PETER S. GEIS
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

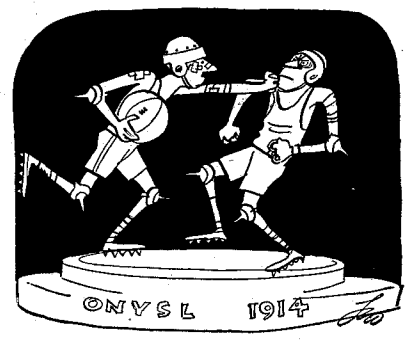
Re Stewart Alsop's article on Khrushchev: The Cheka was not the Czar's secret police, but Lenin's. (The Czar's was the Okhrana.) If the Cheka had supported the Czar, that unfortunate man would have lived longer!

MRS. RUTH H. WOOD
Southington, Conn.

The Rough Old Days

Dear Sirs:

So Bill Russell [I WAS A 6'9" BABE IN THE WOODS, Jan. 18] thinks he got bumped around in the National Basketball League. He should have played in the old New York State League before World War I. They played inside a net



and there were no out of bounds, and the ball was always in play. There were no back boards, no rebounds, and a player was allowed to stop an opponent with a straight arm. Five men played the entire game and they all wore elbow and knee pads to protect them when slammed to the floor.

AMBROSE A. BATSON
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Russell's critical analysis of himself and his playing ability is definitely unusual, if not startling.

ROBERT C. DOUGLAS
Wolfville, N.S.

Animals in Cages

Dear Sirs:

Though THE CRUEL CAGE by Walter Macken (Feb. 1) is an off-beat short story for the Post, there's nothing off-beat about the cramped and cruel cages in many roadside and municipal menageries and in many medical-research laboratories. They're all too common.

The Post's sound editorial judgment in selecting the story may help to lay low the prevalent feeling that you have to be an eccentric to protest unkindness to animals.

MRS. ANN COTTRELL FREE
Washington, D.C.

(Continued on Page 6)

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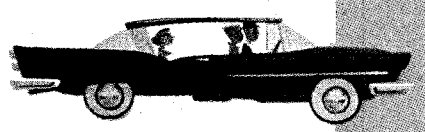
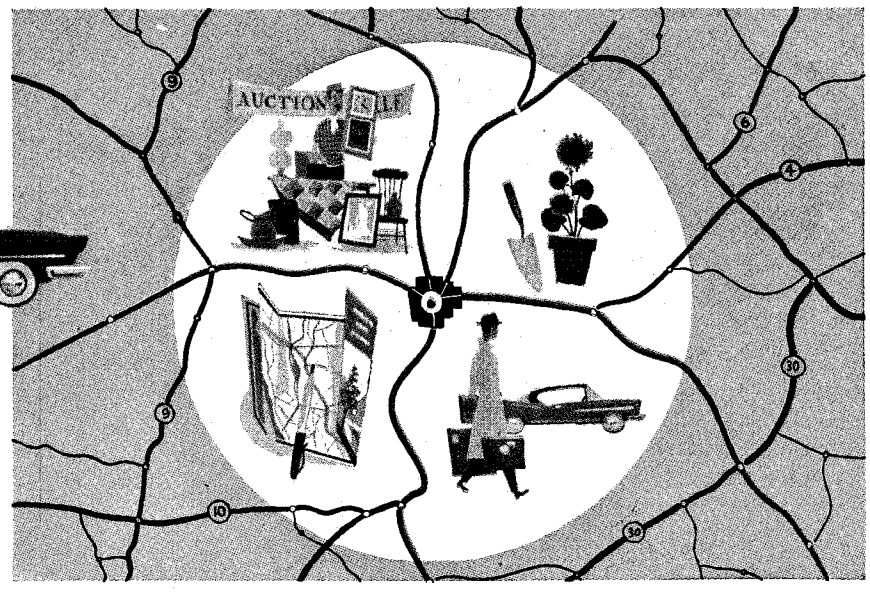
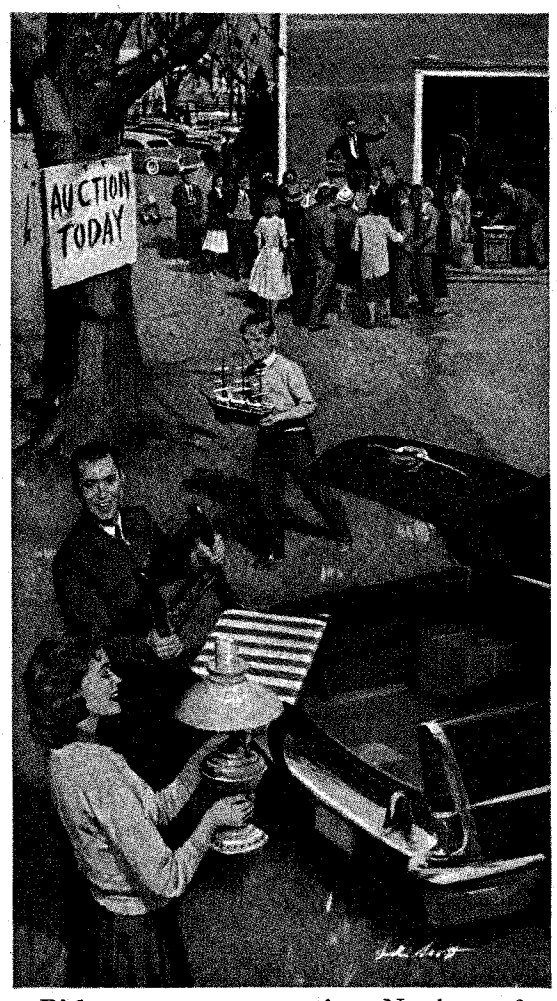
Your car makes this a Magic Circle





Get out and get under Spring's spell.
Your car is the way to this happy world . . .
and it's within easy distance of your driveway.

Catch the first breath of Spring. It's a joyous pursuit by car. Perhaps you map out a favorite route. Perhaps you just meander, seeing the countryside come to life—close-up.

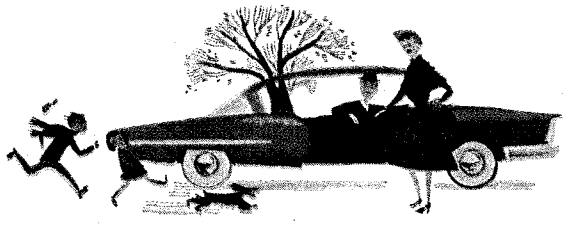


Bid at a country auction. Not least of the treasures you take home will be your memory of a lively, friendly day. Coming and going, your car helps make it so.

Spring is served up fragrantly fresh a few comfortable car miles away. Tour the nurseries in your area. (The trip can brighten your day as much as the blooms do.)

Give your family a weekend away from the household routine. Whether you head for the late snow or the early sun, you'll find a new kind of family fun in your Magic Circle.

Drive out to meet Spring in your Magic Circle. You'll find a world-ful of things to enjoy. Your Magic Circle makes your car not just a way to go, but a wonderful way of life. And from start to end of any trip, over 200,000 friendly, trained service station men stand ready to make driving a carefree pleasure. See for yourself tomorrow, next weekend or next vacation.



DRIVE MORE . . .
IT'S FUN TO EXPLORE
YOUR MAGIC CIRCLE

"ETHYL" (TRADE MARK) ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL CORPORATION

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Manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compounds . . . used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure

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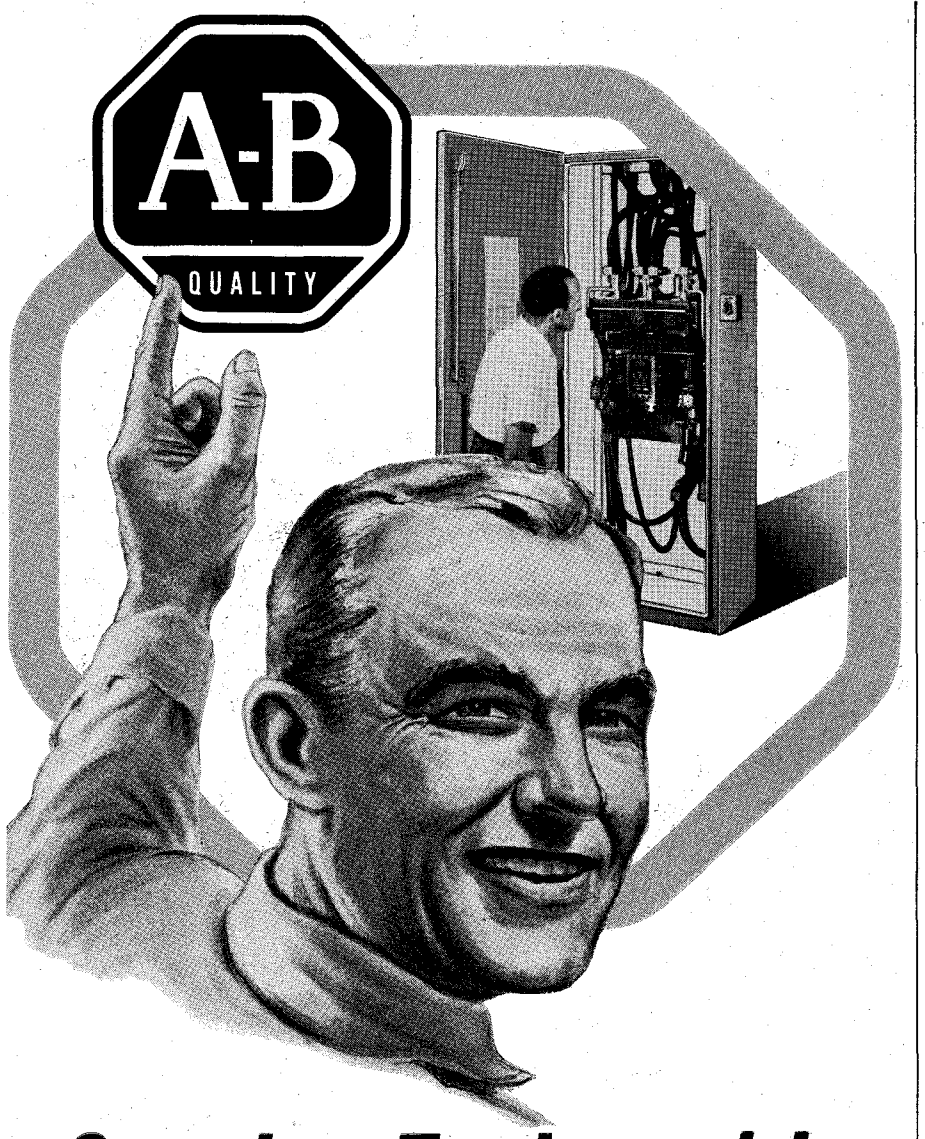


See that Trademark!

...in your plant, it identifies trouble free motor control

Ask the man best qualified to speak . . . your maintenance man. He'll tell you how Allen-Bradley motor starters perform year after year without trouble or maintenance . . . an inspection once or twice a year is all that is necessary.

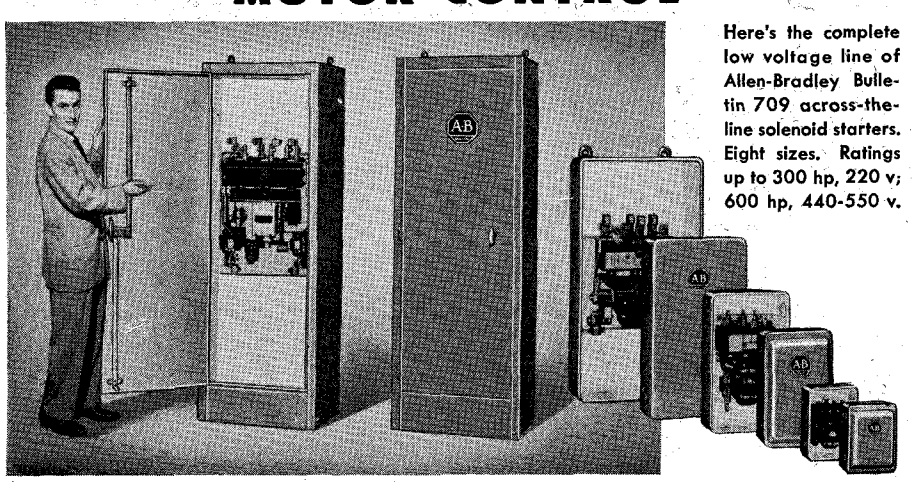
It's their simple solenoid design—with only *one* moving part—that assures millions of trouble free operations.

Double break, silver alloy contacts—standard with *all* Allen-Bradley control—never need service attention.

Only Allen-Bradley starters—both low voltage and high tension—use this solenoid design in *all* sizes . . . even for such husky 600 hp starters as shown above. For years of reliable operation . . . insist on Allen-Bradley motor control.

Allen-Bradley Co., 138 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 4, Wis.
In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

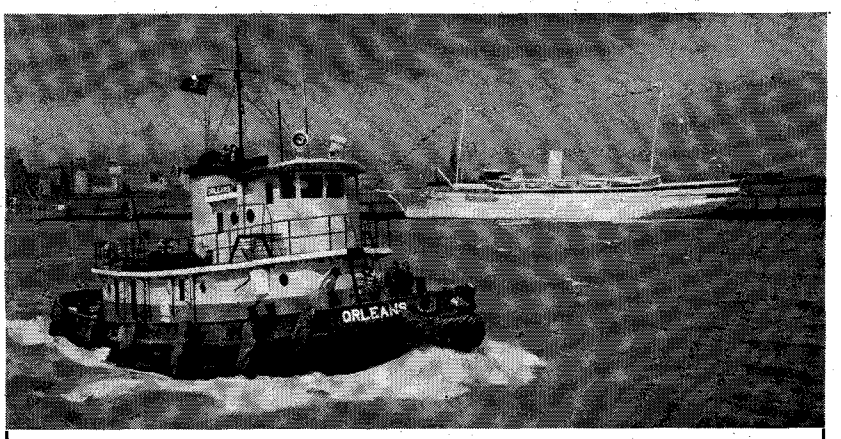
ALLEN-BRADLEY
QUALITY
MOTOR CONTROL



Here's the complete low voltage line of Allen-Bradley Bulletin 709 across-the-line solenoid starters. Eight sizes. Ratings up to 300 hp, 220 v; 600 hp, 440-550 v.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)



THE INVISIBLE TOOT

Dear Sirs:

The caption for The Face of America [WORK HORSE OF THE PORT, Jan. 25] . . . states that the Orleans "bustles up and down the harbor, . . . her shrill toots, each marked by a crisp, white plume." What I would like to know is how you get a "crisp, white plume" from a raucous electric horn on a diesel tug?

F. L. WILLIAMS
Cordova, Ill.

● *Our error. The modern diesel can do everything the old steam tug did except produce a "crisp, white plume."* —*ED.*

Rebels or Freedom Fighters?

Dear Sirs:

Your article . . . I SAW THE ALGERIAN REBELS IN ACTION [Jan. 11-18] rather surprised me. Since when did the S.E.P. turn sensational at the expense of a Revolutionary War ally, a World War I ally, a World War II ally, a Korean conflict ally and a NATO ally? . . .

The Algerian rebellion . . . is just a case of the "have-nots" trying to take what the "haves" got by hard work over a long period of years. Perhaps the leaders of the Algerian rebels figured it would be easier and faster to shoot the president of the company rather than work their way up from the bottom.

TOM O. ELLISON
Austin, Texas

Dear Sirs:

It's about time we Americans started paying some attention to the Algerian crisis.

As we wanted our independence from England during our revolutionary war, let's give the Algerians theirs.

ROLAND GIEDRAITIS
Storrs, Conn.

"Interesting . . . Asinine"

Dear Sirs:

William Sambrot's story ISLAND OF FEAR, January 18th, is one of the most interesting fictional adventures I've read in a long time. Mr. Sambrot put a knowledge of Greek mythology to excellent use. His story had a dreamy, mysterious quality that was sustained through the end.

LENORE SERESUN
Lakewood, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

ISLAND OF FEAR . . . was certainly a flop.

After arousing one's curiosity to the nth degree, the closing verse to the story was so flat and asinine that one was disgusted at the time taken to read it.

CALVIN D. WALKER
Concordia, Kansas

Grant as President

Dear Sirs:

In Clarence Budington Kelland's story, WEST OF THE LAW, which ended in the Jan. 25 issue of the Post, he pictures Grant, at least by inference, as the strong champion fighting corruption in high places. All of which is manifestly absurd. Grant was a pitiable figure in the Presidency. No one thinks that he profited personally from the unspeakable rascality all around him, but no informed person believes he was competent to deal with it.

In The Growth of the American Republic by Morison and Commager . . . he is described as follows: "His . . . judgment was incalculable, his prejudices implacable."

W. G. MARTIN
Kerrville, Texas

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Reading across pages, then down:

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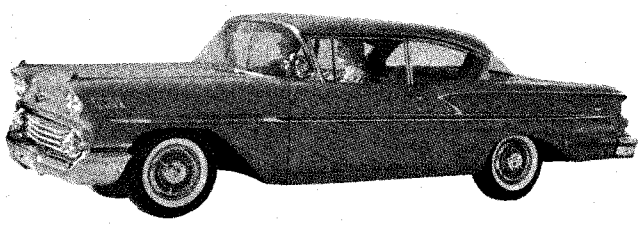
ANNOUNCING *Cool-Pack* BY HARRISON

SENSATIONAL NEW LOW-COST AIR CONDITIONER!

Go the *new cool* way! Install a *Cool-Pack* in your new Chevrolet, Pontiac or Buick and take complete control of your car's climate.* This handsome, low-cost, Harrison Air Conditioner fits conveniently under the instrument panel—is compact, fast and efficient. At a flip of the switch, *Cool-Pack* goes to work to thoroughly recondition—clean, cool and dehumidify—every bit of air in your car every 30 seconds. Four adjustable outlets pour refreshing air in any direction at a touch of your finger. You ride in an invigorating atmosphere of controlled comfort, regardless of the temperature outside. *Cool-Pack* is a product of Harrison—makers of the famous "under the hood" air conditioning systems for all General Motors cars. So get set for warm weather. See your Chevrolet, Pontiac or Buick dealer today about the sensational new *Cool-Pack* by Harrison.

*Also Available on Most 1958 Chevrolet Trucks



cool air by the carload

HARRISON
AUTOMOTIVE AIR CONDITIONING

GM FROM THE PROGRESS OF THE PAST... THE PROMISE OF THE FUTURE

HARRISON RADIATOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, LOCKPORT, NEW YORK

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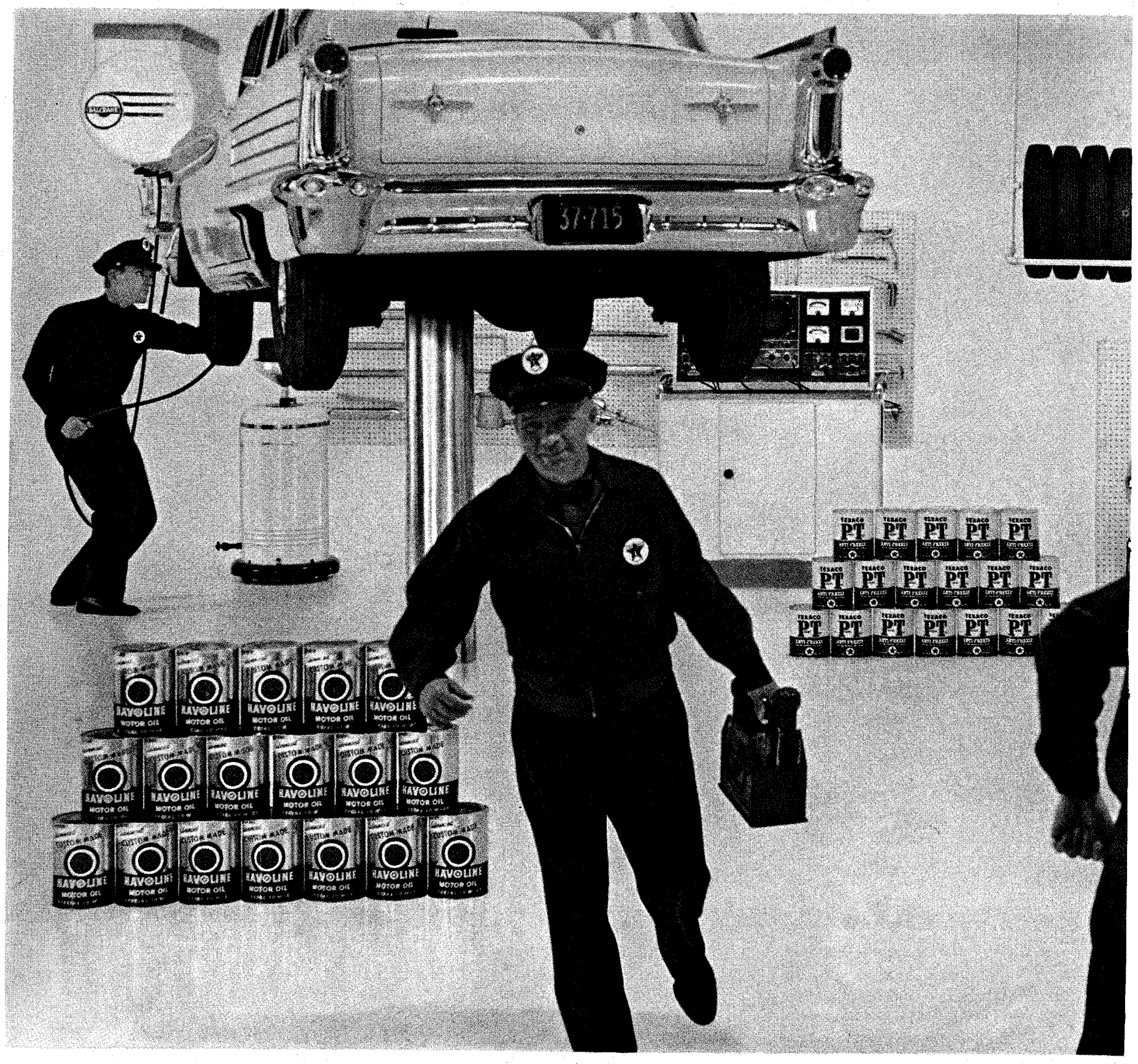
See why Texaco service keeps your



YOUR Texaco Dealer gives your car the fine care it deserves. He has specialized tools and equipment, expert know-how from training and experience, and a complete file of car makers' specifications. Plus—Texaco quality petroleum products, such as famous Havoline Motor Oil, cushiony Marfak chassis lubricant—and 2 great gasolines: top octane Texaco Sky Chief Su-preme with Petrox . . . lively-powered, regular-price Texaco Fire Chief. Add it all up. Drive in. You'll see why a Texaco Dealer is the best friend your car has ever had.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

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car running better than others!

TEXACO

DEALERS in all 48 states

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada, Latin America, and Africa

TUNE IN . . . METROPOLITAN OPERA RADIO BROADCASTS SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, ABC

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Editorials

America Needs Some of That Annoying British Calm!

Between crises, it might be good medicine for Americans to ponder the merits of the following observation by the Spanish writer Salvador de Madariaga, in the English weekly Time and Tide:

> Events which make an American's heart sick hardly raise an Englishman's eyebrow. The world was in safer hands when London ruled its finances; and it is in the interest of the world that much of it remains within the area of the pound. We are already too dependent on a public opinion that sends prices down whenever President Eisenhower's temperature goes up.

Now before sounding off angrily with something like "Whose money is it that keeps the 'area of the pound' worth remaining in?" let's stick to de Madariaga's criticism, which is in effect that Americans would be less nerve-racking as partners if they could be inoculated with a spot of British phlegm. There is no need to go back to the Orson Welles invasion of "Men from Mars" to make the point. Indeed it is almost embarrassing now to recall the orgy of hysteria and self-reproach which followed the launching of Russia's Sputnik last fall. The air reverberated with cries of "Where are our scientists? America is hopelessly outclassed and can never catch up! For God's sake, DO something!" The conventional cure-all of billions for everything from scholarships to underground shelters seemed the only way out. Liberal columnists went about holding their heads and predicting doom and national humiliation.

Let us grant that the panic was more journalistic than popular. Nevertheless it must be conceded that the morale of the nation took a beating similar to that sustained by a loyal Yale alumnus when the Elis lose to Princeton. The columnists seemed determined to make this country look as helpless as possible, and the finger was on every soda jerk to get on with his calculus and go in for nuclear physics. There were skeptics who suggested that if the Reds were really so far ahead of us, they would have dropped at least an ultimatum on us. But such dissenters seldom got into print.

Anyway, months passed and we sent up a satellite of our own. At once everything changed. The stock market rose, strong men ceased to weep, and jubilant citizens set off fireworks in Huntsville, Alabama. Progressive teachers went back to their "life adjustment" classes with no fear of reprisals by traditionalists urging the three R's and the bastinado. Americans began to wonder if it wouldn't be all right for Mr. Eisenhower to leave a Bulganin letter or two unanswered. In Congress the demands for more billions relaxed slightly, but briefly. Not even the later grounding of the Navy's Vanguard satellite could take the starch out of the optimists.

Of course, neither excess of emotion was justified by the facts. We were not as far down on our uppers as we thought we were when Khrushchev had the only man-made moon and boasted that the Reds would "flatten us." Nor are we as immune from danger as some seem to think, now that we have got a moon of our own off the launching platform. The important thing is to take a tip from the British, who never believe that the end of the world is at hand even when an outsider might think so. They play the percentages. American oscillation between "Take to the boats!" and "It's in the bag!" is bad for the national blood pressure and hard on the nerves of our allies. Besides, history isn't like that.

But the Nazis and Their Heirs Are Socialists Too!

Not much has been heard of the American Forum for Socialist Education since this united-front alliance convened in a New York hotel last December for a "pilot" conference, to serve as a model for similar doings all over the country.

Among the Red leaders who spoke at the New York meeting were Fred Fine, member of the Communist National Committee, who is appealing a conviction for conspiring against the United States; Earl Durham, National Youth Secretary of the Communist Party; Steve Nelson, chairman of the C.P. of Western Pennsylvania; and Dr. Albert Blumberg, member of the New York State Committee of the Communist Party.

Some of the prominent Communists in the audience were John Gates, former editor of the deceased Daily Worker, who has served a prison term as a conspirator and has since left the party; Alexander Trachtenberg and George Blake Charney, who are appealing their conspiracy sentences; and Morris U. Schappes, who has done time for perjury.

The top pacifist chieftains were A. J. Muste, of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and Russell Johnson, of the American Friends Service Committee. They lunched that day with the Red leader, Steve Nelson, while planning the schedule for the afternoon session.

On the previous night there was a cocktail party in honor of Muste, at $2.50 a mouth. Among the speakers glorifying him was Dorothy Rose (Mrs. Albert) Blumberg, who has served a prison term for conspiracy against the United States. She read a letter in praise of Muste by her former jailmate, Communist Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, whose record includes false charges that the United States dropped deadly germs on Chinese farmers.

Some "socialist-minded groups" are barred from the Forum. They are the National Socialists, the Nazis. Economically, Hitler's program was as socialistic as that of many leading socialists today. If this Brown Bolshevik was a tyrant and a mass murderer, so was his model, Stalin, and so are Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung.

Since the Communist Party is a member of the new "socialist" united front, why shouldn't some Nazis or their successors be admitted? It does seem a shame to find discrimination practiced among educators for socialism.

Retired Teachers Could Reduce the Pedagogue Shortage

The improvements which are needed in our educational system won't come about if packed classes are taught by inadequately prepared, inexperienced teachers. There is a largely untapped supply of retired teachers competent to teach high-school subjects. Many retired teachers, although perhaps not physically up to a full high-school day, could carry a class through an entire semester in subjects which they had been trained to teach.

The degree of physical energy essential for the full high-school day, including endless record keeping and numerous outside duties is superfluous when it comes to introducing youth to the "noble smell of learning." Who does not remember the devotion of an old teacher to the task of making a dull subject come alive?

Teaching one subject for a full semester, the teacher could provide consistency in its presentation. Surely this would make for better teaching than the present system.

Such an arrangement would give the student continued instruction by one teacher. He would have the same science teacher for the entire semester; and the teacher, instead of teaching five classes a day, plus a building assignment, lunchroom duty, hall patrol, and so on, would, say, teach two classes, plus a building assignment. The advantages on both sides of the desk should be obvious.

Economically, part-time work would be a welcome opportunity for many retired teachers struggling with the deflated purchasing power of the pension dollar, to close the gap. Many of them have retired between the ages of fifty-five and sixty. Many of those retired at the present time are not covered by Social Security, although in the future all teachers will be included under the terms of the amended Social Security law. Some of them will be reluctant to earn more than the law permits them to earn and still collect Social Security payments. However, many teachers may decide to postpone Social Security benefits, preferring the stimulation of the occupation they love, when it is within their physical capabilities. At any rate, this would be good for the country.

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PPG AT THE SHOWPLACES OF AMERICA
SS. *United States* in New York Harbor
Naval Architects: Gibbs and Cox, Inc.

PAST THE TOWERS OF MANHATTAN SHE SLIPS, as Rockefeller Center, the Empire State and Chrysler buildings, with their thousands of windows of PPG glass fall astern. On board, some of her passengers take a moment to freshen up in front of PPG mirrors, while others relax on furniture finished with PPG enamels.

PPG goes to sea on the fastest liner in the world

As the SS. *United States* heads out to sea, voyagers take a parting look at New York through portholes and windows of PPG Herculite glass, or record the passing skyline on film made with Columbia-Southern caustic soda. As the great ship moves down the harbor, little tugs, brightly clad in PPG marine finishes, whistle their salutes to the world's fastest liner. Afloat and ashore, almost everything you see and use looks better or serves you better because of glass or paint by PPG, or chemicals by PPG's subsidiary, Columbia-Southern. PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Penna.

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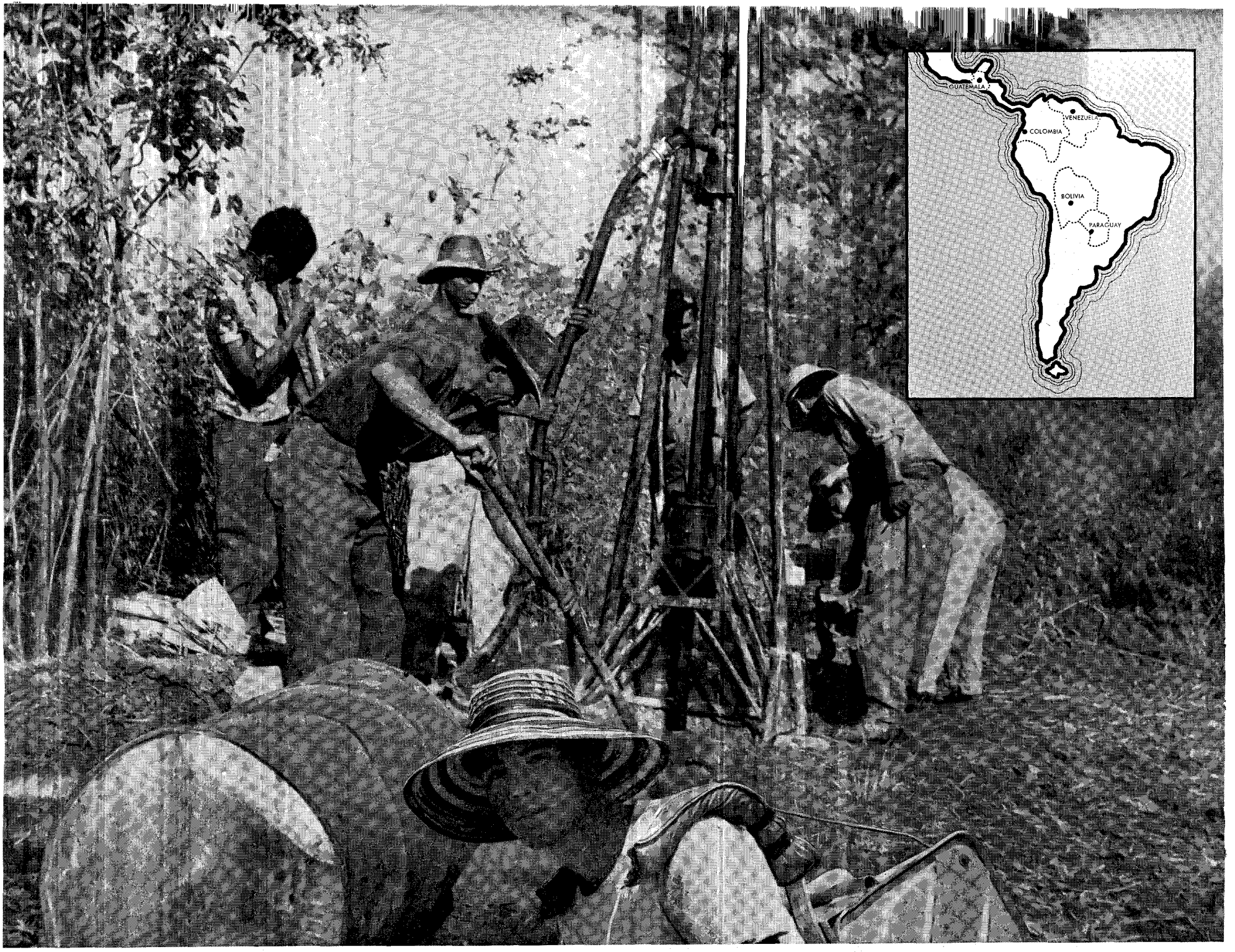


Near the Colombian coast, seismic tests for oil structures

Pure Oil searches for oil in 5 Latin-American countries

. . . even though we already have 5 million acres under lease right here at home

Right now PURE and associates are exploring for oil over 29,700 square miles of South and Central America—areas when put together are almost as big as South Carolina. By joining with other oil companies as partners, we can explore larger areas economically and increase our chances of success.

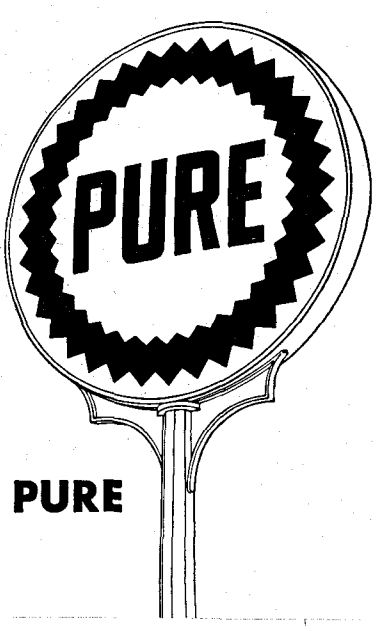
We're exploring in the foothills of the Bolivian Andes. In Colombia we're making seismic surveys in the Cartagena area and are drilling in the Sinu River basin. Exploration is under way in the rugged Chaco territory in Paraguay and also in Guatemala. We've brought in two substantial producers in Venezuela's Lake Maracaibo.

Why search for oil in such remote places when we have 5 million acres under lease here at home? Because Pure Oil must prepare today to meet the needs of tomorrow—to furnish the fuels and lubricants that will be required by the 102 million cars America is expected to have on the road in 1970.

And PURE will meet these demands not only in quantity but also in quality. For in refining, as in production, we stay several jumps ahead.

That's why tomorrow, like today, when you stop at any of our nearly 16,000 stations in 24 states, you'll know you can be *sure* with PURE.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.



BE SURE WITH PURE

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WIN THIS SON OF COUNT FLEET

PLUS $1,000.00

Kentucky Club Annual Derby Day Contest

JUST NAME HIM AND HE'S YOURS

Ted Atkinson, Hall of Fame jockey, helped select this colt.

Ted says:

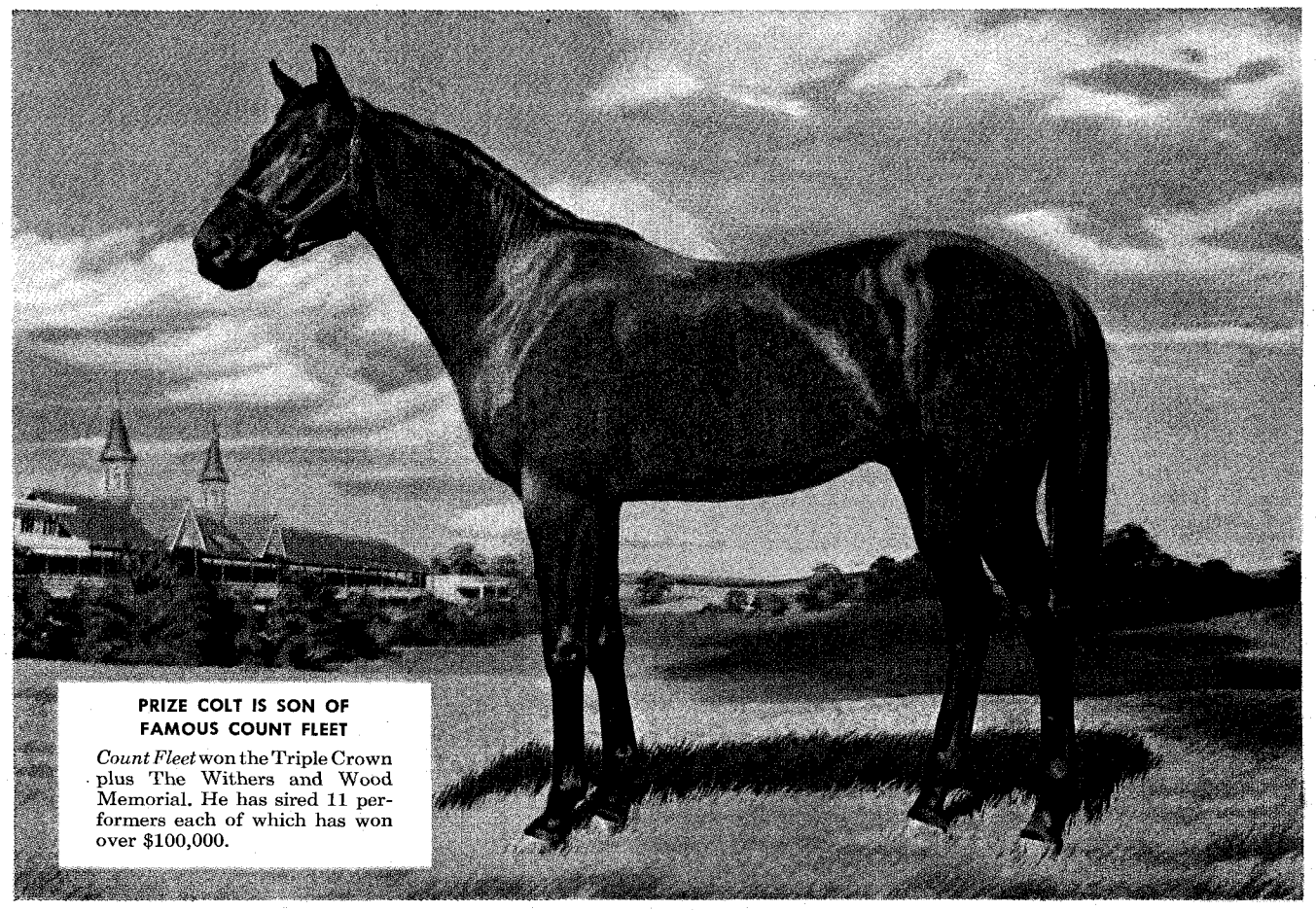
"This individual has the conformation and pedigree that promise top potential. Nothing is beyond his reach."

FIRST PRIZE GIVES YOU ALL THIS

1. Bay Thoroughbred colt sired by Count Fleet, son of Reigh Count—Quickly, by Haste. Dam: Gay Rhythm, daughter of Blenheim II—Gay Music, by Royal Minstrel.

2. All expenses for board and training your prize colt by the experienced trainer, L. K. Haggin, at War Horse Place, Lexington, Ky., to July 1, 1958 are paid by Kentucky Club.

3. Two choice seats for 1958 Kentucky Derby—plus hotel room for four days—plus $1,000.00 in cash for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.



PRIZE COLT IS SON OF FAMOUS COUNT FLEET

Count Fleet won the Triple Crown plus The Withers and Wood Memorial. He has sired 11 performers each of which has won over $100,000.

This year's Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest brings you the opportunity of a lifetime—an opportunity to win a son of fabulous *Count Fleet*. *Count Fleet* is one of only two horses in turf history to have reached earnings of $4,000,000 from 7 crops to race. Here, indeed, is a colt with "top potential."

Just name this prize colt and he's yours—plus choice seats to Kentucky Derby on May 3—plus $1,000.00 for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.

Don't worry about how you would take care of a race horse—even if you live in an apartment. Kentucky Club pays the bills for board and training to July 1, 1958. You get all the fun and thrills of owning a race horse without spending a dime. Later, you can race your prize colt or sell him, as you wish. We hope he will bring you a fortune.

It's easy to win. Awards will be made for the best names for this son of *Count Fleet*. Send in all the entries you want. Be sure each name does not contain more than 16 letters. For example, a name might be *Count Dollars*. Don't send in this name. Think of better ones. Buy Kentucky Club's famous brands. Start now.

P. S. Previous Kentucky Club prize race horses have been won by a grandmother, a college professor, a housewife and a business man. This may be *your* year to win.

Kentucky Club's 9 Brands All Guaranteed Fresh

You're so right to switch to a pipe! It's the wise and satisfying way to enjoy tobacco. And you're doubly right to switch to one of Kentucky Club's 9 choice brands. All packaged in genuine Kenseal Pocket Pouch that's filled at the factory—comes ready to use. Keeps tobacco fresh, mellow and cool-smoking to the last pipeful.

CONTEST RULES

1. In not over 16 letters nor more than three words, write a name for the Kentucky Club prize colt. Count punctuation or space between words as letters. For example, *Count Dollars* counts as 13 letters. Use plain paper or entry blank. Print your name and address.

2. Send as many entries as you like to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 3-C, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y. Each entry must be accompanied by front of outer wrapper from any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of pipe tobacco: Aromatic Kentucky Club Mixture, London Dock, Whitehall, Brush Creek, Christian Peper's Pouch Mixture, Crosby Square, Donniford, Kentucky Club White Burley, Willoughby Taylor. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 7, 1958. No entries returned. All become property of Kentucky Club—Division of Mail Pouch Tobacco Co.

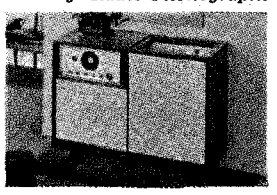
3. Prizes will be awarded as listed elsewhere on this page. Entries will be judged by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness of thought and sincerity. Judges' decision final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All members of a family may compete, but only one prize to a family.

4. Everyone in United States and possessions or Canada may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club's Tobaccos, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of contestant. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

5. Top winner will be notified in ample time to attend the Derby; other winners will be notified by mail approximately six weeks after close of contest. Prize colt will be presented to winner at Churchill Downs during Derby Day week. If, because of accident or other reason, it is necessary to withdraw the colt described above, another Thoroughbred of comparable value will be awarded. List of winning persons available to those requesting same and enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

TOTAL OF 500 GREAT PRIZES

2nd to 16th Prizes: ***Westinghouse "Fontainbleu" AM-FM High Fidelity Radio-Phonograph.*** Electronically balanced amplifier. Four matched speakers: 15" bass, 7" intermediate, two 4" treble in acoustically designed cabinet. Dual diamond-sapphire stylii. Automatic changer shutoff. Separate bass and treble controls. Advanced AM-FM radio. Auxiliary jack for tape recorder. Speaker output terminals.



17th to 500th Prizes: 8 "Derby Day" highball glasses specially created for winners of this contest.

ENTRY BLANK

Just write name for Kentucky Club prize colt in not over 16 letters and not over three words. Count punctuation or space between words as letters.

.....

NAME FOR HORSE

Mail to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 3-C, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y. Dept. SE

Send with each entry front of outer wrapper from any of Kentucky Club's 9 brands of tobacco: Aromatic Kentucky Club Mixture, London Dock, Whitehall, Brush Creek, Christian Peper's Pouch Mixture, Crosby Square, Donniford, Kentucky Club White Burley, Willoughby Taylor. Please underline brand name of wrapper with this entry. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 7, 1958.

.....

PRINT YOUR NAME

.....

STREET

.....

CITY ZONE STATE

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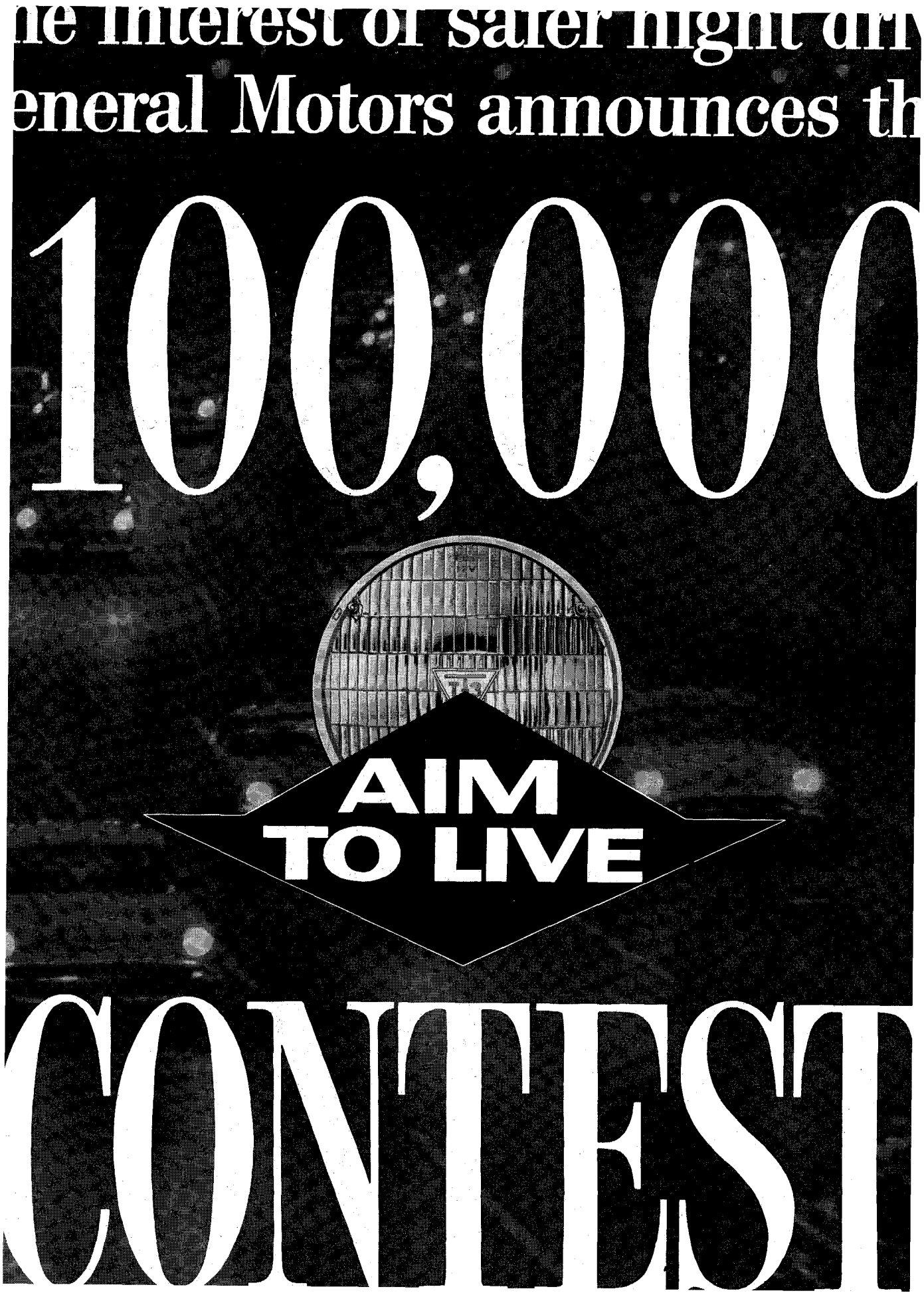

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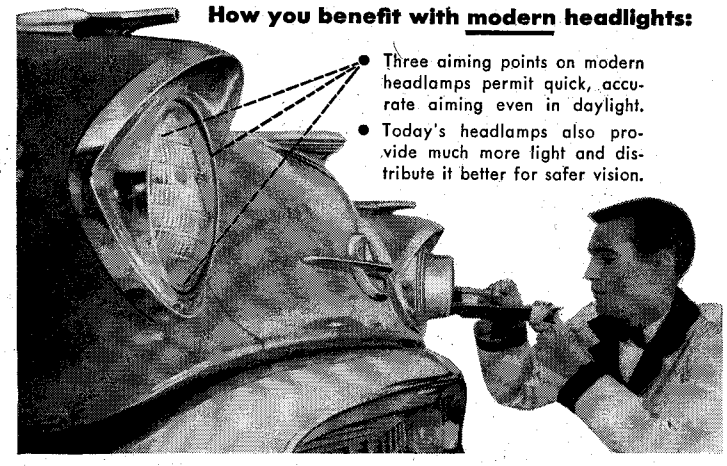
READ these facts about your headlights . . . they are vital to your safety after dark . . . and this information may help you win!

If you drive at night, you should know these facts: *1. Three times as many fatal accidents occur after dark, in proportion to mileage driven. 2. More than half of all cars on the road today have headlights that are not aimed properly. 3. Up to 80% of the light needed for safe driving is lost when headlights are aimed too low, too high or off side.*

These are the major problems of night driving. And here's what you and every other responsible motorist can do to help correct them:

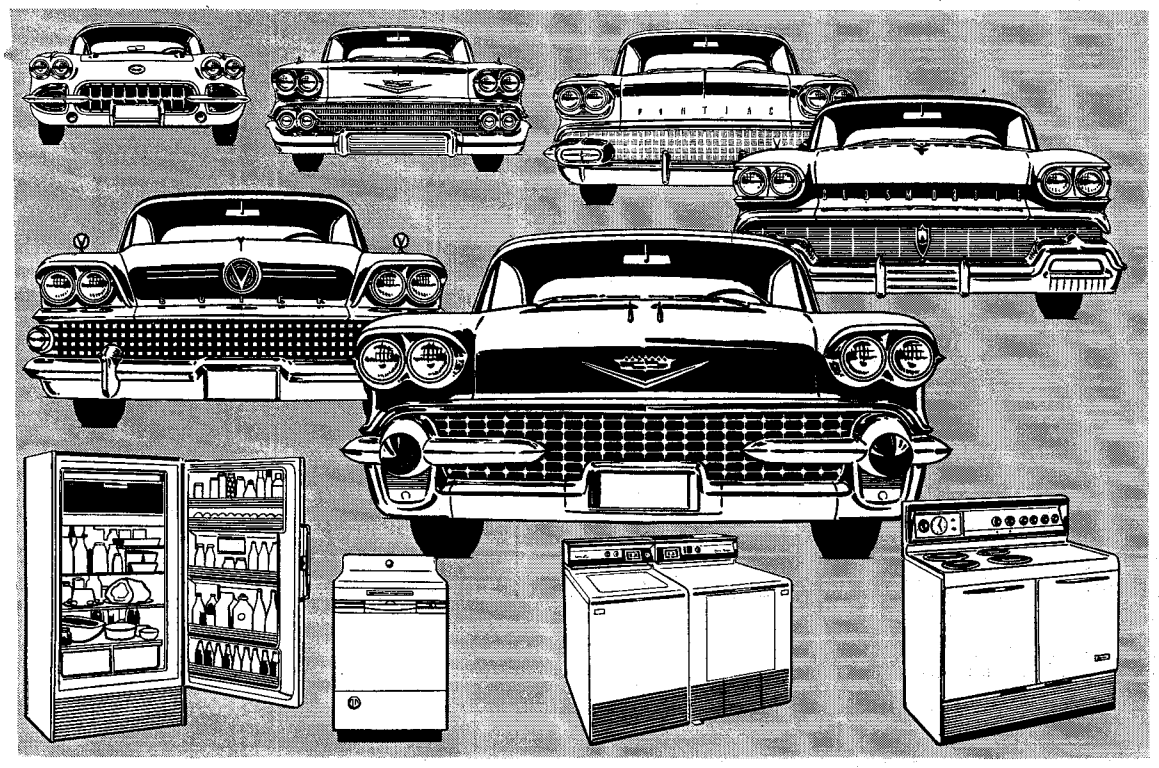
1. Reduce speed after dark. Never outdrive your headlights. 2. Exercise greater caution and courtesy—*especially by dimming your lights whenever you meet a car.* 3. Have your headlights *aimed regularly*, at least twice a year. Although headlights are aimed when a new car is delivered, impacts, bumps and normal settling of springs can cause misalignment. And a fraction of an inch of error at the lens throws your headlights many, many FEET "off the beam" down the road ahead. 4. Be sure you have the *most* and *best* light available for your car. The revolutionary new kind of headlamps used on all 1957 cars, all 1958 four-headlight cars and for all replacements today, provides much more light in a far better pattern. Moreover, the three aiming points on the lenses permit quick, accurate adjustment with mechanical aimers.

Use this information to help you write a winning night-driving safety slogan. And start doing your part to increase night-driving safety by having your headlights checked and aimed when you pick up your entry blank at your General Motors dealer or service station or garage displaying the AIM TO LIVE sign.


How you benefit with modern headlights:
Three aiming points on modern headlamps permit quick, accurate aiming even in daylight.
Today's headlamps also provide much more light and distribute it better for safer vision.

Modern headlights can be aimed right—day or night—in minutes at your General Motors dealer or wherever you see the AIM TO LIVE sign.

WRITE a night-driving safety slogan—win one of 16 luxurious General Motors Cars or one of 100 fine Frigidaire appliances



ENTER NOW—IT'S EASY!

1. Carefully read the above facts about night-driving safety.
2. Pick up an official entry blank and contest rules at your General Motors dealer, or any garage or service station displaying this AIM TO LIVE sign.

AIM TO LIVE

3. Write your night-driving safety slogan in ten words or less in the space provided on the entry blank.
4. Mail your entry to the address shown on the blank.

Slogans like . . . "Don't outdrive your lights—reduce speed at night" or "Aim your headlights right—don't be short-sighted after dark" . . . may make you the winner of a beautiful 1958 General Motors car or one of 100 valuable Frigidaire appliances. Enter today—contest closes April 30th, 1958 and winners will be announced on or before June 15, 1958.

Contest subject to all federal, state and local laws and regulations

1908–1958 GM FORWARD FROM FIFTY

sponsored in the interest of greater highway safety by . . .

AIM YOUR HEADLIGHTS TWICE A YEAR
DIM THEM WHENEVER YOU MEET A CAR

General Motors

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • GMC TRUCK • GUIDE • AC

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The real cigarette news of 1958:

America's champion low-nicotine cigarette today has a new clean, fresh taste you'll like

A PRODUCT OF UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY

This is today's King Sano

A cigarette that gives you significantly **less*** nicotine than any other cigarette on the market.

A cigarette that tastes mild, clean, good.

In terms of today's demand **a great cigarette!**

* The low nicotine content of King Sano is achieved by first reducing nicotine *in the tobacco itself* . . . then, and only then, is a highly effective filter added. The average milligrams of nicotine in the smoke of one King Sano is only 0.6 milligrams—the lowest of any cigarette on the market, *by far*.

In reducing nicotine content, King Sano also accomplishes substantial reduction in tars. These facts are based on a continuing study by Stillwell & Gladding, Inc., Independent Analytical Chemists, of filter-tip cigarettes purchased on the open market. 47 millimeters of all cigarettes under test are smoked.

FINE TOBACCOS REDUCED IN TARS AND NICOTINE ARE ALSO USED IN REGULAR SIZE SANO CIGARETTES, SANO ALL-HAVANA CIGARS AND SANO PIPE TOBACCO

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SUNRISE TO MOONSET IN SAN FRANCISCO

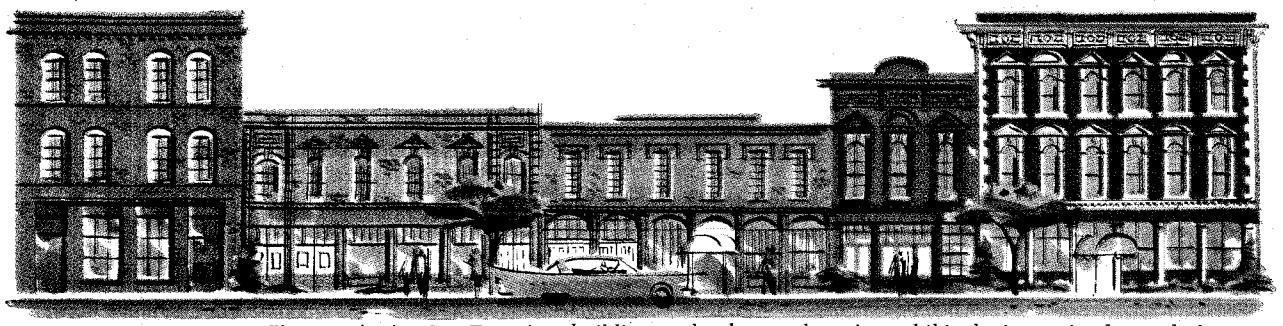
Come to San Francisco on your vacation for eventful, golden days. See this lovely city of the towered hills, rimmed by Pacific waters... feel its storied past in its gay, life-loving present... observe the mingling here of Occident and Orient ... enjoy the cosmopolitan pleasures of this crossroads of the world.

From sunup to bedtime every day, San Francisco will entertain and delight you. You will find its downtown district of fine stores, hotels and restaurants engagingly metropolitan... with foreign shops and flags, sidewalk flower stands, jolly jingling cable cars. Only steps away —the bazaars and byways of Chinatown, largest outside Asia.

San Francisco was born of gold and the sea, and its site is magnificent. From hilltops and "sky rooms" you will see the panoramas no one ever forgets... the pastel-tinted city... the Bay and Golden Gate with their mighty bridges... Alcatraz and other islands... the all-encircling hills. You will visit the waterfront... Fishermen's Wharf ... Maritime Museum; relax in Golden Gate Park... see the Zoo and Ocean Beach... enjoy the city's art museums.

In San Francisco you will know that life is good and to be lived ... and your nights will be starred with pleasure. You will take your choice of world-famed restaurants, for foods and atmospheres of many lands... dine and dance in great hotels... go to concerts and plays— possibly the opera... spend happy evenings in the Latin Quarter.

There is so much more to tell you than we have room for here, so please send today for your *free* copy of our 24-page photofolder, *Your Guide to San Francisco and its Nearby Vacationlands*—a preview of your San Francisco vacation days. It tells also of neighboring enchanting regions—the Monterey Bay Country, Redwood Empire, Yosemite National Park, Lake Tahoe, Shasta-Cascade Wonderland, and other places you will surely want to visit.

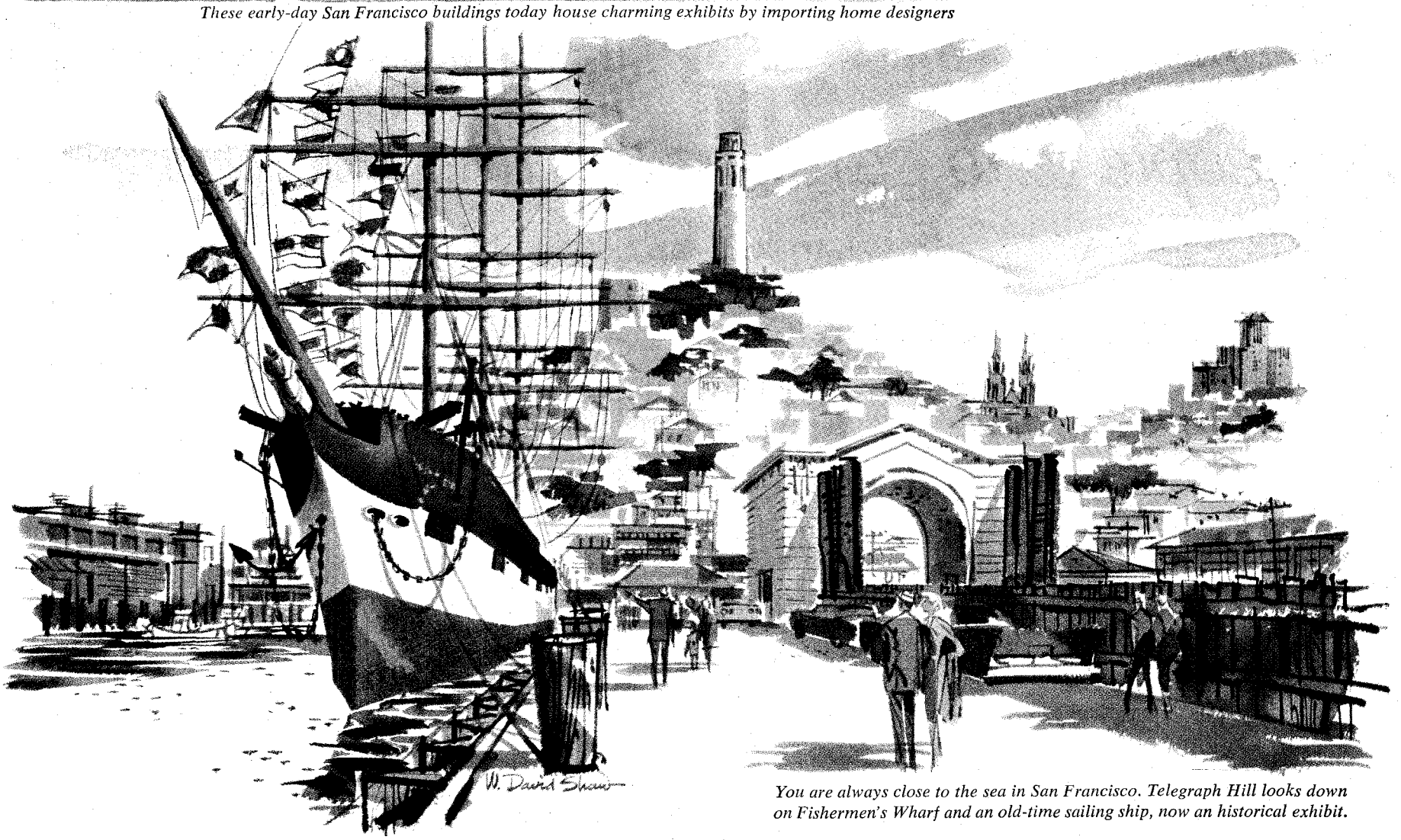


These early-day San Francisco buildings today house charming exhibits by importing home designers

Write for your free folder today, to:

CALIFORNIANS INC.

Dept. A9, 703 Market St., San Francisco 3



You are always close to the sea in San Francisco. Telegraph Hill looks down on Fishermen's Wharf and an old-time sailing ship, now an historical exhibit.

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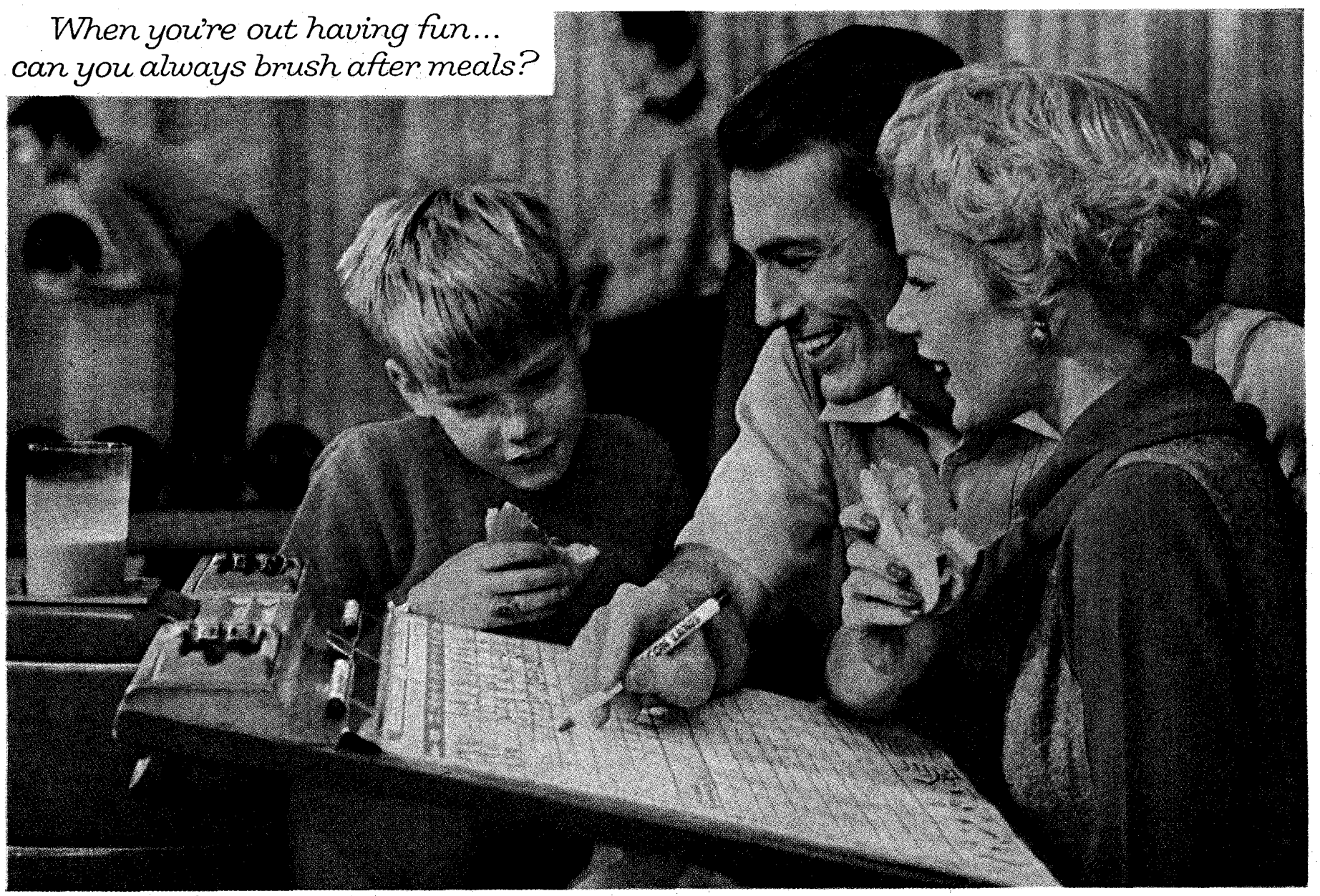
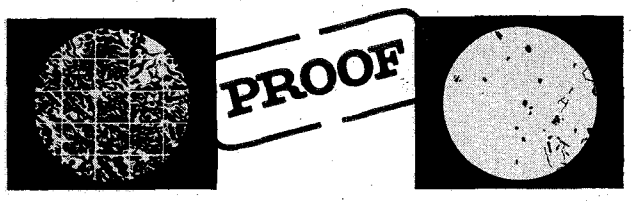
When you're out having fun... can you always brush after meals?



Start your day with **GLEEM**...*the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED

When you're bowling . . . or just out having fun : : . you can't always brush your teeth after eating—even though it's best. That's why you should use Gleem each morning to get added resistance to decay . . . protection against mouth odor *all day*. Gleem with exclusive GL-70 is so effective that just one brushing destroys most bacteria. And youngsters really love Gleem's flavor! So always depend on the one and only Gleem!

ONLY GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor. Means a *sweeter goodnight kiss*. So start *your* day with Gleem!

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The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

The aging Chaplin of today: A tragi-comedian with "furious and hidden" grievances.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S Stormy Exile

Poor Charlie, once the funniest man alive, is now a stuffed shirt who has destroyed the peace of a dreamy little Swiss village. A Post editor reports from the scene of the fray.

By JAMES P. O'DONNELL

PART ONE

VEVEY, SWITZERLAND.

It takes real genius for a man to become an exile from a land to which he always insisted he never belonged. But Charles Spencer Chaplin is that rare kind of oddball genius, and the land is the United States. Today, as sixty-eight-year-old Charlot—the pet name he enjoys in Europe—walks the boulevards, he is hailed by many as America's most prominent exile, the multimillionaire D.P. from Beverly Hills. It is a role that only a Chaplin could dream up, and only a Chaplin can play.

The story of why the comedian is an exile in Europe is a tangled one, but the details are fascinating and we will get along to them later in this series. After he embarked for Europe, the Department of

Exile from America for the Chaplins—here with two of their children—began in 1952 when they disembarked in Chaplin's native England.

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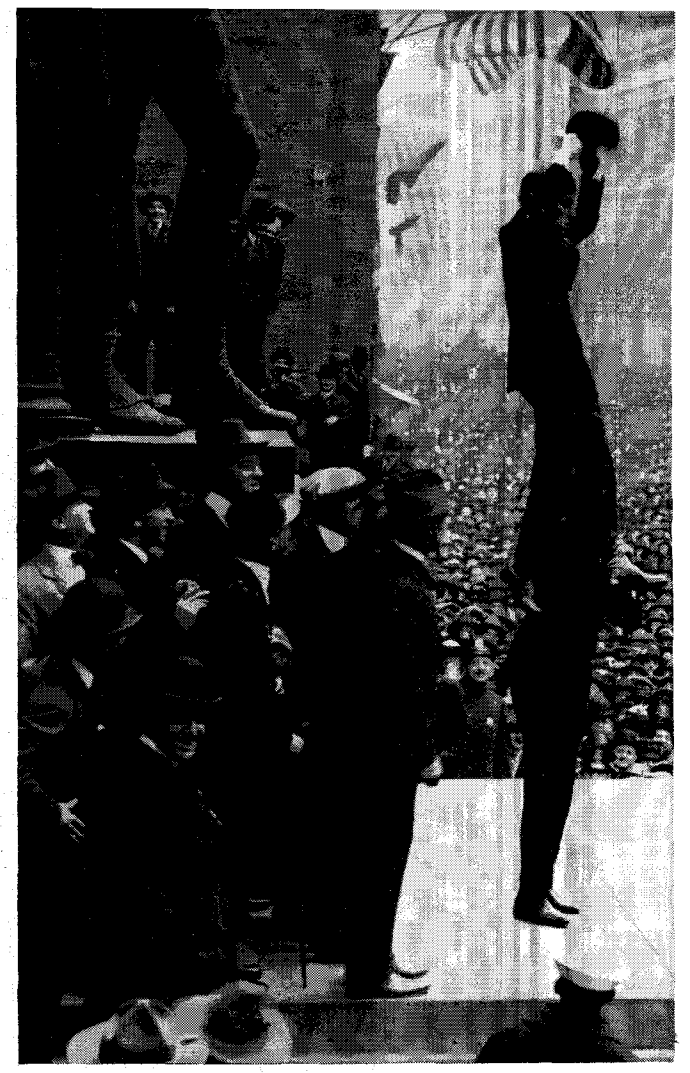
Chaplin (left) with Jackie Coogan in the 1920 classic, The Kid. These were the days of greatness, when Charlie the lovable underdog made the world laugh and cry "by stepping on the banana peels of life."



Charlie the patriot (holding hat) clowned with Douglas Fairbanks (holding Charlie) to sell Liberty Bonds in 1917. Now he sneers at the U.S.A.

Charlie in 1944, indicted on a morals charge and fingerprinted. This helped sour him on America.

Justice of the United States publicly called him an "unsavory character," on moral and other grounds. But Chaplin's most serious quarrel with the U.S.A. actually dates back to the autumn of 1947. Charlie is no Communist—the party is a dues-paying organization—but he is one of the most persistent and irascible of fellow travelers. In 1947, when Washington took legal steps to deport German Communist Hans Eisler—today a culture czar in Red Germany—Chaplin had the gall to send a cable to painter Pablo Picasso asking him and his Commie pals to mount a demonstration in front of the American Embassy in Paris, "and please send me a copy of your protest for use here." Such an overt act, on the part of a non-citizen, surely must be considered proper ground for expulsion from any country in the world.

Chaplin also is in a somewhat voluntary exile because of his difficulties with another department of our Federal Government. From time to time, United States Treasury officials keep in touch with Chaplin here at his villa in Switzerland, trying to collect a back income-tax tab of $1,400,000, and last month the Government formally filed liens against him for that amount. Charlie, a master of the wry twist in comedy, has taunted them with a naughty little song:

> "*When I think of a million dollars,*
> *Tears come to my eyes* ——"

This is one of the theme songs from his latest film, A King in New York, in which Charlie has added another sad chapter to the strange case of Charles Chaplin vs. the United States. Through most of the film, Charlie is engaged in his familiar gesture of scratching his nose with his thumb, while extending the fingers. The film is Chaplin's eighty-fifth, but his first made in Europe, and the madcap story of

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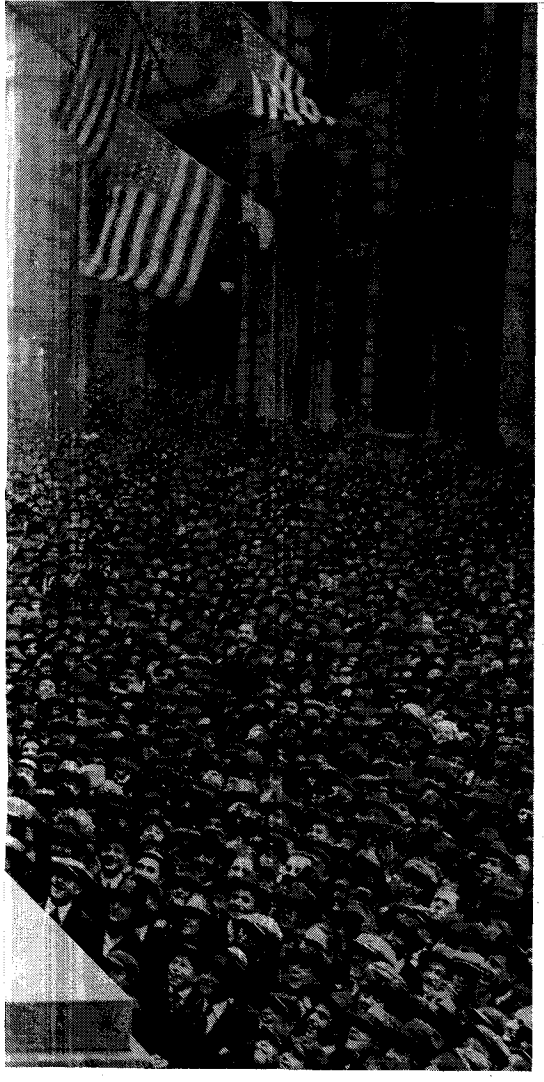
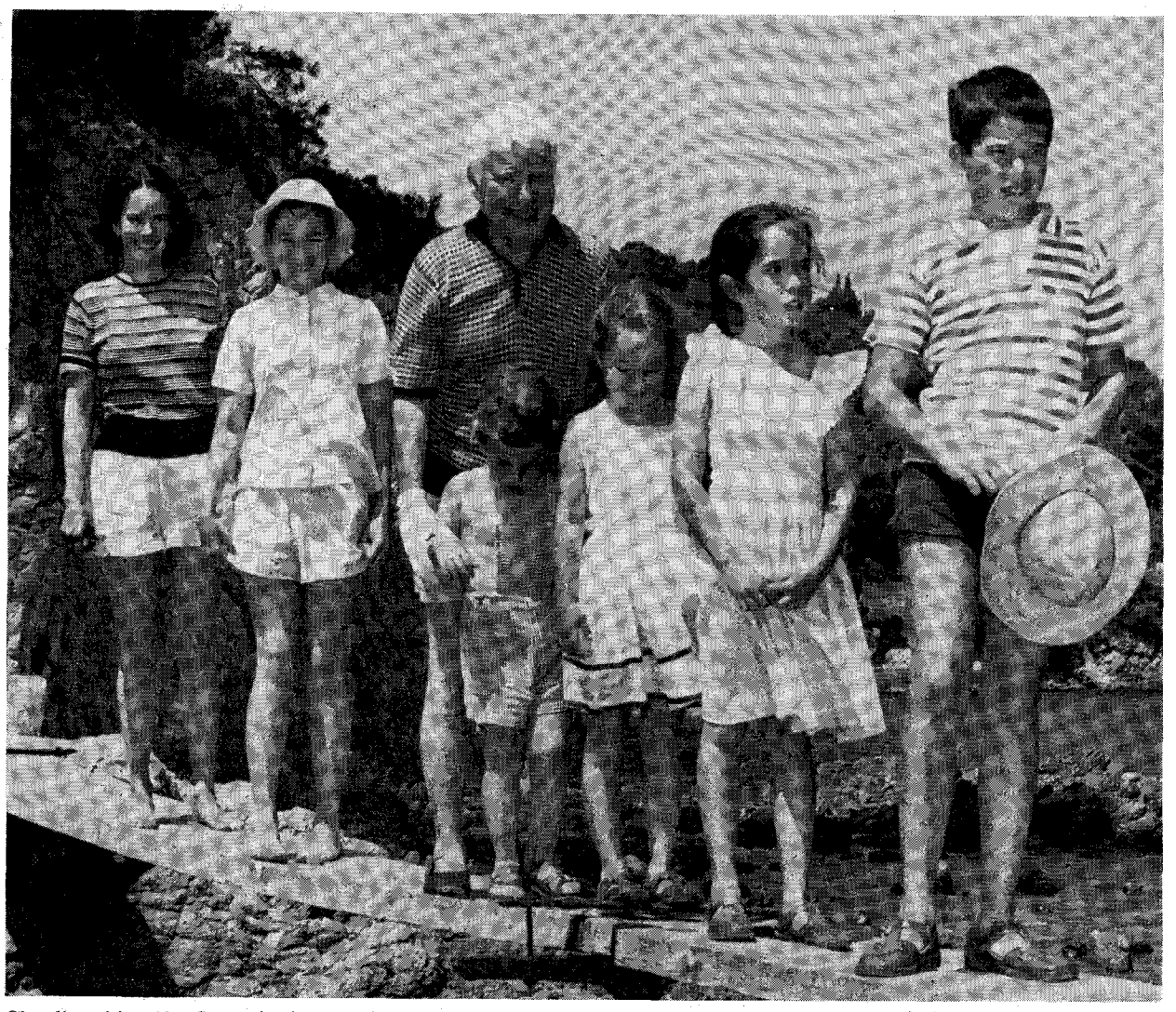




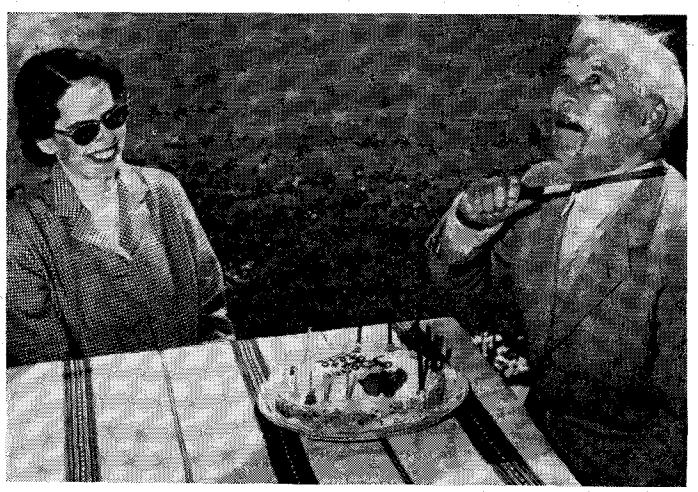
Chaplin with wife, Oona (left), and five of their six children (all except the baby). "I don't like children," Chaplin once said. "I despise them." His young wife, daughter of the late playwright Eugene O'Neill, barely prevented him from moving their own children out of the house.

how Charlie produced A King, from his exile here in Switzerland, is a lot funnier than the film itself. In A King in New York, a furious Chaplin takes off after the Statue of Liberty with a blunderbuss. When the smoke clears, the old gal is still there, and all Chaplin has is an aching shoulder—and the worst artistic flop of his career.

Charles Spencer Chaplin was born in London in 1889, the same year that Thomas Alva Edison was perfecting an invention called the "kinetoscopic camera." Because Chaplin's genius lay in the ancient, universal art of pantomime, and because the silent film projected his image into every movie house in every country in the world, his has been the unique honor of having made more human beings laugh than any other actor who ever lived. He became the first man in the world who was, literally, world-famous, and in his own lifetime. He himself once put it this way: "I am quite well known in Tibetan lamaseries, where the name of Jesus Christ has never been heard." That's Charlie for you.

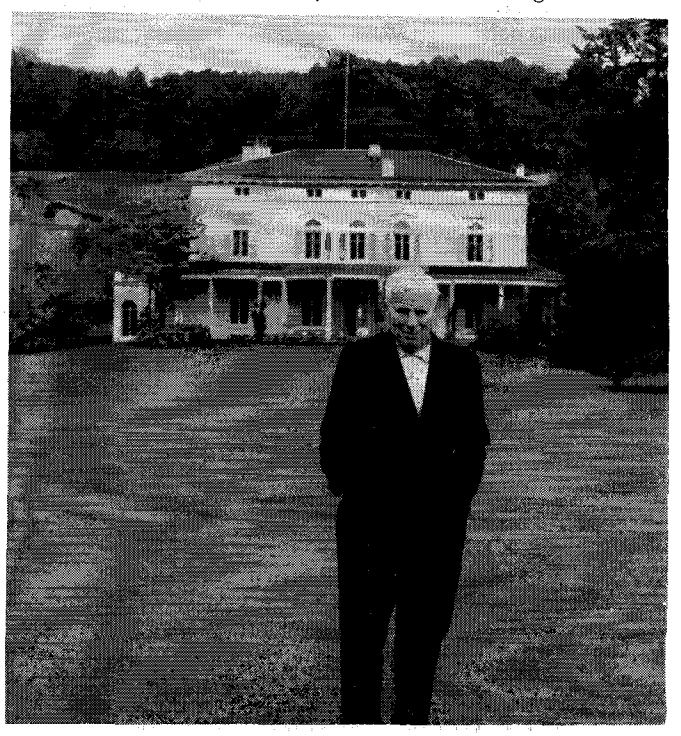
This fierce global adulation of Chaplin the actor clearly spun the head of Chaplin the man. His forty turbulent years in America ended in 1952 on bitter and bombastic notes of mutual good riddance, in retrospect a sad show from any point of view. Charlie said the "Invisible Government" of America—whatever that means—was cramping his style. Most Americans, including millions who have enjoyed his films, and still do, felt the little fellow had grown too big for trousers that were once too big for him. The melancholy Chaplin fade-out was the classic one, Charlie heading down the long road that leads—nowhere.

Or rather, and for the present anyway, to Switzerland. From the Manoir de Ban, the eagle-nest villa he bought in 1953, high on the vineyard hills overlooking Lake Geneva, Charlie Chaplin can look down through the clouds on the dreamy Swiss resort town of Vevey. This is one of the superb natural beauty sites of Europe. Across the lake in France loom the Alps of Savoy. At the water's edge is the castle Byron made famous in his Prisoner of Chillon poem; and the lakeside highway is the road Napoleon took on his march into Italy. Upstairs, in his still-unpacked trunks from Hollywood, Charlie has his Napoleon uniform, and tells French visitors he intends someday to do that (Continued on Page 94)



Chaplin hams it up, all day every day. At a party on his last birthday he remarked, "When you get to be 68, you don't want to cut a birthday cake, you want to cut your throat."

The exile at his home in Vevey, Switzerland. His tizzies, tantrums and threats of legal action have turned the town's friendliness into a contempt which may make him move again.



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Terror in the Streets

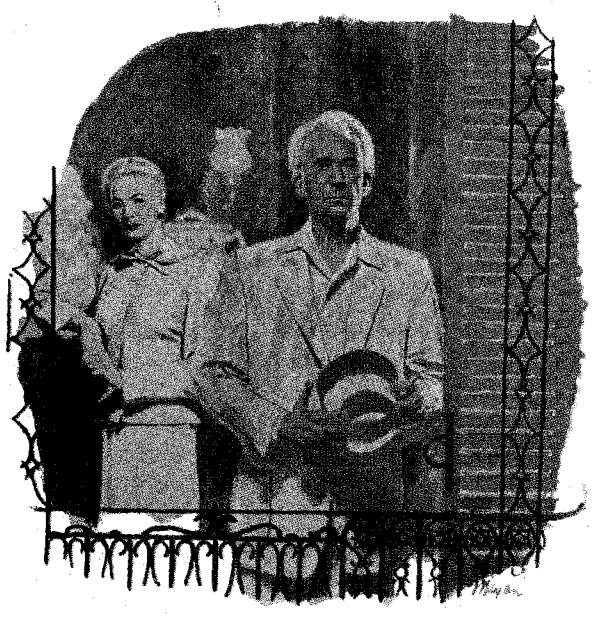
By RICHARD STERN

Frenzy swept the city, trapping a wily adventurer and his beautiful companion in a savage uprising.

First of Two Parts

He knew the country well, of course, but this was only one of his advantages. He arrived, unheralded, on the plane from Kingston—Jonas Peters, a tall old man, lean, wide through the shoulders, with white hair and astonishingly blue eyes and a nose that hooked like the beak of some great predatory bird; unruffled in the fierce tropical heat. This was less than two weeks after the president of the country and those closest to him had fled with haste and whatever loot they could carry, leaving the government to stagger along as best it could.

To the customs and immigration authorities, Jonas displayed the quality of his French. To the cab driver he spoke in Creole. "The city is quiet."



"Tom's all alone out there," the girl said to Jonas. "Will you take me to him?"

"Yes."

"But the general strike is finished?"

"There will be another. If necessary, a third, and a fourth." And he added, "Perhaps more than mere strikes."

"So?" Jonas' voice was mild. "But I understood ——"

The cab driver half turned in his seat. "You are a foreigner." He used the term of some contempt—*blanc*. "How can you understand?"

"Then," Jonas said, still mild, still polite, "perhaps you will explain to me? The president ——" He let the word hang as bait.

The president, the cab driver said, was a pig, surrounded by lesser pigs. They had stolen even the proceeds of the national lottery. The country was well rid of them.

"And yet," Jonas said, "there is still unrest?" He could feel it, in the quiet streets, the buildings, almost in the air.

There remained those, the cab driver said at length, who did not yet understand that the old days of privilege, of excessive wealth for some and poverty for others—that these days were forever gone.

"Ah," Jonas said. "I begin to comprehend now. I have heard of a man—Danielle, is that not his name?" Everything he had said had led up to this one question.

This time the driver turned completely around. "Jean Jacques Danielle is a great man, a leader, a man of the people, wanting nothing for himself. He will show these pigs in their big houses, with their fine cars, their fine clothes, their mistresses ——"

There was a great deal of it, and Jonas listened carefully, finding none of it new, but all of it confirming his own estimate, which was gratifying. They drove to the Hotel Dambala, which lies on the curve of the bay beyond the city, a new hotel, in normal times

The mob around the bakery broke, and flowed, angling toward the car.

well filled, lucrative. Lucrative was the operative word. Jonas told himself that he had been wise in coming immediately; time, clearly, was running out, chaos in the country not far off.

In the pleasant room assigned to him he unpacked his single suitcase, hesitated briefly, and then removed the stubby gun in its holster from beneath his arm and tucked it among his shirts. It would not be needed yet. And then he went downstairs, humming softly to himself.

In the remarkable manner of the country, he knew, word of his arrival would spread quickly and in many directions. While he waited to see who would approach him, he strolled outside, and there, by the free-form swimming pool, he saw the girl.

She was young and quite lovely, and she merely sat at one of the shaded tables and stared at the water. "You should be swimming," Jonas said. And then, "Mrs. Bascomb, is it not? You remember me, perhaps?"

She managed a faint smile. "I remember you quite well,

(Continued on Page 44)

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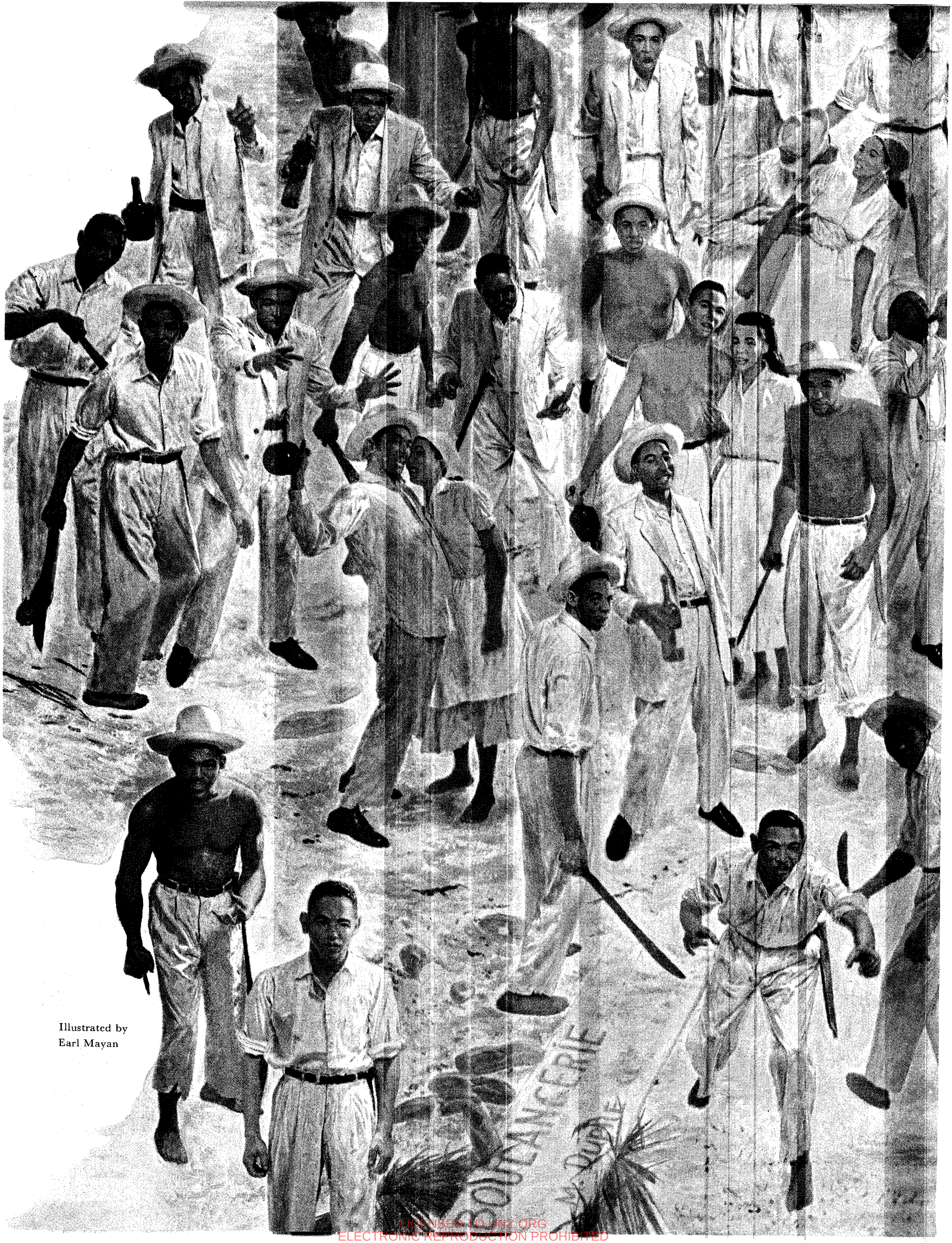

Illustrated by
Earl Mayan

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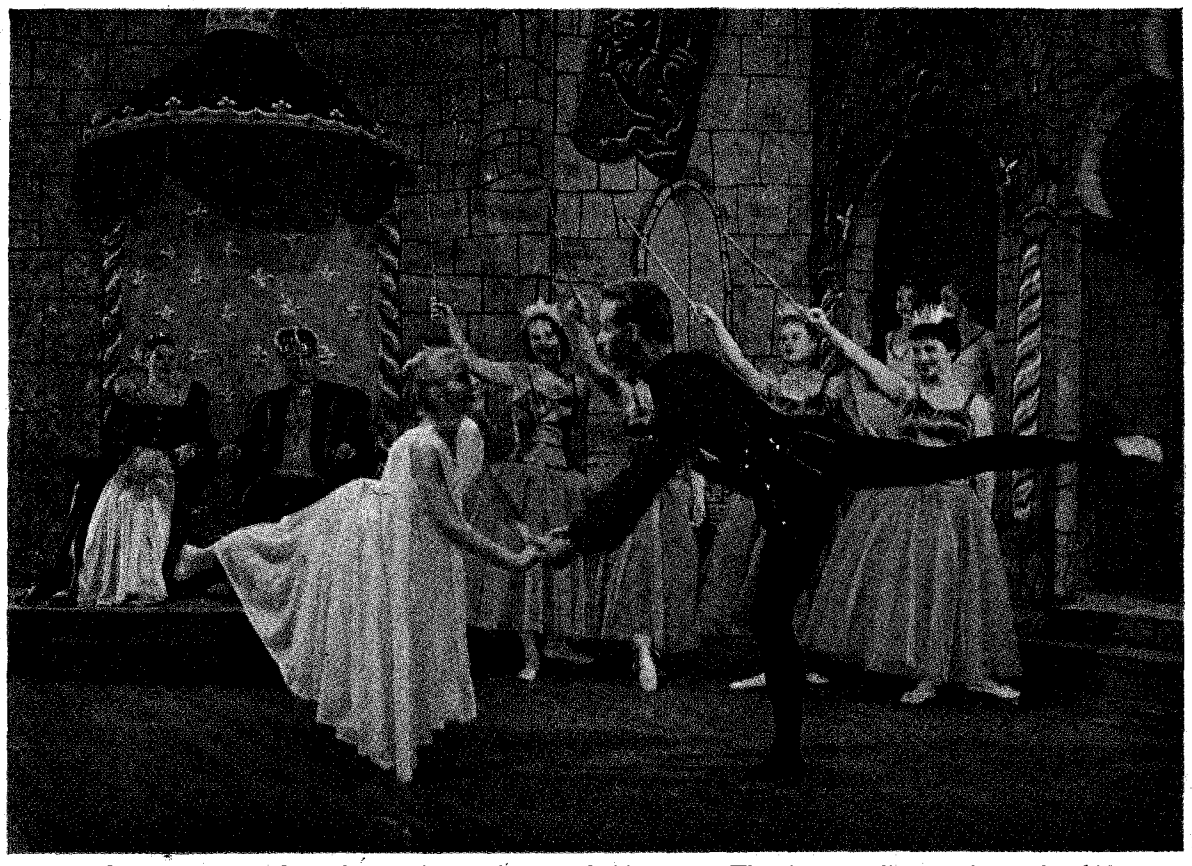
Children Scare Me!

Nothing is more unpredictable than a small-fry audience. While the curtain is up, anything can happen! A director of plays for Cincinnati children tells about his ordeal each season.

By JAMES A. MAXWELL



Sleeping Beauty was the first of four plays to be staged this season. The theater's directors know that kids want plenty of action on stage, or they'll make their own; the performers are kept moving as fast as a basketball team.

The small, slim, but excellently contoured young woman who was to play the title role in Sleeping Beauty stood next to me in the wings of Cincinnati's Emery Auditorium, waiting for the opening performance to begin. From time to time she nervously patted the ends of her softly waved, coffee-colored hair and smoothed nonexistent wrinkles from the handsome white bouffant wedding dress she was wearing. Her round white Juliet cap, sparkling with rhinestones, emphasized her Latin complexion, which was, at the moment, considerably paler than usual.

From the other side of the drawn front curtain came a mounting cacophony of voices as more and more children poured into the large theater. Surreptitiously I dried my palms on the sides of my trousers. "Sounds like a gathering lynch mob," I said more to myself than to the girl beside me. Although my description was chillingly accurate, I can see now that it was not well chosen to soothe a disquieted actress.

"I'm afraid of kids!" Beauty suddenly wailed. "I'm terrified of going out there!"

Under other circumstances, I would have found her words somewhat odd. Although she looked like a virginal eighteen-year-old, she was, I knew, the mother of four incredibly ro-

Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music students brighten up sets—and sometimes paint one another.

Ballet student Lisa Ewers (a fairy) rehearses a sequence before Ann Anderson (Queen) and Larry Sullivan (King). Author Maxwell is standing at left.

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The youngsters often shriek with laughter at the most unexpected times. On the other hand, they may sit unmoved through a comedy routine designed to wow them.

bust young boys whom she handled with the skill, and some of the techniques, of Clyde Beatty in his wild-animal act. However, this was to be her first appearance before a children's audience and, as with an initial parachute jump, there can be no completely adequate background for the experience.

"Everyone feels that way at an opening performance," I said. "You'll get used to it." The latter statement was and is completely false, but as director of the play, I felt that I had to say *something* mildly encouraging.

No one who has anything to do with producing plays for children ever becomes "used to it." If adults go to a performance which bores them, the cast can at least count on the traditional inhibitions and social customs to maintain decorum in the audience. A number of the patrons may leave at the end of the first act and spend the remainder of the evening at nearby bars, but that is a mild, passive protest and the actors may never learn of it. (Continued on Page 68)

Photographs by Ivan Dmitri

Backstage, actresses dab on last-minute make-up. Some casts are all-female, and during a show when a Junoesque young lady played the role of an emperor, one youngster blurted loudly, "Hey, he's a girl."

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Across the knife handles erect on the table, Adam and his opponent matched each other bag for thousand-dollar bag.

Bold Loser

By JOAN SANDERS

If he kept on playing like this, they would take him for everything he owned.

A few miles this side of Virginia City there was a big cottonwood tree with two dead men on it. A breeze out of the canyon swung and turned them like venison hung up to cure. Below was a notice reading: WARNING: ROAD AGENTS, HORSE THIEVES, AND SUCH CAN EXPECT A SIMILAR FATE WHEN CAUGHT. THE VIGILANTES. It was a peaceful evening, with a cricket busy nearby and the wind making a noise like water, and among the leaves a new moon, green as a slice of honeydew melon.

A man and a girl sat their horses and looked up. The man said, "Well, there's two Montana citizens I won't have to worry about on the way home." The girl kept quiet, staring, and he asked, "Somebody you know?"

"I thought so for a minute. I was just thinking about those two men who passed us at Brigham City, rode up and watered at the spring and never said a word. You remember? I didn't like them—didn't like their looks. But these two are different."

"I remember," he said slowly. "One was a tall fellow, sallow complected, had long gray curly side whiskers."

"And the other one was short and stocky and baldheaded."

The man smiled. "Just because a man's not pretty doesn't make him a criminal, Manda, or vice versa. Those two up there might have been right good-looking."

"Maybe," she said, and then abruptly reined her horse around, touched heel to its side and went off at a fast trot. The man followed.

Behind them, a train of fifteen wagons snaked down the dry foothill road against the sky fire of another hot day's end.

Young Harvey Bates, on the driver's seat of the commissary wagon, said to Sam McAllister, "Been a pretty good trip, all things considered. Clear weather and all; no breakdowns, no delays. Brother Tenney's a good planner."

McAllister gummed the idea around a minute with his plug and then said, "We ain't back to Salt Lake with the proceeds yet. And I don't know as I'd go out on a limb about Tenney's planning. We got ten times the amount of axle grease we need, bucketed up right in this here wagon."

"Well, better safe than sorry," Bates said loyally. Anyhow, it wasn't true that they had ten times too much axle grease. Four or five times too much, maybe—wooden buckets set in neat crates and stacked among the food, bedding, ox yokes and shoes, staples and chains. Why, it might be there was a shortage of axle grease in Virginia City, and Brother Tenney figured on selling the surplus along with his flour. Anyway, it was nobody's business but his.

To Amanda James, who was strong as a boy and had a (Continued on Page 86)

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What Makes a Man a Fighter?

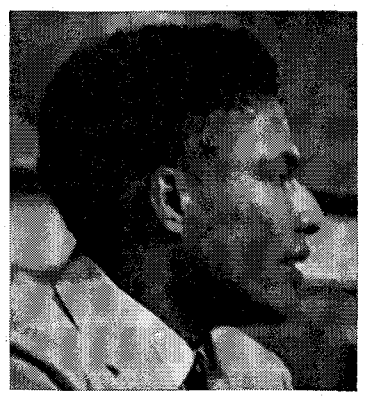
By NATHAN HARE, as told to **W. C.** Heinz

How do pro boxers actually feel about the brutal sport which cripples and sometimes kills? Here are startling facts from a sociologist who used to be a fighter himself.

Professional prize fighters occupy a curious position in this country today. There are only about 2500 of them, and they arouse widespread interest—as many as 40,000,000 people will watch a championship fight on television. However, fighters are set apart from other athletes in the public mind by the fact that the object in their sport is to inflict bodily injury on another man. Thus to some people they represent brutality and degradation; to others, virility and courage. What are prize fighters really like?

I can testify that they are very human individuals, equipped with all the human reactions and emotions. Most fighters know the natural fear of getting hurt. Most of them do not enjoy hurting their opponents and feel a compulsion to rationalize this as a business necessity. Although they are all looking for financial reward, the greatest number are impelled even more by the desire for recognition and prestige. They long for the approval of the fans and for public understanding and acceptance. In their private lives they have a number of special problems, and when they retire they find it difficult to adjust to routine life.

I know these things to be true for two main reasons. One is that I was a boxer myself. Although I don't claim to have been much of a fighter, I did win seventeen of twenty-two amateur bouts, and (Continued on Page 75)



A scholar and a fighter . . .

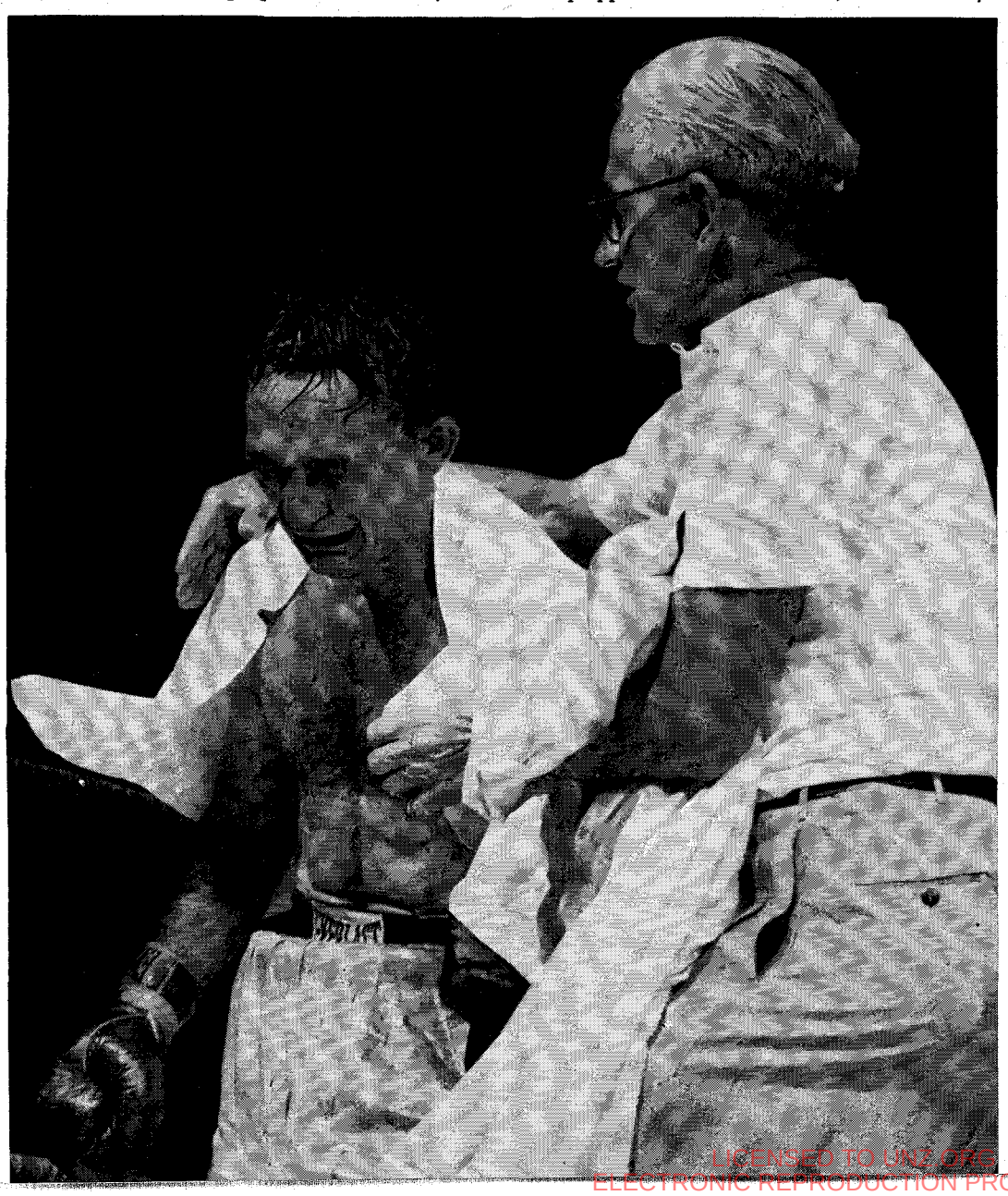
Twenty-four-year-old Nathan Hare, who produced this revealing report on prize fighters, was uniquely qualified for the project. He has a background of training both as a boxer and as a sociologist. Hare started life on a tenant farm in Oklahoma, where he got most of his early schooling. In 1954, while a senior at Oklahoma's Langston University, he won not only the state Golden Gloves novice-welterweight title but also the Omega Psi Phi Scholar of the Year award for the Texas-Louisiana-Oklahoma district.

Then came three years of graduate work at the University of Chicago. Meanwhile Hare continued to box as an amateur, reaching the open-division lightweight finals in the 1957 Northside Golden Gloves tournament. Now married, and teaching sociology at Virginia State College, Hare will return to the University of Chicago next fall on a fellowship to complete work for a Ph.D. degree.

His collaborator on this article, W. C. Heinz, is a boxing authority in his own right. Heinz is a frequent contributor of Post articles, and the author of The Professional, a new novel about the fight game.

—The Editors.

Even though he is a slugger, Carmen Basilio bawled after defeating welterweight champ Johnny Saxton in 1956. Fighters wish people understood they don't beat up opponents for the fun of it, the author says.



Fatal fall: Sugar Ray (at left below) topples welterweight Jimmy Doyle, who died the day after this 1947 bout. At the inquest, Robinson sadly rationalized, "Hurtin' people is my business."

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Will We Get Burned in the Sahara?

France needs a friend to help work the new Sahara oil land. If we jump in, will we land in the Algerian mess?

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

HASSI MESSAOUD, ALGERIA.

"You see, it *is* like Texas!" says the young French geophysicist in the seat next to mine. He points with pride to three widely spaced derricks that come up from the yellow ground below as our plane banks for the landing at the oil capital of Hassi Messaoud.

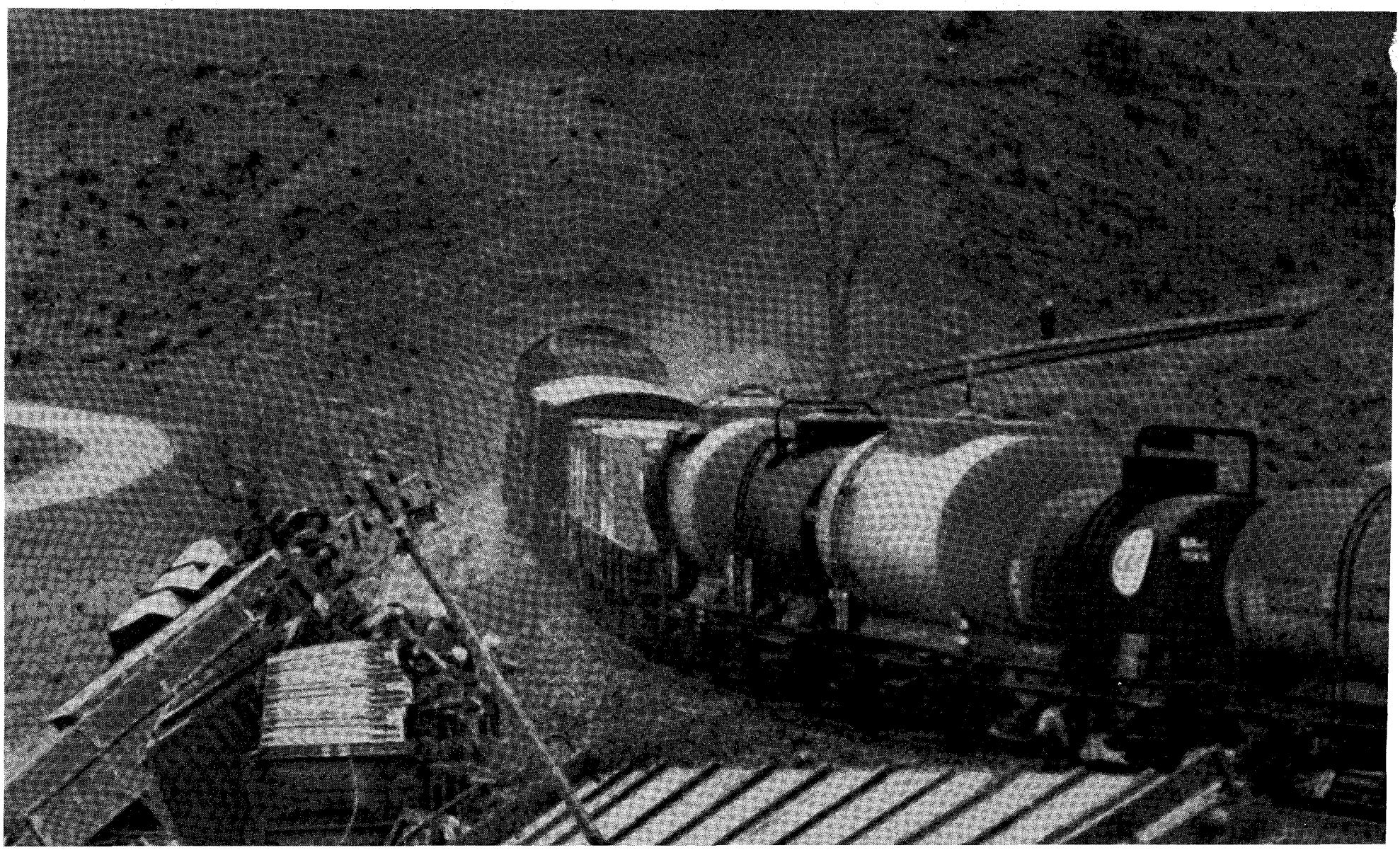
The group of Frenchmen waiting for the mail outside the tiny airport shed, bear him out—almost. Some of them—healthy fellows dressed in checkered sportshirts, leather jackets and five-gallon hats—manage to look like Texans, and the flat, open country, with the blazing sun and the shimmering warm air, complete the fiction. But then they talk and it is gone. We are in the Sahara, and the French tricolor, flapping in the breeze, shows who is master here.

This, then, is the world's newest El Dorado. Some 400 miles south of the Mediterranean coast, deep in the heart of their Algerian empire, the French have struck it rich. The name of Hassi Messaoud, which, until yesterday, stood for a half-dry water hole without a single tree, without a single human habitation, now signifies a bustling little world inhabited by roughly 1500 men.

"You should have seen this place six months ago!" and "Come back again in six months' time!" are the two phrases you will hear at every turn.

This French preserve is now being thrown open to the world. France's decision to invite American and other foreign oil firms to come and share the big Sahara cake has been re-

The first trainload of Sahara oil, bound for the coastal port of Philippeville on January 11, passes the wreckage of another train sabotaged two days earlier by terrorists.



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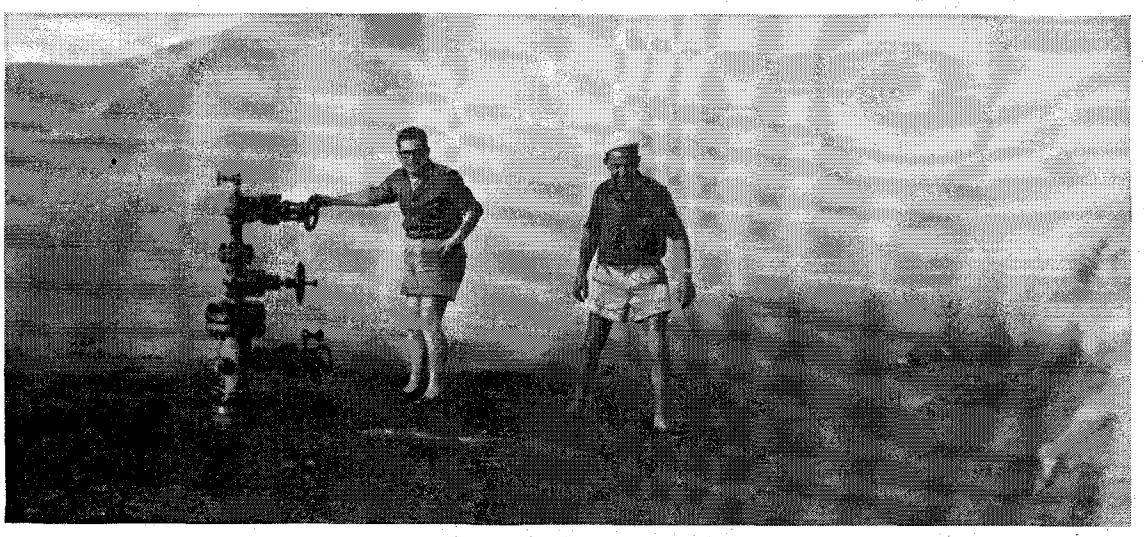
ceived with pleasure all around. True, the Algerian war is far from over. And though the fighting, by and large, is still confined to the rich coastal plain and to the mountains, there is reason to believe that it is ready to spill south into the desert. But oilmen are a breed impervious to risks, and what they've come to look for in these parts is oil, not trouble. A few weeks hence, as the first four American oil companies take up their drilling rights, this promising frontier will be alive with American geologists and geophysicists, tool pushers, drillers and petroleum engineers.

The vast Sahara—the world's largest desert—stretches a thousand-mile-wide belt of barrenness across the whole of Northern Africa from the Red Sea to the Atlantic Ocean. The sector we are here concerned with, starting south of the Atlas Mountains and reaching down to French West Africa, covers as much as 86 per cent of the entire surface of Algeria. Its area of 838,000 square miles makes the Algerian Sahara three times the size of Texas.

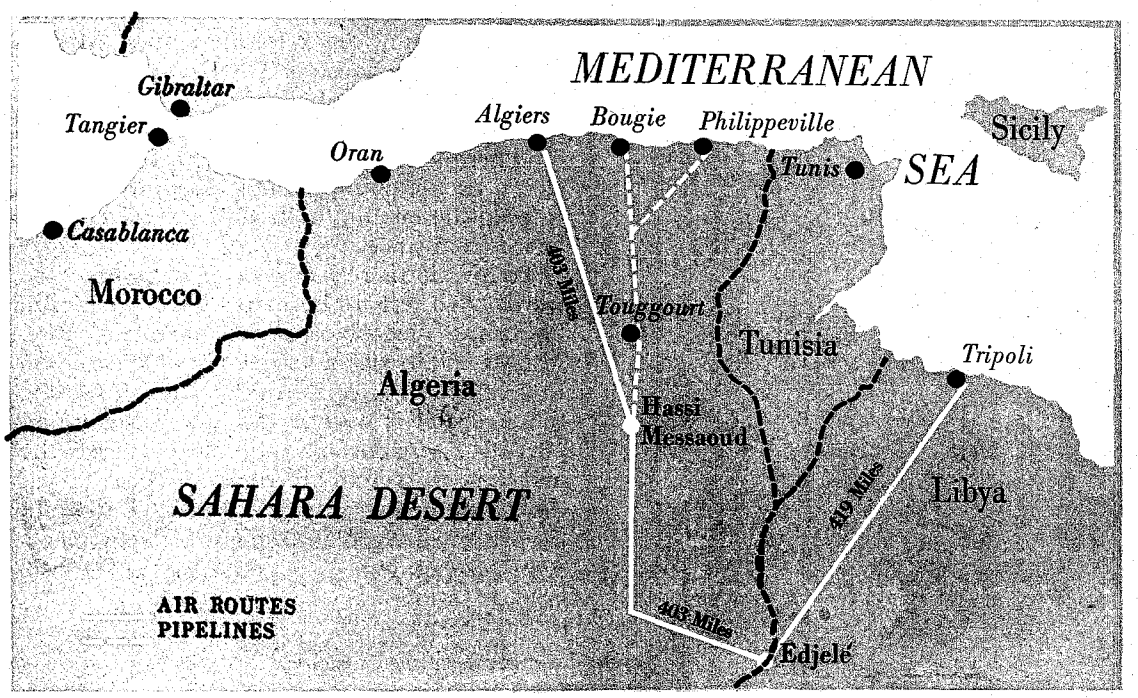
Not all of this is sand. Contrary to the movie version most of us have in mind when thinking of the French Sahara—soft, undulating dunes enlivened, here and there, by camel caravans and a lone, dashing Foreign Legion officer—the desert is a world of many faces. There are the sand dunes, to be sure. But there are also mountains, tall and rugged, and vast parquet floors of hard rock across which howling winds carry great clouds of sand. Here, around Hassi Messaoud, the desert is not unlike our own New Mexico and Arizona deserts—a crusty, hard, flat surface, strewn with small rocks and interspersed with low, tenacious clumps of gray-green brush. Odd-shaped, eroded hillocks that turn mauve at sundown set off the yellow monotone. The only evidence of life is an occasional desert rat scampering across your trail, and—now that human beings are established here—the faithful swift.

For many years, the presence of rich mineral and oil deposits had been suspected in the French Sahara. But the remoteness of the place, the frightful heat, the lack of water and communications had long discouraged treasure hunters. It (Continued on Page 78)

Paratroopers of the French Foreign Legion guard tank cars from rebel attack. Because pipelines and railroads are so vulnerable, oil cannot flow safely to refineries until the Algerian war, now in its fourth year, is ended.

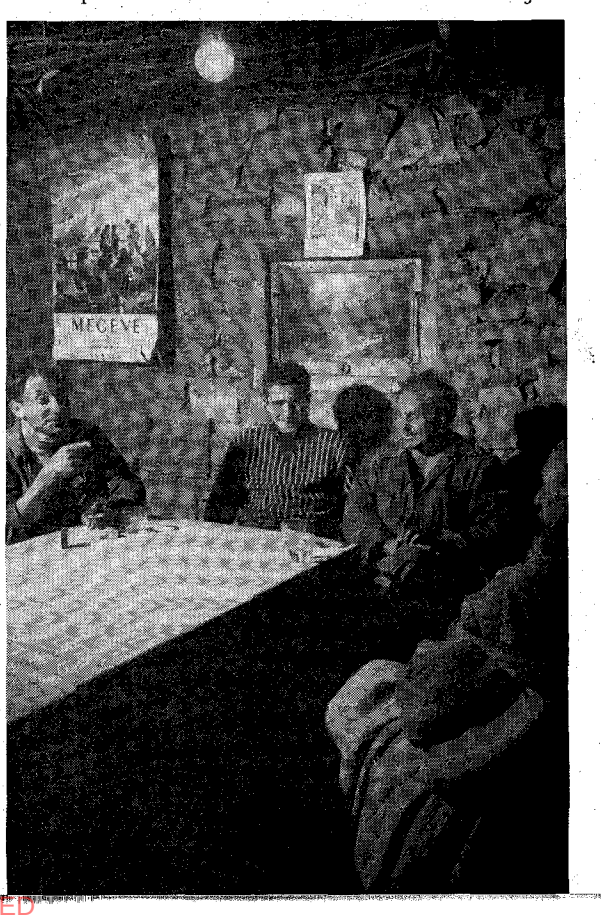


At Hassi Messaoud, site of one of the big oil discoveries of our time, new arrivals get a traditional "baptism" in petroleum. The mammoth pool of oil beneath this valve is estimated to be equal in area to the city of Paris.



Until a major pipeline is built to shoot the oil from Hassi Messaoud straight to the coast, the French can make only [illegible]en shipments to the domestic market. But even this trickle is subject to nationalist harassment.

In contrast to the gloom in Paris, morale is high at the outposts. The oilmen below are stationed at Edjelé.



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Macy's adjuster William A. Johnston (on floor at right) investigates a Long Island couple's complaint of a wrinkle in their wall-to-wall carpeting. He offered to take back the rug for a full refund or give them a one-third discount on the price.

"I Want My Money Back!"

By ROUL TUNLEY

A behind-the-scenes glimpse of the world's biggest department store and how it coddles complaining customers, outsmarts cheats, and sometimes falls for a chiseler's line.

One hundred years ago, a whaler with a tattooed red star on his hand opened a small store in New York City. The store was destined to become the largest in the world, despite the fact that the owner, R. H. Macy, had a terrible temper. Shortly after it opened, a lady shopper came in to complain about the handle of an umbrella she'd bought the day before. Mr. Macy was so taken aback by the customer's questioning his merchandise that, in a fit of rage, he broke every umbrella in the store right in front of her. The lady fled in terror.

Not so long ago, a customer with a similar complaint came into the same store. But this time she had been using the umbrella for four months. Macy's not only managed to control its temper but to give the lady a new umbrella even though they could find nothing wrong with the handle of the old one. A few months later, the same lady returned with the same complaint. Macy's gave her another umbrella. Four umbrellas and a year later, the customer was still coming back for new ones. Macy's patience was exhausted. The lady was politely told that the store obviously had no umbrella that would suit her and would be happy to refund her money for the full amount of the purchase. At this point, the lady abruptly decided to keep the last umbrella and has never been heard from since.

Today, if there's ever a place where the words "To err is human" have their full flowering, that place is a department store. Macy's and its customers err about five million times each year. And in the course of settling the errors, it is burned into every Macy employee's consciousness that the customer, by and large, is sacred. She may not be right, but she thinks she is, and that's all that matters. In the present charged atmosphere of department-store competition,

(Continued on Page 100)

Inside the store, dissatisfied customers can air their gripes over special telephones. Here Mrs. Josephine DiGiovanni squawks about "static" on her new radio. She and Macy's agreed on a refund.

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RIVER OF RICHES

He had a diabolical ability to cheat the natives, but the natives had some devilish tricks of their own.

By GERALD KERSH

About the man called Pilgrim there was a certain air of something gone stale. "Seedy" is the word for it, as applied to a human being. It was difficult to regard him except as a careful housewife regards a pot of homemade jam upon the surface of which she observes a patch of mildew. *Sweet but questionable*, she says to herself, *but it is a pity to waste it. Give it to the poor*. So, as it seemed to me, it was with Pilgrim.

He was curiously appealing to me in what looked like a losing fight against Skid Row, and maintained a haughty reserve when the bartender, detaining him as he abstractedly started to stroll out of MacAroon's Grill, said, "Daddle be a dollar-ten, doc."

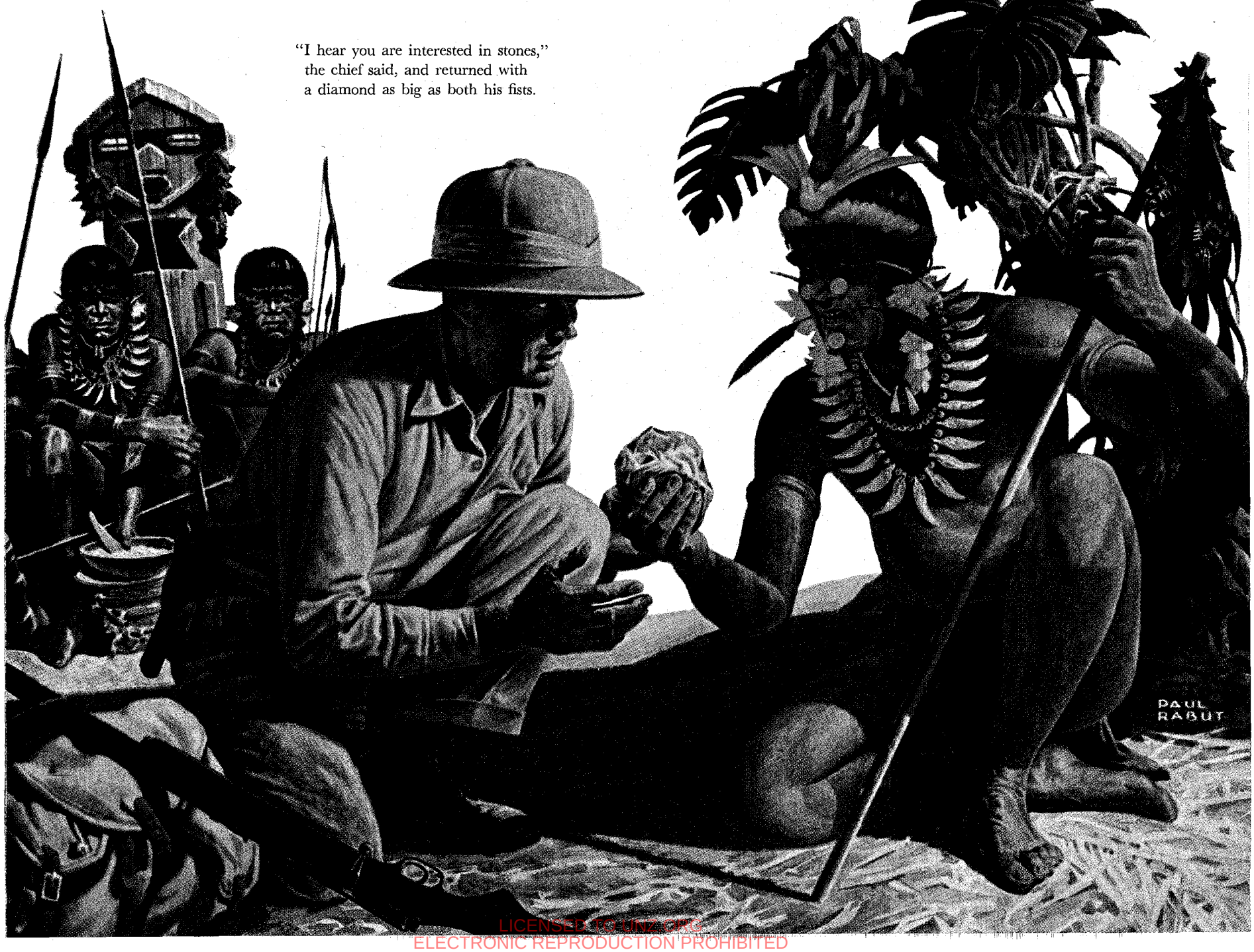
Pilgrim slapped himself on the forehead, and beat himself about the pockets, and cried, "My wallet! I left it at home."

"Oh-oh," the bartender said, lifting the counter flap.

Then I said, "Here's the dollar-ten, Mike. Let the man go."

But Pilgrim would not go. He took me by the arm, and said in the old-fashioned drawling kind of Oxford accent, "No, but really, this is too kind! I'm afraid I can't reciprocate. As a fellow limey you will understand. One's position here becomes invidious. You see, I have only just now lost two fortunes, and am in the trough of the wave between the second and the third—which I assure you is not farther off than the middle of next month. I must get to Detroit. But allow me to introduce myself by the name by which I prefer to be known: John Pilgrim. Call me Jack. In honesty, I ought to tell you that this is not my real name. If some plague were to wipe out the male members of my family in a certain quarter of Middlesex, in England, I should be addressed very differently; and ride my horses, to boot.

"As matters stand, I am the younger son of a younger son, cast out with a few thousand pounds in my pocket, to make my fortune in Canada." (Continued on Page 91)



"I hear you are interested in stones," the chief said, and returned with a diamond as big as both his fists.

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ON MY OWN CONCLUSION

Of Stevenson, Truman and Kennedy

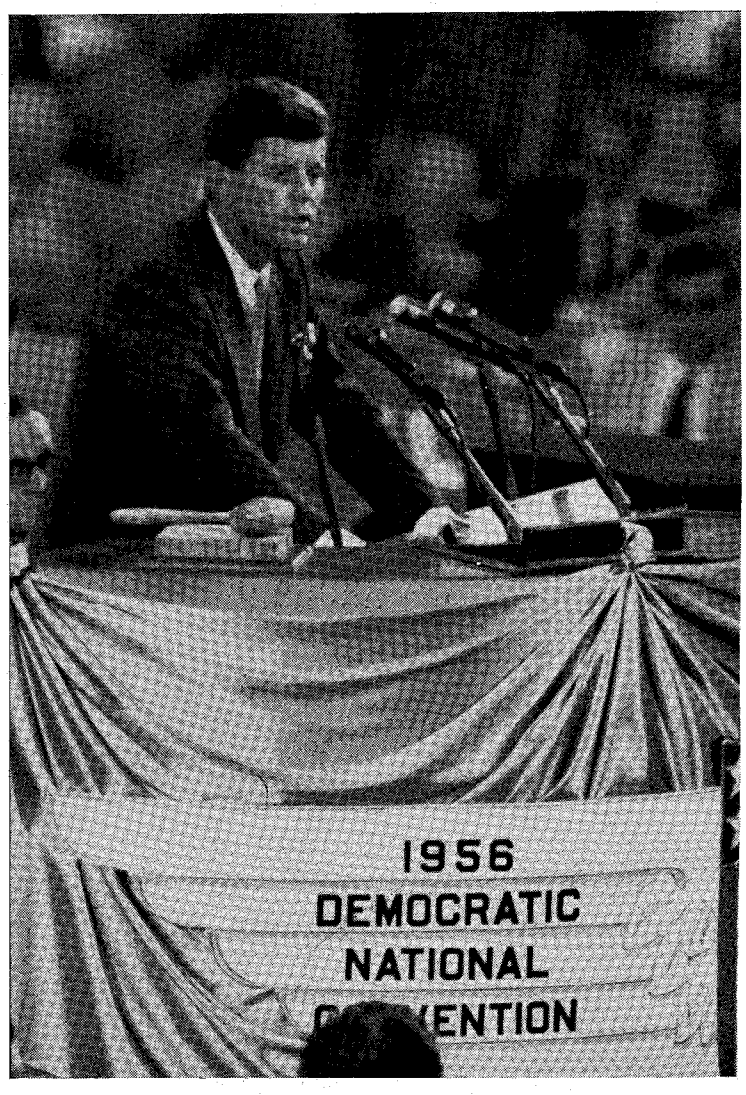
Mrs. Roosevelt tells about her disagreement with the former President, and about the unheeded advice she gave Adlai Stevenson. As for the current front runner, young Senator Kennedy, she takes a dim view of him.

By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

I have been intensely interested in political affairs most of my adult life, from the time of the Republican Bull Moosers to the day of the Democratic Eggheads, and I have been able to study at firsthand the successful as well as the unsuccessful campaigns of some of the ablest leaders of our time.

My own participation in political campaigns was interrupted after the death of my husband in 1945, partly because I became a member of the United States delegation to the United Nations and took great pains not to mix politics with my official duties. I felt that the questions we were dealing with at the United Nations under the leadership of Ambassador Warren Austin, a Republican, were of greatest importance to our country's world position and should not be approached from a partisan point of view. In 1952 it was my opinion that Governor Stevenson would probably make one of the best Presidents we ever had, but I also believed that it was practically impossible for the Democrats to win at that time because of the hero worship surrounding

Adlai Stevenson, Mrs. A. B. Dick of Chicago, and Mrs. R. She advised Adlai to run in 1956, and urged him to make a "grass roots" tour of the country. He ignored her suggestion—and lost.



Mrs. R. refused to support Senator John Kennedy because he wouldn't declare against McCarthy.

"I was dismayed by the idea of publicly pitting my political judgment against former President Truman," says the author, of their split over Harriman. Later (below) they buried the hatchet.

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General Eisenhower. I did make a speech on the United Nations at the Democratic convention that year at the request of President Truman, and I came out for Governor Stevenson, but I did not intend to be active in the campaign and I was not.

Why, then, did I re-enter politics in 1956? For one thing, I was out of the United Nations delegation by that time and I had no feeling that as a private citizen I was barred from taking part in a political campaign. In addition, I believed as strongly as before that Adlai Stevenson would make a good President. After his defeat in 1952 he had taken a trip around the world to study conditions and, during my own world travels, I had been greatly interested in the impression he had made on foreign statesmen. Again and again, they told me that Mr. Stevenson was the kind of man who listened, who wanted to learn all the facts.

I came to the conclusion that it might be a good thing if more of us did more listening and if we did not try to ram our own ideas down other people's throats.

After Governor Stevenson had traveled around the world and made a special journey to study African problems, he came to call on me one day to talk about whether he should again seek the Democratic nomination for President. He is a very intelligent man, but he is also a humble man and there were questions he was trying to resolve in his own mind.

"Don't you feel," he asked, in reference to the coming national convention, "that there are others who would do better than I as leader of the party?"

I pointed out that perhaps the most difficult problems of the day were in the field of international relations, and I added, "I cannot think of anyone else who has the ability to do the job you could do in meeting the most vital needs of today."

But I could tell there was some other question he really wanted to ask me. And finally he said, "Will you tell me something? You and Franklin had very much the same kind of background when you were growing up that I had. Yet both of you were always very much more at home in talking with the people than I am. What is it that makes this difference?"

It seemed to me that Governor Stevenson, in his humility, had put his finger on a problem in his own political career. It was an intelligent kind of self-criticism that would never have been possible for most politicians. I answered as best I could. I said that Franklin had grown up in Dutchess County as a member of a long-established family, just as Governor Stevenson had grown up in Illinois. But Franklin had the advantage of getting to know all of the people of the area at an early age. He rode his pony everywhere, with or without his father, and he talked with all kinds of neighbors and friends. Later, he drove his automobile all over the district in political campaigns as a young man. He listened to the people and, most important of all, he got the "feel" of the people. You might say that he "felt" their attitudes.

This, however, was a knowledge and a feeling of the country people. Later, he had to make an effort to achieve the same relationship to city people and their problems. I remember when, before we were married, I was working at the Rivington Street settlement house in New York City and Franklin called for me there late one afternoon. I wasn't ready to go with him because there was a sick child in my class and I had to see that she was taken home. Franklin said he would go with me. We took the child to a slum area not far away, and Franklin went up three flights to the tenement rooms in which the family lived. It was not a pleasant place and I could see Franklin looking around in surprise and horror. It was the first time, I think, that he had ever really seen a slum, and when he got back to the street he drew a deep breath of fresh air.

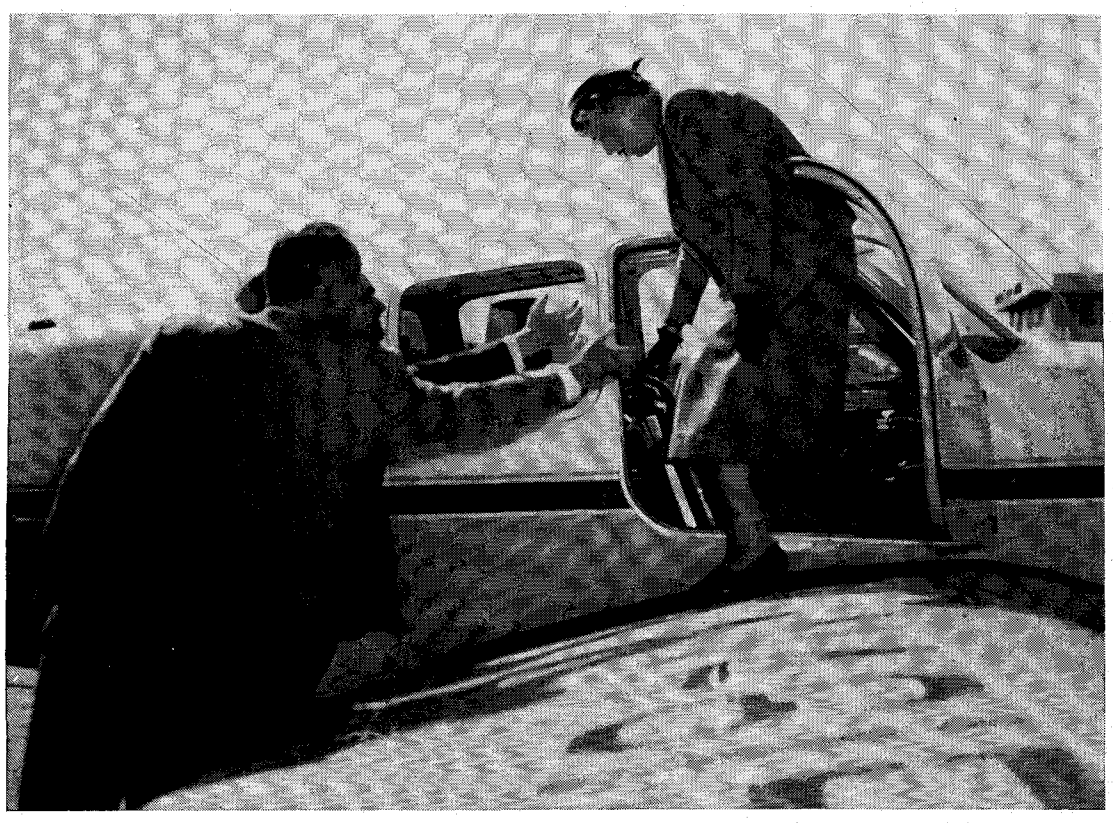
"My God," he whispered, "I didn't know people lived like that."

I told Governor Stevenson that I thought he would not be making an error if he got a small automobile and traveled leisurely in various sections of the country. I suggested that in each area he should be accompanied by a man who knew the local people, and that he should talk to them and find out how they were living and what they were thinking. "You should stay in each area," I added, "until you can feel what they are feeling."

"Well," he replied, "I don't know whether I can ever do that."

As it turned out, he didn't try. Or perhaps his advisers didn't (Continued on Page 72)

Mrs. Roosevelt with her former colleague in the U.N. General Assembly, John Foster Dulles. She blames the Secretary of State for the low morale in his department because he failed to defend his subordinates.



Elliott Roosevelt flew his mother to a Denver campaign meeting in 1956. "My children keep telling me I should not do any strenuous campaigning in 1960," she says. "But I notice I can often keep going longer than they."

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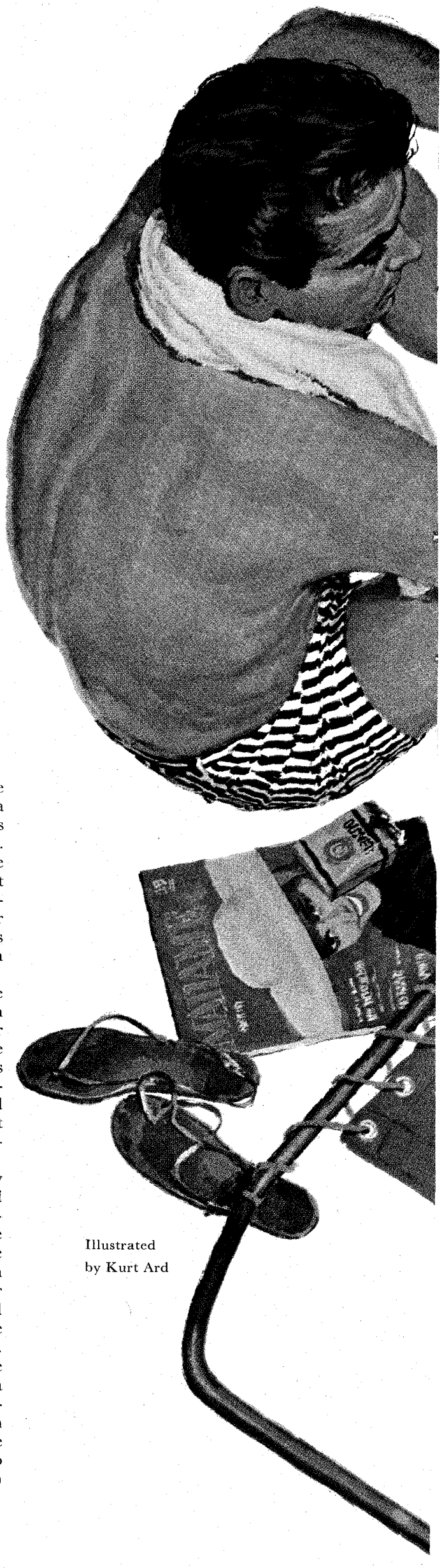
WILLING VICTIM

He thought he could marry money and still keep his pride.

By ROBERT CARSON



Illustrated by Kurt Ard

Now that everything has been settled between Lilian and Larry Lewis, there can be no harm in divulging what some of us picked up at one time or another and spent many hours and numerous pitchers of martinis in putting together.

Lilian was about thirty, we think, when she first came upon our scene nine years ago—a divorcee with three children, one male and two female, ranging in age from one to five. To begin with, she rented a place near Norwalk, and then later bought a pleasant wood-and-stone house, not old, a short distance away. It had considerable ground, and she had landscaping done by a man from New York who was very reasonable.

Nobody doubted that Lilian was rich, and possibly awfully rich. Her extreme discreetness seemed to confirm it. She was from Detroit, and somehow we understood she belonged to a family which had acquired millions in the auto line. Her mother, a grim, vague, deaf old lady, occasionally visited her, always in a huge new limousine with Michigan license plates, driven by a noncommittal chauffeur. It was rather obvious Lilian wasn't like the rest of us, deep in advertising and network television and importing and writing and managing docks in Brooklyn, pulled up by our bootstraps, anxious about where we'd been to school and the length of our collar tabs and how good our jewels were, raising our kids in fresher air and playing golf and living as well as we could on what was left after taxes, plus expense accounts. Lilian had been with it from the beginning.

She was small and sleek, by virtue of intermittent dieting, and had a round, innocent, almost childish face; and an open, unassertive manner that could freeze imperceptibly to a cold, disinterested politeness. Her voice was never raised, and she was never unladylike. She wasn't pretty and she wasn't homely. She did not drink or swear. She dressed well, but sometimes she was overdressed for the occasion. One felt there was a yearning in her for having what is conventionally known as "a good time," with too many obstacles from inside her always blocking the path.

Lilian lived quietly and made no show. She tipped moderately, added up her bills when they came, and gave judicious presents. Her investments got her personal attention. She expected no special favors from headwaiters or hairdressers, she waited patiently for theater box offices to mail her undistinguished seats, and she wasn't above taking a tourist flight to Florida. And she never, never complained that she couldn't afford anything.

Beside her, Larry looked flamboyant. Really he was just another commuter in an unpadded flannel suit and a narrow rep tie, with an ordinary face and the habit of buying hats a size too small for him. In his thirty-four years he hadn't managed to get married. He lived with an aunt outside Norwalk, he was a junior partner in the law firm of Hansird and Loughlin, and he mumbled slightly when he talked, as a result of attending a prep school.

Larry would get moderately drunk on state occasions. He lost his temper infrequently in a golf or card game. He specialized in the show-business side of the Hansird and Loughlin practice, so he knew a few jokes and spoke the language of the rest of us. Once, at a club dance, full of false

(Continued on Page 82)

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Lilian was small
and sleek and very rich.

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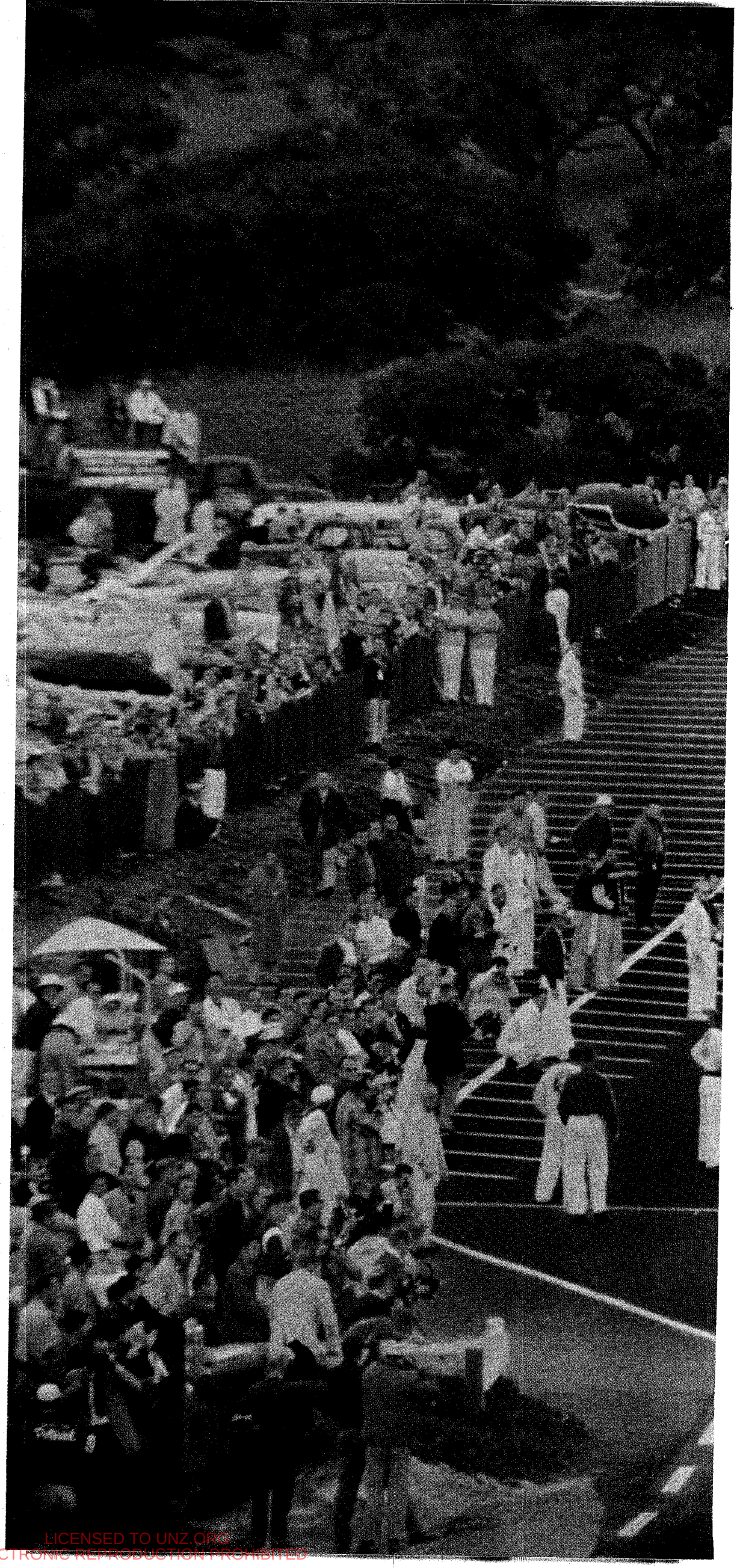
The Face of AMERICA

Tight Corners

For sports-car fans, this is a big moment: the start of the main event on opening day four months ago of a magnificent new track, Laguna Seca, near Monterey, California. This is a hilly, twisty circuit of 1.9 miles, demanding constant gear changing and fierce braking—those hay bales in the background guard a 110-degree turn. Car 98, a Maserati, was favored to win; but its tires lacked bite. On the tenth lap a Porsche Spyder slid into the bales and retired, somewhat bent. Car 11, a Ferrari Testa Rossa, led for 43 laps. Then it lost third gear and was passed on a hill by Car 125, another Ferrari T.R. The winner: Pete Lovely, a young Seattle auto dealer, who averaged 80.2 m.p.h. for 100 miles. Onlookers nearest the camera are race officials or crewmen. The spectators, 60,000 of them, were out of harm's way, most of them watching from surrounding hillsides. ● Photograph by Jack Fields



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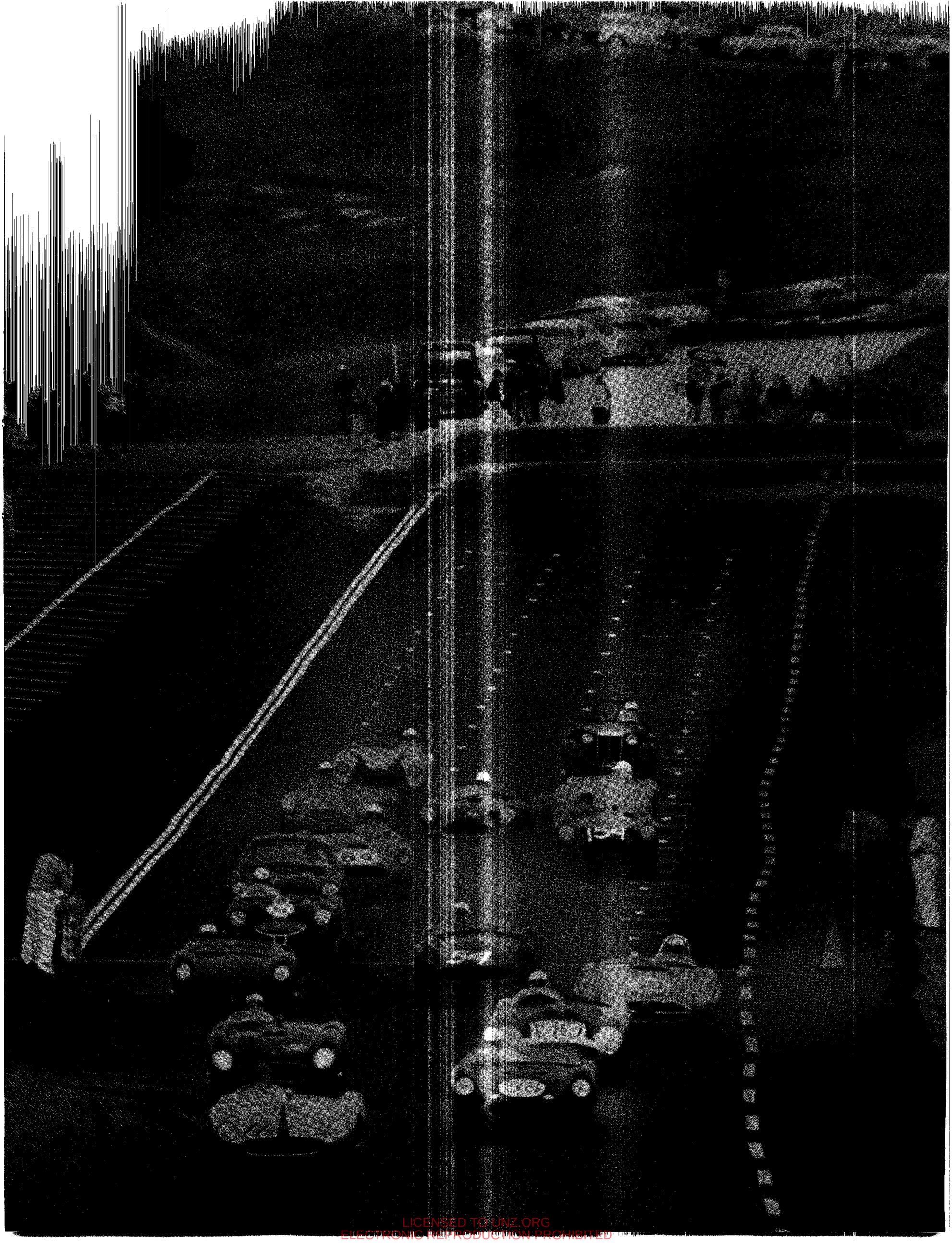

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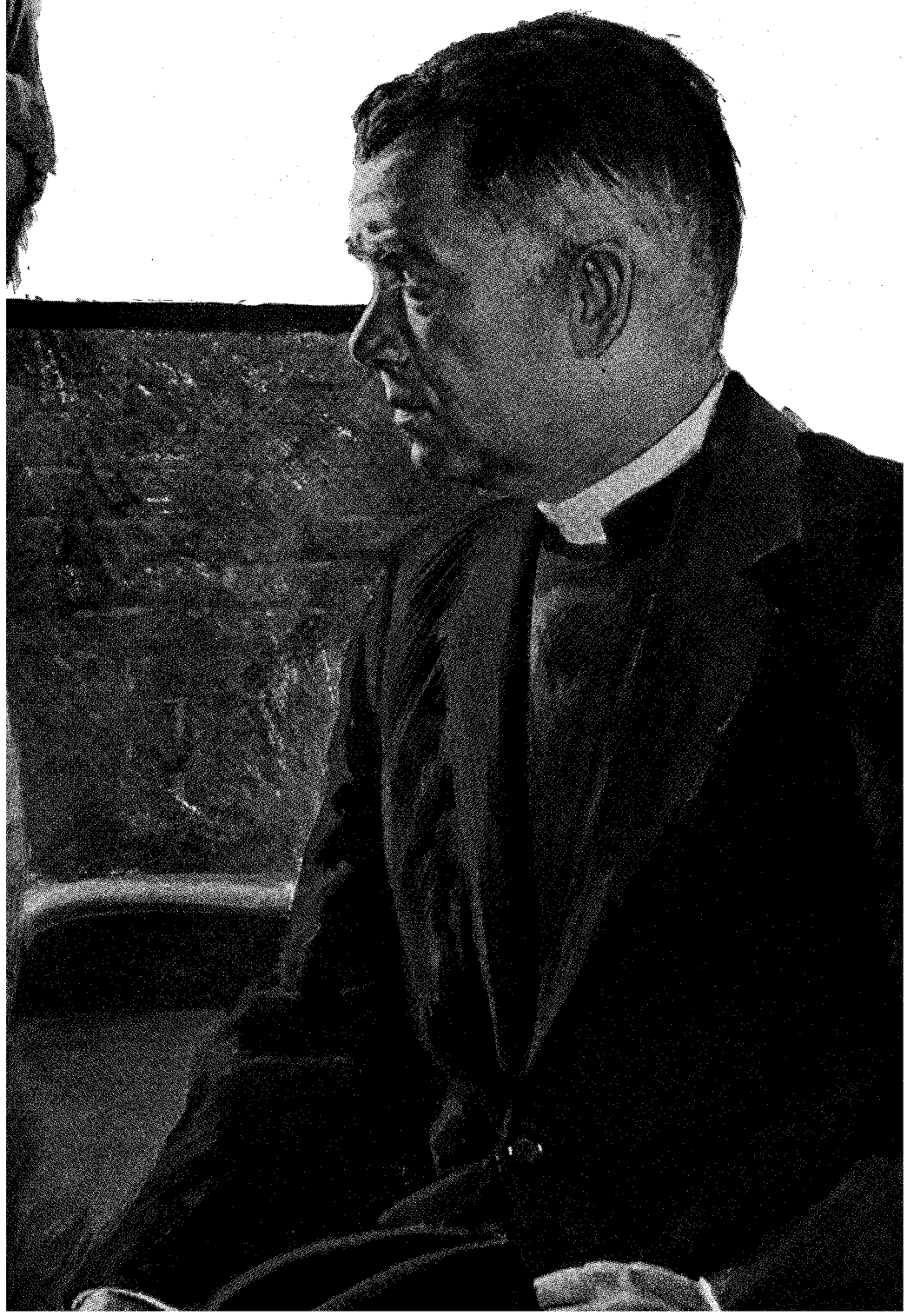
Vengeance is God's prerogative, said the priest, but Caradoc Williams gloried that he would exact his own . .



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Battle for a Soul

By ROBERT STANDISH

There are times when I compare myself with a sculptor who, working with stone which crumbles at a touch, never has the satisfaction of knowing with any real certainty how successful he is in his chosen field or, given better material to work on, how much better he might have been. My raw material for years was broken human lives—criminals serving terms of imprisonment for their offenses against society. They were for the most part weak, shiftless and sometimes brutal men in whom the grace of God was seldom apparent. I am ashamed to admit that I have forgotten most of them. They were cut to a monotonous and uninspiring pattern—with the outstanding exception of Caradoc Williams.

When my life touched that of Caradoc Williams I was chaplain of Moreton Heath Prison, which is in the west of England, while he was beginning to serve a term of five years' imprisonment. I remember the day clearly. The grim gray stone buildings were dank and cheerless, the hideous courtyards filled with mist, obscuring vision and muffling sound. Even when the larks sang in a blue sky, the place reeked of despair.

My task was to offer hope to the hopeless; to preach God's mercy and forgiveness to men who believed themselves abandoned by God; to offer comfort to men caged like wild beasts, who, for the most part lacking any sense of guilt, thought of themselves as victims. The prison, if I were to believe my ears, was peopled almost exclusively by innocent men, convicted on the evidence of perjured policemen hoping for quick promotion. They wore their protestations of innocence as a façade, a face-saving formula, whose constant repetition was wearing me down. The only thing most of them repented was the carelessness responsible for putting them where they were.

My morale was, I believe, lower than his when I went for the first time to Caradoc Williams' cell. He was sitting on his bed chuckling at Pickwick Papers.

"Good evening, padre," he said with a smile, rising to his feet as demanded by prison protocol and discipline. "I suppose," he went on, quite at ease, glancing at the open book, "that one of the few compensations of prison life is that there is time for Dickens."

Williams spoke in pleasant, conversational tones. He addressed me as an equal. This alone was a refreshing break from the familiar pattern. Most convicts, especially during the early weeks of their imprisonment, wore a sullen, hangdog, beaten look. Others were hostile and truculent. Williams' dark Celtic eyes met mine without embarrassment. His chin was held high. He smiled good-humoredly at my confusion while I fumbled for the right thing to say. It was he who bridged the awkward silence.

"It is kind of you to visit me," he said simply.

"That is my job," I replied. "Is there anything I can do to make things—easier for you?"

"Well, if you have a spare set of keys and a fast car outside, that might make things easier," he replied with a grin.

"I'm afraid I can't help you there," I told him. "I suppose," I added, "that it isn't necessary to tell a man of your intelligence that much will depend here upon your conduct and attitude."

"I understand that, padre. I intend to be a model prisoner, to earn every possible remission mark for good conduct. Only fools spend longer than they need in a place like this." His eyes went dark as he spoke.

The man disconcerted me. The advantage of the interview was so plainly with him. He was a handsome man in his thirties, clean-featured, with a high-bridged nose and heavy dark eyebrows. He listened politely—almost condescendingly—to the platitudinous little homily which I gave on such occasions. It was pretty trite and threadbare. I was well aware of that. "If you ask earnestly for forgiveness," I concluded, "it will not be denied to you."

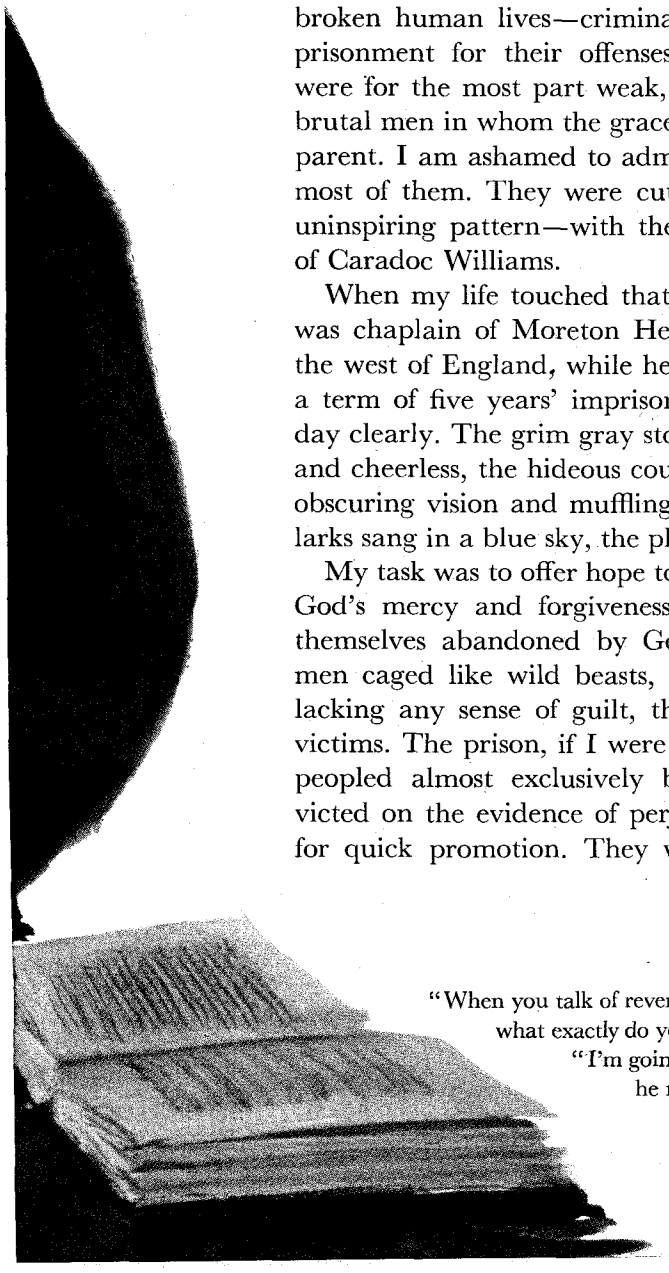
When I left the cell, his light, altogether mirthless laughter followed me down the corridor. In Caradoc Williams I had found a challenge. I resolved to meet it. Here, I believed, was a soul worth saving.

Before I went to bed that night I had familiarized myself with his potted biography contained in the prison files. From newspaper files in the local public library I learned the rest the next day.

Williams had been convicted on crystal-clear evidence of the theft of a parcel of diamonds valued on the international market at something over $200,000, the property of

(Continued on Page 64)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens



"When you talk of revenge, Williams,
what exactly do you mean?"
"I'm going to kill them,"
he replied. "What else?"

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Post Scripts

One Man's Morning

Oh, isn't it fun to be up with the sun,
All eager to do the day's bidding?
To gaze on the sky with a gleam in your eye?
Oh, isn't it fun? Are you kidding?
Oh, isn't it great at a quarter of eight,
To be out of the house like a shot,
Then on to the job with the rest of the mob?
Oh, isn't it great? No, it's not!
For the time I despise is the time to arise,
And when I'm in bed I'm in clover—
Some fellows can turn the alarm off and leap,
But all that I do is turn over.
So don't waste your time with those phrases sublime,
Concerning the mornings which cheer you—
I'll turn a deaf ear to your chirpings of cheer,
Or else be asleep—and won't hear you!

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Reflections of a Disgruntled Husband

Gloves and earrings come by twos:
One to wear, and one to lose.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Be Frank, General Klunk

Don't you love these terribly candid interviews on TV where a grim reporter in a spotlight fires terrifying questions at a distinguished guest in another spotlight. This is supposed to be real revealing. When I hear it, it's something like this:

REPORTER: Now, General Klunk, you say that outer space is a good ways off and you ——

GENERAL KLUNK: Now wait a minute, Jim. I didn't say that exactly. What I meant was that, all things being considered, outer space is certainly farther away than inner space.

REPORTER: You implied, though, general, that our missile program——

GENERAL K: Now, hold on there, Jim. I haven't access to the actual position of anything anywhere, especially our missile program. I do believe that we were wise in disbanding the cavalry.

REPORTER: Then I must ask you a personal question, general. In your own opinion, how do we stand in relation to the Soviet Union?

GENERAL K: Now I want to say here again, Jim, that anything I say comes from me alone and I will be responsible for it. Nothing I say is the official position of the Pentagon. I don't even know if the Pentagon has an official position on this thing, but what I do want to say—and I want to make it very clear, so there will be no mistake—I want to say that if—if, mind you—things are not going along as well as they should be, then certainly we should—ah—well, see that they are, if possible.

REPORTER: I agree with you heartily there, general. My name happens to be George, by the way. Not Jim. But I'm certainly very, very happy that you were willing to be put on the spot like this. I believe your fearless answers will clear up a lot of confusion about our preparedness program. Your frankness is certainly a credit to you.

GENERAL K: Thank you, Jim.

REPORTER: And now a few words from the makers of Gordian Knot Girdles for Men. . . .

ROBERT FONTAINE

Conversations I Always Overhear

"What in the world ever happened to Fayetta Sanborn?"

"Well, Fayetta left Hinkleyville about three years ago. She married Al Rodecker's oldest boy, Leroy—the one who ran that gas station."

"I was under the impression that Leroy Rodecker married Alice Baker."

"No; you're thinking of the other Rodecker boy—Marty. He married Alice Baker. Last I heard, the two were living in Lake City, Wisconsin."

"By the way, didn't Al Rodecker have a daughter?"

"Yes; Julia. Julia, as I recall, married that Underhill boy ——"

"He feels the same way as the others."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. He says he thinks it's an out-and-out shame."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. How do you feel about it?"

"Same as he does."

"Yeah? Me too."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. I don't think I've ever seen anybody so sore about anything."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. As I said, he thinks it's an out-and-out ——"

"Ask me a question—any question at all—and we'll see how smart I am."

"O.K. What's the capital of New Mexico?"

"Santa Fe."

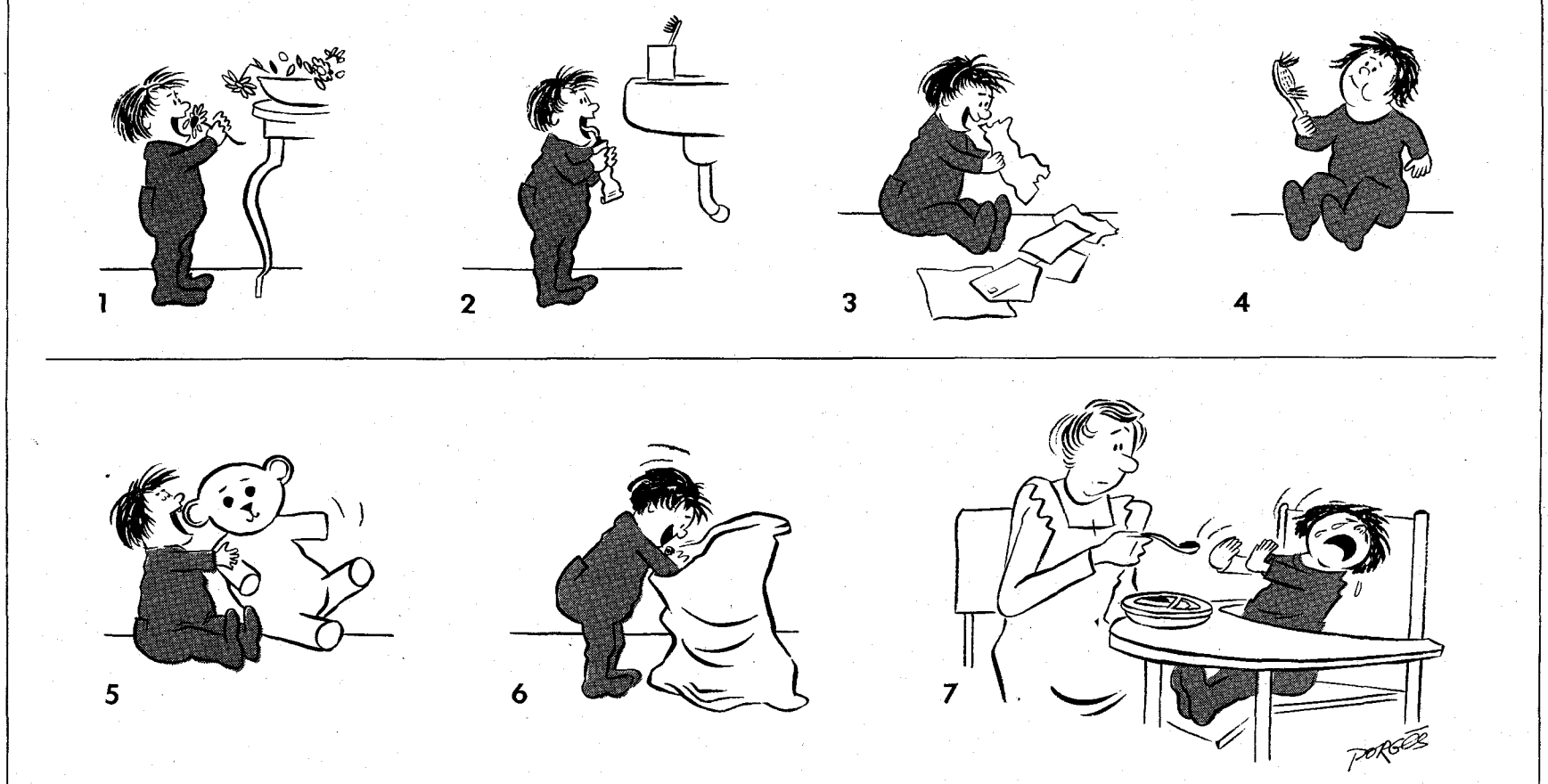
"Right. Now, you ask me one."

"O.K. Where's Kingston located?"

"In Jamaica."

"Right. Now, you ask me another ——"

RAYMOND HOWARD



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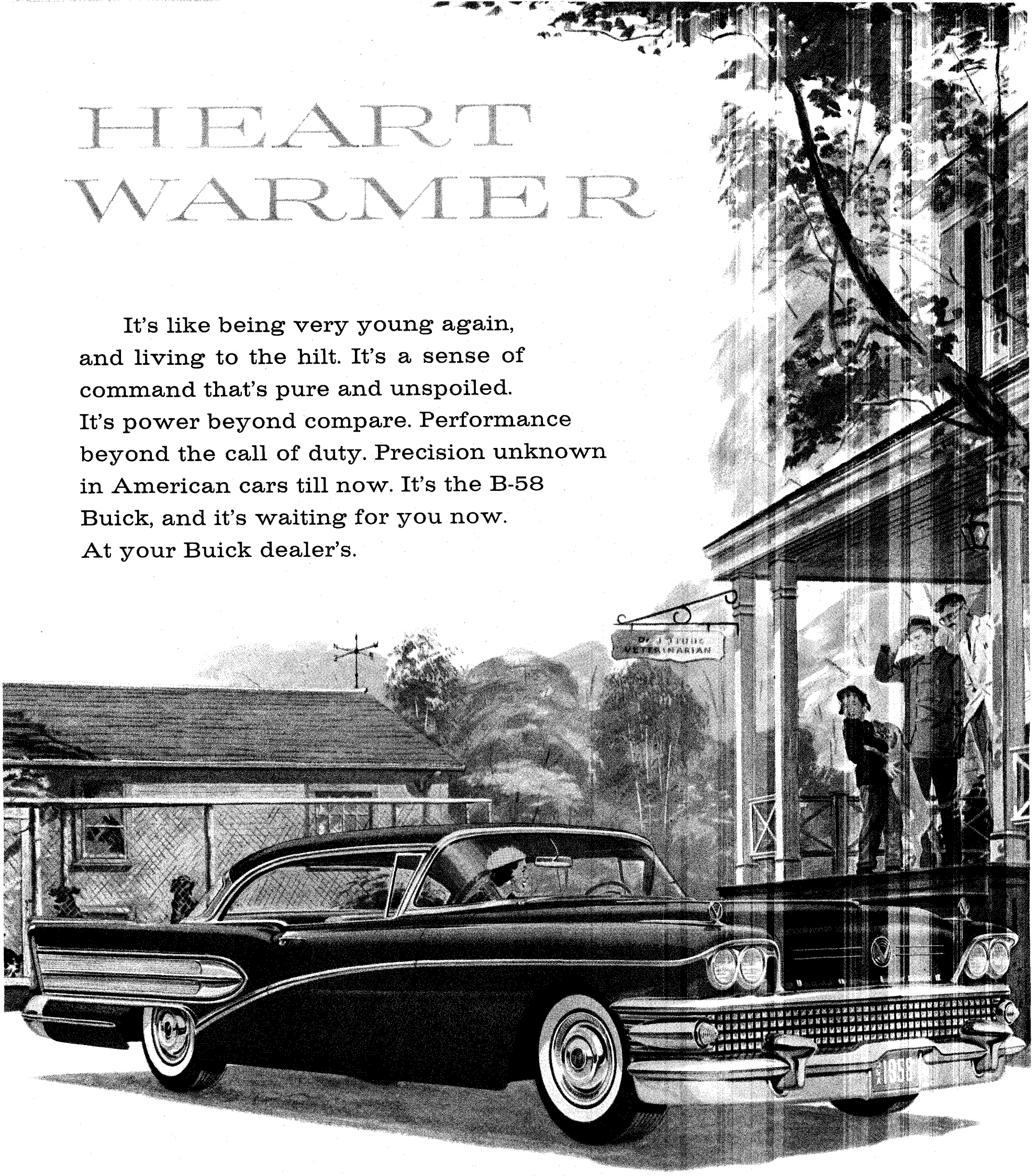

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THE AIR BORN B-58 BUICK

Try one — it costs less than you think

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From Rib Mountain, "the top of Wisconsin"... a clear view of an amazing community spirit

Wausau Story

by **HAROLD S. HIRSCH** President, **White Stag Mfg. Co.**, Portland, Oregon

"Governor Thomson, at the shelter house dedication, tells us that 'Progress must be a partnership' . . . points out that Rib Mountain's ski facilities are evidence of this. They've been made possible by the joint work of the State Conservation Department and Wausau Civic groups. In the picture, Governor Thomson and I stop to chat with a very special skiing enthusiast . . . Mrs. Warren Knowles, wife of the Lieutenant Governor."

"I SAW IT the minute I got off the plane at Wausau . . . Rib Mountain, rising high above the land with that white ribbon of the ski run dipping down through the clearing.

"The sight reminded me of a significant change that has taken place in people's activities . . . a change that has prompted my company to manufacture clothes for both summer and winter sports. Here I saw a spot that used to be popular only in the summer. Now, as the ski run proves, people can enjoy the place all the year 'round. And I meant to enjoy it too . . . immediately! I'm a veteran skier myself. What's more, Governor Vernon Thomson was dedicating the new additions to the Rib Mountain shelter house that day.

"A great celebration. You couldn't help being impressed by everything you saw. Children whizzing down the runs . . . whole families enjoying the sport together . . . the voluntary National Ski Patrol right there to help if they were needed. This is Wausau, the personality and spirit of the community clearly revealed. No wonder people from Wausau are known as 'good people to do business with'. It's true of Employers Mutuals, as it is of my business . . . the design of our 'products' comes from the very life we lead."

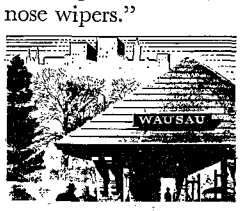
"As long as I've been in the business, I've seen orders come in for White Stag sports clothes from Wausau's Palace Clothiers. I stopped by, of course, and proudly watched Manager Ted Goertz show one of our ski outfits to his customer, Jerry Gunderson."

• • • • • • • • •

Employers Mutuals thanks Mr. Hirsch for visiting us in Wausau and revealing another facet of the Wausau Story. Admittedly, we are proud of our community and the way of working it inspires. Employers Mutuals writes all lines of fire and casualty insurance (including automobile) and is one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. Our business is growing and we need more people to help us—especially in our sales department. If you are interested in career opportunities with Employers Mutuals' nation-wide organization, write to C. E. Smith, Sales Manager, Employers Mutuals of Wausau, Wausau, Wisconsin.

"More than 530 children are registered in the free Ski School, sponsored by the Wausau Daily Record Herald. Dave Graebel, a Wausau business man, has directed the school since it began 11 years ago. To help him in this annual project, he has 31 high school students (each one a graduate of this Ski School) and a staff of 3 adults who volunteer as strap tighteners and nose wipers."

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

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By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

THE CASE OF THE FOOTLOOSE DOLL

All the evidence against his client pointed to first-degree murder. Perry Mason's defense was as tricky as tightrope walking.

It was all a matter of ice picks.

Perry Mason's client Mildred Crest used an ice pick to stab an unidentified man—thought to be blackmailer Carl Harrod—who attempted to assault her. To confuse Harrod's damage suit, Mason replaced this pick with another, one of three new ice picks his secretary, Della Street, purchased for him at the Arcade Novelty Company.

But Harrod died accusing Mildred of his murder. And at Mildred's trial, the prosecution tricked the proprietor of Arcade Novelty into identifying Mildred—not Della Street—as the person who bought the second batch of picks.

Without knowing exactly how, Mason was sure he could turn all this confusion to his client's advantage.

VI

Perry Mason, Della Street and Paul Drake sat in the little private dining room in the restaurant which they patronized so frequently when Mason was in court.

Mason, regarding his plate in frowning concentration, hardly touched his food. "They've got everything mixed up now," he said at length.

"You mean the ice pick?" Drake asked.

Mason nodded. "Their anxiety to force an identification of the defendant as the one who purchased the murder weapon means they got the wrong person and if they did that they must have the wrong ice pick."

"After all," Della Street said, "there is a certain superficial resemblance between Mildred Crest and me."

Mason nodded. "This is just another case of mistaken personal identification."

"But how do you know they have the wrong ice pick?" Drake asked.

Mason said, "I planted one ice pick in Harrod's apartment at (Continued on Page 56)

"You might spring the trap too soon," Mason told Della. "I've got to play this exactly right."

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Terror in the Streets (Continued from Page 22)

Mr. Peters." Her face, her eyes, were unhappy.

Jonas sat down. "A drink? No?" He snapped his fingers for a waiter. "Rum punch," he said. He glanced at the girl. "And for the lady, iced tea." He was smiling. "I recommend it." And he watched her relax a trifle; not much, but some. "How is Tom?" Jonas said.

"He's—fine. He's on the plantation."

"And you are here." He nodded.

"Am I that transparent? I suppose I am." She took a deep breath. "Tom is there. I am here. Period. End of paragraph. End of story."

"I am sorry."

"I've been sent away," Mary Bascomb said. And, watching him, "Why do I tell you this? Why do I want to?"

"Does it matter?" Age had its compensations, many of them. "Perhaps it is because you want to tell someone, merely that."

"He told me," the girl said, "that he was sending me away only until things—settled down, until elections are held."

"To replace the departed president," Jonas said. And he thought of Tom Bascomb, not a man to be frightened of shadows. The restiveness, then, was not confined to the city; it reached out even into the back country, to an isolated sisal plantation. Clearly, he had come none too soon.

"But that wasn't what he meant," the girl said. "It was just an excuse. He thinks I can't stand it out there, just the two of us alone."

"Is he right in thinking that?"

She held her glass in both hands, and she studied it. "I don't know." She looked up then. "I just don't know, Mr. Peters. These last few weeks, and that horrible man making speeches on the radio ——"

"Danielle," Jonas said without inflection. "The speeches upset you. As they have upset many people. Yes."

"I'm not very—noble, Mr. Peters. I was, I am, afraid. I didn't hide it very well. Not from him. Maybe I was silly." She studied him. "You," she said. "All of the stories there are about you, all of the things you've done, here and other places." And she stopped and took a deep breath. "Is there danger?"

He took his time, looking idly beyond the pool to the vast bay, the mountains that rose from it. He said, "The finest overseas army Napoleon ever assembled shattered itself here against slaves, yellow fever and drums."

"Drums," the girl said, and she shivered a little.

"Yes," Jonas said. "Yellow fever is no longer a factor. And the people have not been slaves for a hundred and fifty years. Otherwise, basically, little is changed. It is a country with a violent history. It is, I am afraid, still capable of violence—I am being honest with you—violence almost beyond comprehension."

She was silent. And then, slowly, she set the glass down and stood up. Jonas rose with her. "Thank you," she said. "For listening. And for talking."

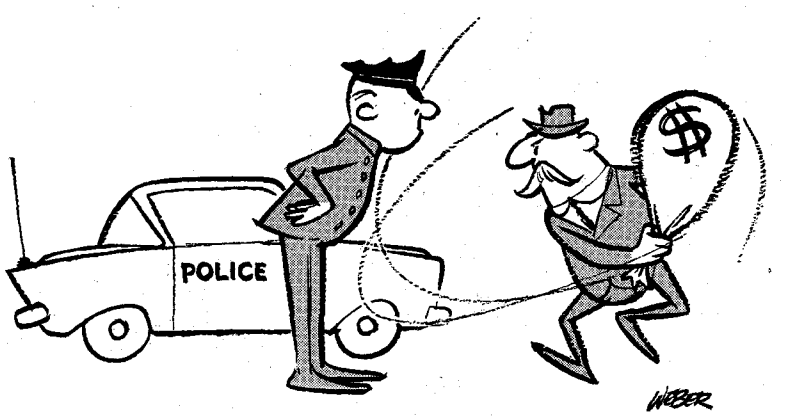
"Not at all. It was not my intention to frighten you."

"I know that. You merely wanted me to see the truth."

Jonas said, "Where are you going, my dear?"

"I don't know." She was gone.

Jonas sat down again. A pleasant young woman, with a pleasant husband, caught up, as (*Continued on Page 46*)



The Perfect Squelch

Mr. Bigbenner, the town's richest man and biggest taxpayer, expected some sort of return, in cash or services, for every cent he begrudgingly expended. One holiday season, he lingered in a tavern, enjoying a number of rounds on the house and on convivial souls who wandered in. At closing time, he declined to call a taxi. Instead, he summoned the town's overworked night policeman and demanded to be driven home in the police car.

The policeman, a zealous and underpaid young family man, politely refused. "Sorry, it's against regulations." At that, Bigbenner turned belligerent. In front of everybody, he roared: "I'm a taxpayer and I demand service. My taxes more than pay the whole police department. Understand, I pay your salary."

"I've often wondered," the young officer said, "who the cheapskate was."

Harry Van Tuyl

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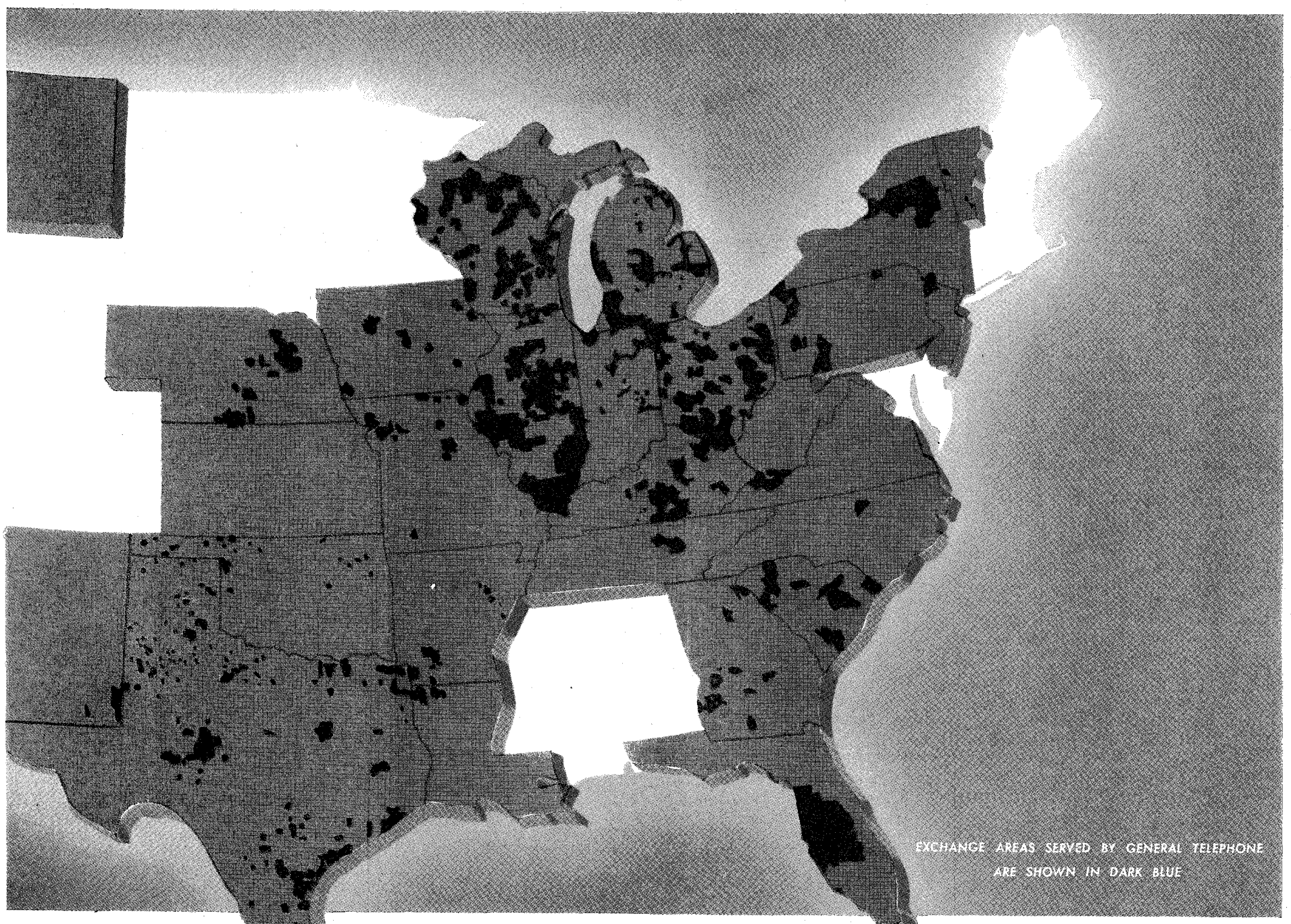

proud to be No. 2

THE PEOPLE who live in the United States have more of almost anything you can name —including telephones.

So it's possible, in such a fabulous country, to be the No. 2 telephone system—and still have a great opportunity for service and growth.

General Telephone serves, for example, more telephones than the total number of telephones in such a country as France.

And this list is growing—at the rate of 1,000 new customers every working day, partly because so many of the areas we serve are suburban areas—the fastest-growing areas in this country.

All of which confronts us with many challenges.

If we cannot be the largest, we can surely aspire to be the finest—to do whatever we do better than it has been done before.

With the inspiration of growth, we can attract talented people in the fields of research, engineering and management.

We can design and build better telephone equipment—for our own use, and for the use of 4,400 other "independent" telephone companies now operating in the United States.

We can build better switches, relays, and other communications equipment needed for building telephone exchanges.

We have the resources to expand manufacturing facilities—to keep pace with the nation's growth in housing in the areas we serve—and still serve the needs of other "independents."

So we're proud to be No. 2. It keeps you on your toes.

General Telephone Corporation
260 Madison Avenue, New York

GENERAL TELEPHONE

GENERAL SYSTEM

One of the World's Great Communications Systems

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(*Continued from Page 44*) the entire country was caught up, in something that, once started—and they were already some weeks beyond the beginning—could not, without difficulty, be stopped. Jean Jacques Danielle—in his mind he changed that; Citizen Danielle was the more appropriate title, carrying as it did connotations of another time, another revolution, called now the Reign of Terror. He looked up quickly to the man who stood beside the table.

"Mr. Peters?" the man said. His pronunciation was French.

"That is my name," Jonas said. "I have the honor ——"

"My name is Danielle."

Nothing in Jonas' face changed. "I have been waiting for you." And he gave a little time to study of the broad, intelligent face, medium-colored, the dark eyes that showed no emotion, the faint plumpness of the neck, well-fed without softness. And then he waited.

"I knew that you were coming, Mr. Peters," Danielle said. "I heard that you had arrived. I am not sure you are welcome."

"I come on a matter of business."

"I think that we have no business."

"And yet you are here."

"To explain," Danielle said. "I know a great deal about your reputation, as well as your recent activities in Jamaica."

"I am flattered," Jonas said. There was more than intelligence in the broad face, he decided; there was shrewdness, too, and implacability, and even latent charm—all the qualities he had expected to find. "I am listening, monsieur."

Danielle nodded. His hands were broad, stubby, strong. He rested them lightly on the table. "Henri Dufarge, Mr. Peters, had nothing to sell. He had sacrificed his property here, all of it, when he fled with the president. You wasted your money."

Jonas permitted himself a small smile. "A matter of opinion."

"All those who fled have been declared outlaws. Their property has been confiscated. It belongs to the state."

"And you are the state. We agree."

"I am not the state," Danielle said. "I am merely one small part of the state, its servant. When elections are held, if the people choose ——"

"You are too modest." And he added, "Citizen Danielle." He watched for, and found, the first small flicker of emotion, annoyance, in the dark eyes. "We understand each other, I think," Jonas said then. "You have your aspirations, your ambitions."

"To help my people. Merely that."

"Entirely laudable," Jonas said. "Mine are more modest; they are merely to help myself. There should be no real conflict."

Danielle said slowly, "You are a brave man, Mr. Peters, as the buccaneers were brave—and, I think, for the same reason: profit."

"I repeat, we understand each other."

"Dufarge was penniless, was he not?" Danielle said. "The president has kept what he stole from the country, sharing none of it. Dufarge was in no position to bargain with you, is it not so?"

"He did seem a trifle eager," Jonas said, "now that you mention it."

"I find you incredible, Mr. Peters."

"Do you?" Jonas said. He smiled faintly. "I wonder, citizen."

The annoyance was plain this time. "We have no such title here. This is not France at the time of the Revolution."

"There are similarities. Shall I enumerate them?" It was, so far, mere sparring. Came now, Jonas thought, the actual beginning.

Danielle looked at his hands. He looked up again. "I have explained the situation. Your claims are invalid. Unless you have something to add ——"

"I am not overly greedy," Jonas said. "Perhaps I should have mentioned that before. My avarice has limits." He paused. "Dufarge was a wealthy man. He owned, and sold to me, many holdings—sugar properties, shares in the rum distillery, a house in Pétionville and one in Kenscoff." He paused again. "And a half share in this delightful hotel, in normal times so profitable." He stopped there. Then, "I will accept the half share in the hotel. In exchange for a clear title to that, I will relinquish my claims to the other properties."

"I have explained. Your claim has no standing."

It was time now to peel back the cuff of the velvet glove, expose a little of the mailed fist inside. "It is up to you, citizen. If I press my claims, through the embassy of my Government, it might be embarrassing, might it not? Your status as the selfless champion of the people might become a trifle tainted, no? Since the sugar properties of Monsieur Dufarge, among other holdings of his, have inexplicably found their way into your possession? But I am not overly greedy, as I have said." He picked up his drink, smiled over its rim.

Danielle's face showed nothing. "I repeat, you are a brave man."

"Perhaps," Jonas said. And then, "I have chosen the half share of the hotel for a reason, citizen. Knowing who owns the other half, I consider the investment secure."

Danielle looked down at his hands again, studied them in silence.

"It is agreed, then?" Jonas said. "We are partners in the hotel business? I shall not be a burden, I assure you; merely a silent partner."

The silence was long, heavy. "I shall give you an answer tomorrow," Danielle said. And then, softly, "One question. How have you lived so long?"

"A fair question," Jonas said. Only his eyes had changed; they had taken on the appearance of ice on a clear day. "Not by accident, citizen, nor by carelessness. It would be well to bear that in mind."

He sat on alone after Danielle had gone. All in all, he decided, he had handled the matter rather well. It was what came of experience and understanding. Revolutions were fomented not infrequently out of desire for profit. Granted this knowledge, the rest had been merely a matter of inquiry and planning.

So far, then, so good. But he was under no illusion that his position was now secure. He had seen Danielle, studied him; the man was a force not to be underestimated. And he, Jonas, was a foreigner, *un blanc*, as the cabdriver had put it, and the position of a foreigner in unsettled times was hardly secure. He thought briefly of Mary Bascomb, and of Tom, foreigners, too, and far from secure. No matter. He, Jonas, would exercise care, vigilance. He was satisfied.

It was then that his second visitor appeared, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant colonel of the United States Air Force. He was young, large, confident. "Walters, air attaché," he said. "The ambassador wants to see you."

And Jonas considered and nodded. "It happens that I am free."

The streets of the city were quiet, almost deserted, as before. Some of the shops were closed, shuttered, and the hot, bright, still and slightly sour air of the tropics shimmered on the empty sidewalks.

"You have had trouble, I understand, colonel?" Jonas said. Information from any source was welcome; no information was ever useless.

"Not much," Walters said.

"Rioting?" Jonas said.

There had been some small rioting, Walters said. How serious it had been was difficult to tell.

Jonas nodded. "The embassy is operating more or less in a vacuum? The Foreign Office is uncommunicative? The military is reluctant to provide specific information?" And he nodded again.

"That's about the size of it," Walters said.

"And your personal estimate of the situation, colonel? Unofficial, of course." And he smiled. "I am not a newspaperman."

"I just take orders, Mr. Peters."

"Of course," Jonas said. "But if you were in charge, not of the embassy, but of the country? Surely you have considered what you would do."

The temptation was too strong for silence, as Jonas had been sure it would be. "I'd jerk that Danielle character off the air and out of circulation so fast he wouldn't know what had hit him."

And this, too, Jonas had expected. "And what do you think would be the reaction, colonel? The popular reaction, that is, once it became known that the military had taken that step?"

Walters looked at him with new respect. "I don't know. And I don't think the local military knows, either, Mr. Peters. I think ——"

"I don't intend rudeness by disagreeing, colonel. I think the local military knows precisely what would happen, which is why they have not moved." And again he thought of young Mary Bascomb and what he had told her. "Citizen Danielle has struck deep." He was not instructing, nor yet talking to hear himself talk. Not infrequently it was of benefit to bounce one's own ideas against the backboard of another's mind; occasionally they came back changed. "Are you aware what happened here, colonel? Precisely here, I mean, and specifically in that building yonder?"

"The French legation?" Walters said. He shook his head, puzzled.

"Thirty years ago," Jonas said, "the people, the mob, if you will, were aroused as they seem to be aroused today. The then president took refuge in that building. The mob found him, dragged him out. They didn't shoot him, colonel. Nor did they hang him. They tore and hacked him to pieces, quite literally. It is something to be remembered."

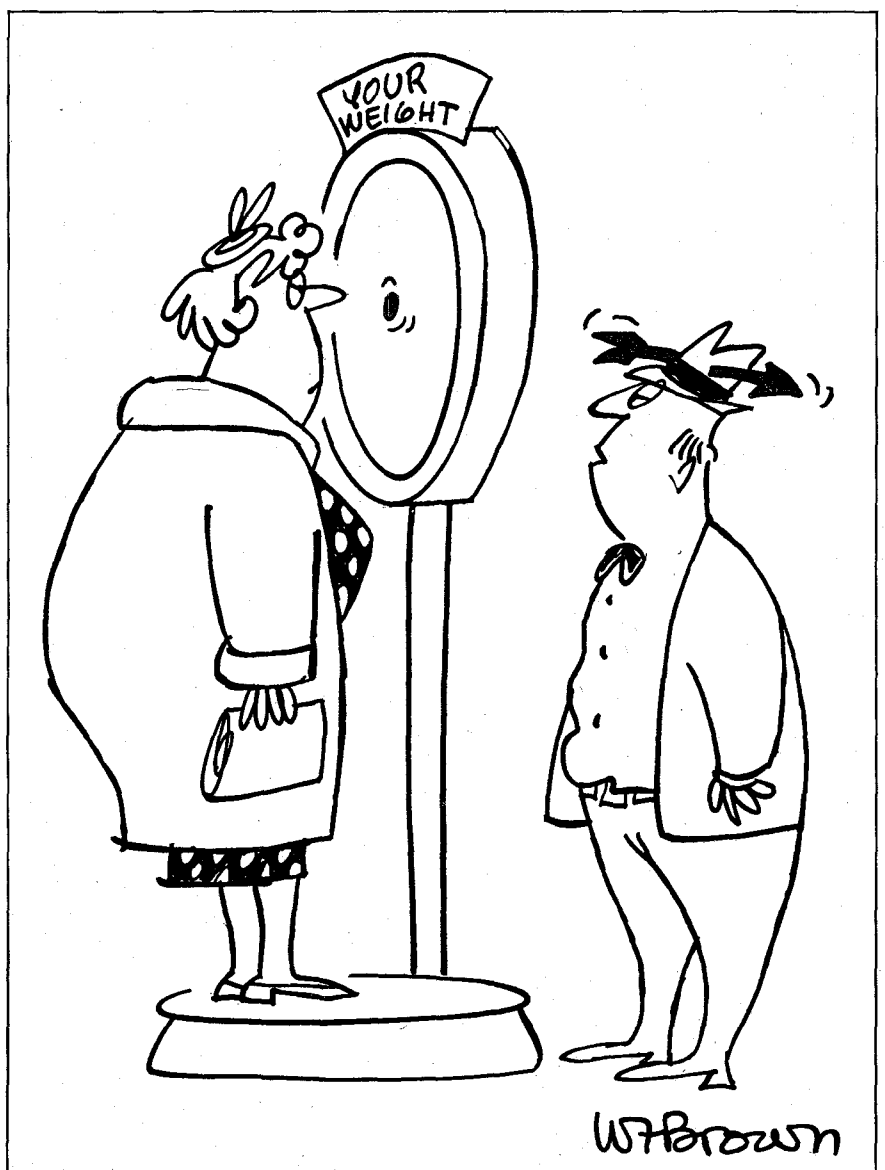
The ambassador's office was large, shaded and relatively cool, but the ambassador himself, in shirtsleeves, was sweating, and his face showed a fatigue that was close to exhaustion, lines of strain and worry heavy around his eyes. He was on the telephone when Jonas and Walters came in.

He said in French, "I must point out that the safety of our own nationals is my vital concern." He listened, and nodded his head wearily. "Thank you, *Monsieur le Ministre*. I shall appreciate your personal attention in the matter." He hung up and leaned back.

Jonas had seated himself. He said, "This is a pleasant surprise, George. I was not aware that you had been posted back here."

"You," the ambassador said. And then he looked at Walters. "Thank you, colonel. I'll call you." And he waited until the door was closed again. "Now," he said, "just what are you up to, Jonas?"

(*Continued on Page 50*)



"I think you broke it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Watch "Your Hit Parade" on TV Saturday nights for the **Hit Parade** cigarette

$200,000.00 MYSTERY TUNE CONTEST

FIRST PRIZES: **32 NEW '58 CHEVROLET CONVERTIBLES**
4 awarded in each of 8 contests

SECOND PRIZES: **32 $1,000.00 CHARGE ACCOUNTS**
at any convenient store of your choice... 4 awarded in each of 8 contests

1,280 OTHER EXCITING PRIZES

160 AWARDED IN EACH OF 8 CONTESTS:
3rd PRIZES...15 Bell & Howell Movie Cameras and Projectors
4th PRIZES...10 Philco Hi-Fi Sets
5th PRIZES...10 Philco Portable TV Sets
6th PRIZES..125 Sheaffer Ballpoint Pens

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Easy to enter! Fun for the whole family!

Watch "Your Hit Parade" on dates listed in rules below. Name the mystery tune played on the show. Then tell us why you like new Hit Parade cigarettes.

It's easy to think of reasons why you like Hit Parade cigarettes, and write them in 25 additional words or less. For instance: "I like Hit Parade cigarettes because a good filter cigarette to me combines fine tobacco and a fine filter. Hit Parade has both." Enter each contest as often as you like. Just enclose one of the end panels from a carton of Hit Parade with each entry (remember, each carton has *two* end panels, so it is good for *two* entries!).

JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. To enter any of the eight contests listed in Rule 2, simply name correctly the mystery tune played on Your Hit Parade TV show for that contest week, and then complete this statement in 25 additional words or less: "I like Hit Parade cigarettes because . . . ." Write your entry on either an official entry blank or one side of any plain sheet of paper. Be sure to print your name and address plainly. You may enter each contest as many times as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by an end panel from a carton of Hit Parade cigarettes. Mail your entry to:

Hit Parade Contest
P. O. Box 17A
Mount Vernon 10, New York

Be sure to use sufficient postage on your envelope.

2. This is a series of eight biweekly contests as follows:

Mystery Tune Contest	Your Hit Parade TV Show of	Entries must be postmarked by midnight on	Entries must be received not later than
#1	Feb. 22*	March 7	March 14
#2	March 8	March 21	March 28
#3	March 22	April 4	April 11
#4	April 5	April 18	April 25
#5	April 19	May 2	May 9
#6	May 3	May 16	May 23
#7	May 17	May 30	June 6
#8	May 31	June 13	June 20

*The Hit Parade Mystery Tune Contest begins one week later than dates shown above in the following areas: Yuma, Ariz., Louisville, Ky., Providence, R. I., Nashville, Tenn., Texarkana, Tex., La Crosse, Wis., Milwaukee, Wis., but all entries must be postmarked and received by the dates stated.

3. Anyone living in the continental United States or its possessions is eligible, except employees of The American Tobacco Company, its advertising agencies, and the families of such employees. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant submitting it and submitted in the contestant's own name. You may enter as many contests as you wish, but a contestant may be awarded only one prize per contest.

4. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of originality, sincerity and appropriateness of the completed statement. Entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation. To be eligible for a prize in a contest, the contestant must name the mystery tune for that contest correctly. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of ties.

5. All entries become the property of The American Tobacco Company to use as it sees fit, and none will be returned. Winners will be notified by mail. For a list of winners in all eight contests, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope with your entry. Contest subject to all federal, state and local regulations.

ENTRY BLANK

Here is my contest entry:
The correct name of the mystery tune is.....

.....

Complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less: "I like Hit Parade cigarettes because

.....

.....

.....

.....

....."

My name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Mail, with either end panel from a carton of Hit Parade cigarettes, to:

Hit Parade Contest
P. O. Box 17A
Mount Vernon 10, New York

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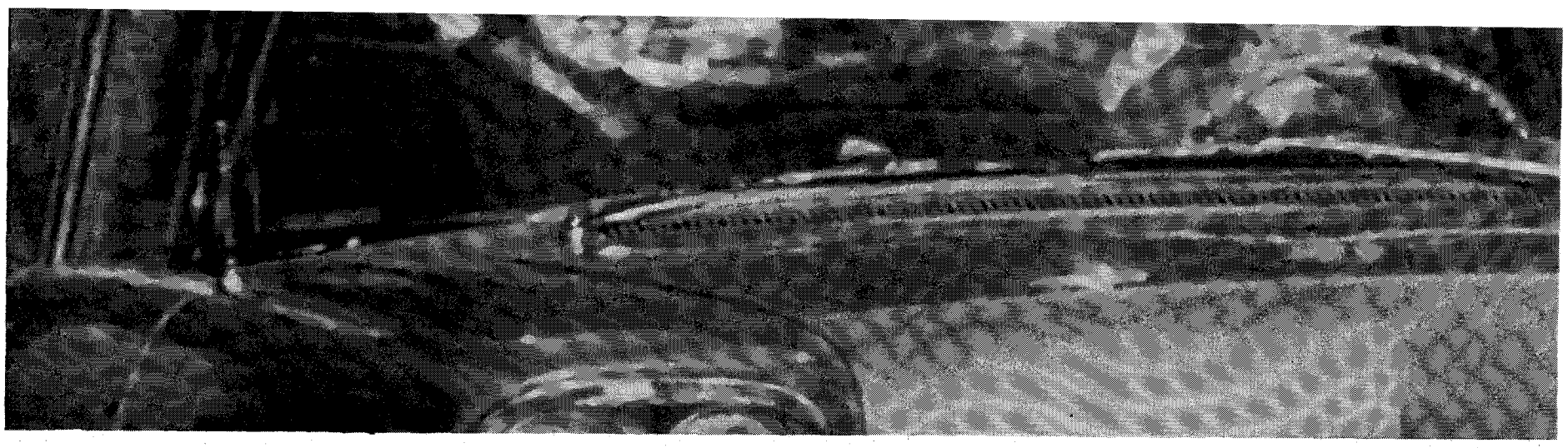
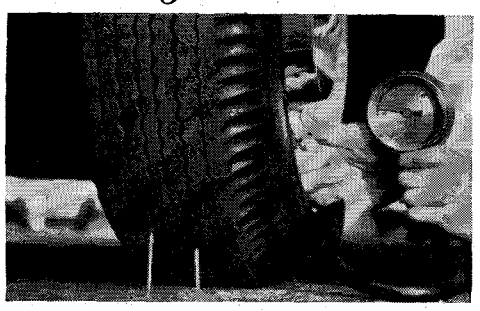
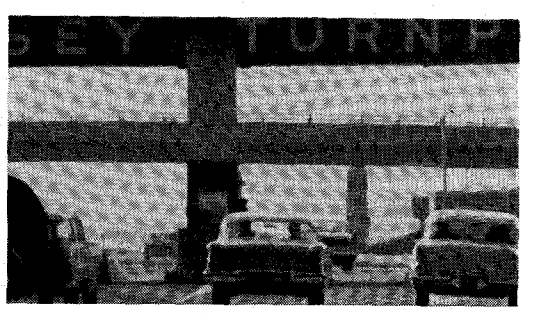


"Virginia and I drove New York's traffic with nails in all our tires



TIMES SQUARE AT 9:00 A.M.
What a place to have a puncture! Test officials checked tire pressure at 24 lbs. and drove 8-penny nails in each of the four Firestone tires.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE
This is no place to have a puncture! A flat tire here might really tangle traffic. But Mrs. Larson and Mrs. Swain ride with confidence and enjoy the view. Their four nail-punctured Firestone tubeless tires roll across the long bridge without losing air.



NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE
A puncture here would really embarrass our driver and jam up traffic. But punctured-on-purpose Firestone tubeless tires cruise along in heavy traffic without the slightest pressure loss.

Two New York City housewives proved that regular-price (non-premium) Firestone Tubeless Tires effectively protect you from punctures. You get the long-lasting puncture protection you'd ordinarily expect only from extra-cost premium tires. Using four nail-punctured Firestone DeLuxe Champions, they toured the New York City area in heavy traffic. They didn't have a spare—and didn't lose a pound of air!

Ruth Larson and Virginia Swain of New York City, like millions of other American housewives, have never changed a tire. And, like all people who drive cars, they hope they never will. Recently they drove through New York's rush-hour traffic on a set of nail-punctured Firestone regular-priced tubeless tires to demonstrate that you don't have to buy premium-priced tires to get puncture protection. All Firestone tubeless tires, regardless of price, give you this extra safety. As long as the puncturing objects remain in the tires, Firestone's tubeless tire construction helps prevent loss of air.

Mrs. Larson and Mrs. Swain proved this point. They rode on four punctured, regular-priced Firestone tubeless tires—tires containing no special puncture sealant. They drove for hours through heavy New York traffic, where tire failure would

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positive protection against punctures!

yet they never needed air!"

LINCOLN TUNNEL
Under the Hudson River, another bad place to have a puncture. But our four purposely punctured Firestone tires are still going strong.

FIFTH AVENUE
Lunch hour—and when officials checked the regular-priced Firestone tubeless tires, they found none of them had lost a single pound of air.

cause embarrassment, and didn't lose a single pound of air. Their car was equipped with the same popular-priced Firestone DeLuxe Champion tubeless tires used by automobile manufacturers as original equipment on their 1958 cars.

Only Firestone tubeless tires give you an extra margin of protection, because only Firestone uses S/F—Safety-Fortified—cord. And Firestone uses S/F cord in every tubeless tire it makes, regardless of price.

So, if you want the safest tires that money can buy, specify Firestone tubeless tires on your new 1958 car or go to your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store and have a set put on your present car. Convenient payment terms are available.

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone on ABC television every Monday evening

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Upset Stomach got you
OUT OF FOCUS?

Wherever you are—take
Minty Phillips' Tablets—

FEEL FINE
AGAIN FAST!

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PHILLIPS'
TABLETS

(*Continued from Page 46*)

"Why, George." In the two words he managed to convey shock, incredulity, even hurt. And then he smiled.

"You came here—why?" the ambassador said. "And you had been here less than two hours when you saw Danielle—how? I have been trying to see him for two weeks, but he's too busy on the radio promising pie in the sky, a car in every hut, stirring up the old enmities between *nègre* and *mulatte* ——"

"It has gone that deep?" Jonas said. He was no longer smiling.

"Deeper," the ambassador said. "The man is a rabble rouser, with no more scruples than you have—maybe fewer, if that's possible." He forced the weariness down. "Why did he see you, Jonas? He won't see me."

"It is possible that my approach is a trifle different from yours."

"Not good enough. We're close to explosion—I won't bother to conceal it."

"I am aware of it, George. I know the country too."

"Yes." The ambassador nodded. "In your way, probably better than I." He paused. "What I can do, whatever I can do, I will, without hesitation or compunction. I want information."

"We discussed a matter of business," Jonas said.

"What kind of business? Shenanigans? I know you, Jonas. At the best of times, anywhere in this hemisphere, you're a nuisance. Here, now, you're a menace."

It was becoming awkward, Jonas thought. Behind the ambassador lay Washington, and the arm of Washington was long, its power over its nationals and their passports a thing not to be taken lightly. "May I point out, George, that this revolution is none of my making? I came here to discuss with Danielle the ownership of a piece of property. Will you take my word that it is no more than that?"

"No."

"Have you ever known me to lie? To you, that is?" It was useless. Jonas sighed. "Very well, George. I chanced to meet an unfortunate man named Dufarge in Kingston. A charming fellow. I endeavored to help him in his plight ——" It was a touching tale.

The ambassador heard him all the way through. Then, "I'm too tired to smile, Jonas, or to preach, or even to be shocked. And you expect to get away with it—twisting Danielle's tail? In the midst of this—chaos that's coming?"

There was silence for a little time.

The ambassador said, "I won't try to explain the implications. You wouldn't comprehend them. You heard what I said on the telephone, about American nationals and their safety being my concern?"

Jonas opened his mouth. He closed it again. He said, "You're referring to my safety?" Unbelieving.

"I am."

"Now, George." And he was smiling again.

"You're asking for violence," the ambassador said. "You're deliberately courting it. You've done it all your life, and sometimes it hasn't mattered much. This time it does. I'll have no violence if there is anything I can do to prevent it. One spark, one shot, and ——" He shook his head, the heavy lines of strain and worry even deeper now. "In a way, I suppose I'm sorry, Jonas. But I'm not going to argue."

Jonas said slowly, carefully, "May I ask what you intend?" And the frost in his blue eyes was very plain now, glittering.

"You're leaving the country. There is a plane back to Kingston this afternoon. I'll have a seat held for you."

"Aren't you being a trifle high-handed, George?"

"Yes," the ambassador said, in a new, colder voice, "I'm being high-handed. I am trying to prevent trouble in this country—something you would not understand." He paused, and his voice became normal again. "Walters will see you on that plane, Jonas. Is that clear?"

Jonas rose slowly. He picked up his hat. He stood there, pondering the spectacle of a man, himself, for the first time that he could remember unable to find words. It was distressing. He looked down at the ambassador, and he shook his head, not quite, but almost disbelieving still. And then, finally, he found his voice again. "My regards to Margaret, George." It was, he decided, not even a very good exit line. He wondered if he was getting old.

The return drive to the hotel was different, silent. Two phrases ran through Jonas' mind: "The best laid schemes o' mice and men" was the first; "hoist with his own petard" the second; and he could not decide which was the more apt. He glanced at the colonel, who was, in effect, his jailer, and he thought of seven or eight ways, ranging from pure subtlety to simple violence, by which he might disengage himself, and he rejected them all. The ambassador, in his present mood, was not a man to be flouted. And, finally, he calmed himself. So be it. He had suffered defeat before—although never, it was true, in quite so humiliating a fashion. No matter. One tuned one's life to the averages, not the ups and downs of the performance curve. By the time they reached the hotel he was composed again.

Walters stood by while Jonas repacked his suitcase. Walters' eyebrows rose a trifle at the sight of the gun which Jonas replaced beneath his arm, but he said nothing. Together they went downstairs.

"I shall buy you a drink, colonel," Jonas said. He glanced at his watch. "There is time." He led the way to the terrace. And so it was that for the second time on that day he encountered Mary Bascomb.

She wore a light suit and a hat, and she was standing at the terrace railing, looking out over the bay, the silent city, the mountains rising green. And she turned at Jonas' approach, and tried to smile, and failed.

"You asked me this morning where I was going, Mr. Peters. I was going—back. I went to Tom's agent in town. He ——" She shook her head. "He had a ticket on the Kingston plane waiting for me; only that, not even a message, nothing. Tom had phoned him." She was silent.

"My dear ——" Jonas began, and knew not how to proceed.

"Thank you," the girl said, and that was all.

Inside, a radio began. A few bars of music at first, and then silence, and then a voice, and Jonas cocked his head to the sound.

The girl said, "Is that ——"

"Danielle," Jonas said. "Yes."

A minimum wage of two dollars a day, Danielle was saying, instead of the present seventy cents—pie in the sky, indeed. Jonas thought of the cab driver and the hundreds of thousands like him, gathering to listen, wanting to be told. No matter; what was happening and what was going to happen in this poor confused country was no longer of concern to him.

"I promised you a drink, colonel."

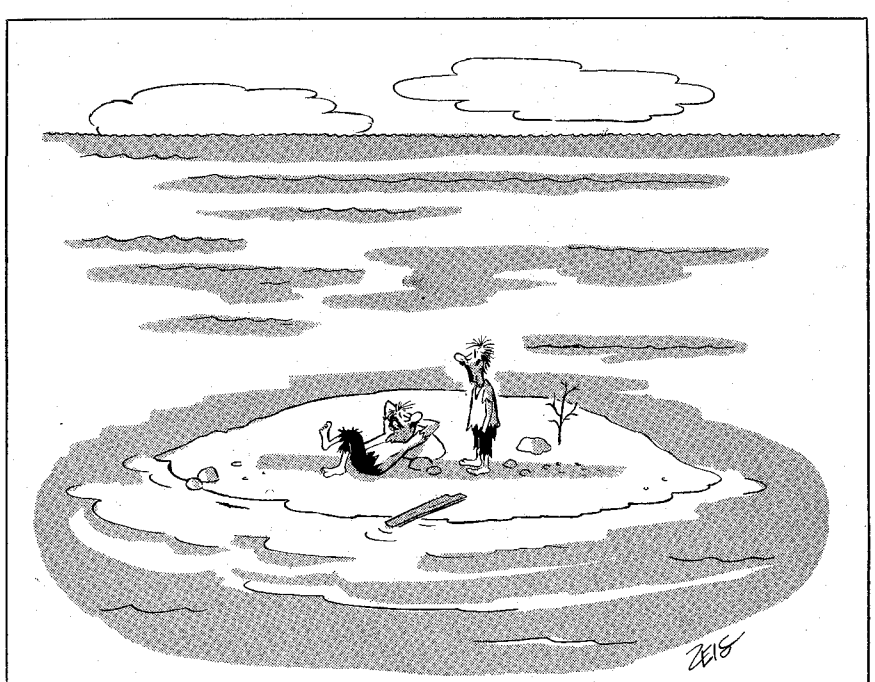
"It's not important, Mr. Peters. It's almost time ——"

"It would be well to telephone the airport," Jonas said. "The planes are not always punctual." And he smiled down at the girl. "We are exiles together. I, too, have been found undesirable." And the smile spread. In her young presence he felt almost gay. "I boast a knowledge of Kingston's entertainment potential. We shall celebrate together, with appropriate toasts—to my good friend, the ambassador, and to your not very intelligent husband." And he paused briefly, watching her face. "I shall play Lear," he said, "and you Cordelia. 'So we'll live, and pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh at gilded butterflies.'"

The girl's face eased, softened, only a little, but it was enough.

"Better," Jonas said. "Much better. So." Before them the great bay spread flat and shining, silent; through the open door the voice on the radio continued, now rising, now falling, now crackling with scorn and contempt. *Inciting to riot*, Jonas thought, and found the phrase apt—too apt. Again no matter. "The colonel shall escort us both, with ceremony. I shall insist on a salute as we mount to the plane ——" He stopped there, looking beyond her. "Yes, colonel?"

Walters' face was stiff. "There will be no plane," he said. "All flights, from all directions, have been canceled, indefinitely."



"Got a minute?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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There was the small sound of the girl's breath sharply indrawn.

"So," Jonas said, and his eyes did not leave Walters' face. "The chaos commences, colonel?" The voice on the radio was louder now, rising, reaching toward a climax. Jonas scarcely heard it. "Dear me," he said, "the ambassador will be annoyed, I'm afraid."

And it was then that the voice on the radio stopped, and for a moment there was silence, sudden, solid, intense. And then from the city a new sound began, and gathered force, rolling out over the flat water of the bay—an amalgamation of voices, a roar, reaching clearly as far as the hotel, and beyond.

Jonas raised his head, in the manner of a hunting dog straining for the scent.

Walters said slowly, "It sounds like New York when Bobby Thomson hit a home run to win the playoff from Brooklyn, and people ran out into the streets, shouting." And he made a small gesture, almost of embarrassment. "Funny what you think of, isn't it?"

Jonas had found the girl's hand. He held it comfortingly within his own. "That was a game, colonel." The roaring

... ...

Song of the Frightened Motorist

Lane borders lane,
And you haven't much
leeway,
In the land of the brave
And the home of the
freeway.

Richard Armour

... ...

from the city continued without pause. "This is not." And all amusement was gone from his eyes. He was silent for only a moment or two, considering, weighing, deciding. "Colonel ——" And then, "Where are you going?"

"Telephone," Walters said. "The embassy."

Jonas said, "And when you have discovered that you cannot reach the embassy by telephone, we shall be waiting at the car. I have some experience in these matters, colonel. If you choose to avail yourself of it." He took the girl's arm.

The lobby was deserted. "The luggage," Jonas said. "We may need it." He did not bother to explain. "Do you drive, colonel?"

"The driver ——" Walters began.

"The driver will be gone," Jonas said. "He is not a *blanc*, like ourselves. He will not want to be seen with us. Now do you begin to understand?"

Walters merely looked at him.

The embassy car stood deserted. Walters saw the girl into the back seat, put in the luggage, slid himself in beneath the wheel. The roaring sound from the city was undiminished.

Walters said, "I guess you're in command, Mr. Peters." And he saw the faint lift of Jonas' mouth, the sparkle in Jonas' eyes, and it was strange, but in them he found a measure of comfort. The old man looked almost young.

"Back along the shore road," Jonas said. "A certain amount of haste is in order. We are going to the embassy."

And Walters, already wheeling the car around, concentrating on this, said, "Just like that?"

"The embassy is the logical place, colonel. That sound indicates a mob. But a mob, at first, lacks cohesion. We may encounter some difficulty, but it will not yet be determined. Determination in a mob takes time." And he smiled suddenly. "Am I being pedantic, colonel?"

"I'm listening," Walters said, "and learning."

At first the road was open, only here and there a peasant or a small group of peasants. But from every hut along the road more people appeared, and passage became more difficult.

"The horn, colonel," Jonas said. "The people will make way, as they are used to doing for authority." He paused. "Pigs and donkeys are less tractable. Bear that in mind." And he turned in the seat then to look at the girl, smile at her while he studied her face. "Are you frightened?"

"Yes."

Jonas nodded, strangely satisfied. "A healthy reaction."

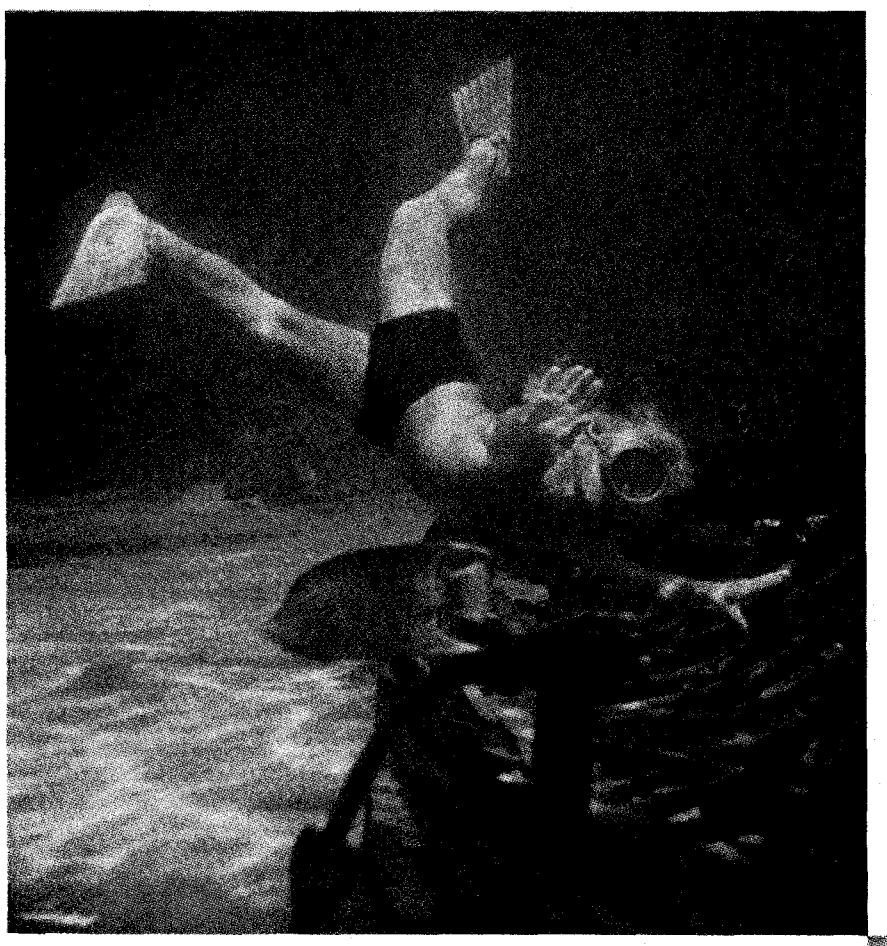
"Don't baby me. Not that, please. I know what I am."

"Ask the colonel," Jonas said gently.

And Walters said, without hesitation, "I wish I were home in bed, or under it, for what that's worth." And he glanced at Jonas. "At least, you have that gun."

Jonas shook his head, merely that. He was watching the people on the road, studying their faces, endeavoring, as best he could, to gauge their temper, concentrating on this. He was a *blanc*, the cab driver had said; how could he understand? And there was more than a measure of truth in the question, and it was this that provided the uncertainty. The people did make way; once the car was past, they flowed back into the road.

A peasant boy stepped aside at the sound of the horn, turned, slapped the front fender of (*Continued on Page 54*)



THE FLORIDA KEYS—Clear waters of Florida straits are mecca for skin divers who enjoy rewarding finds among old shipwrecks.

INDIAN RIVER REGION—A family collects coquina, clam-like delicacies found along east coast shores. They make tasty donax chowder.

GULF STREAM COAST—Swim pools are fun centers of many Southeast Coast resorts, as well as at motels and apartments throughout State.

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CENTRAL FLORIDA—Placid lakes in this region are perfect for water skiing. Ski-schools over the State teach this exhilarating sport.

Florida

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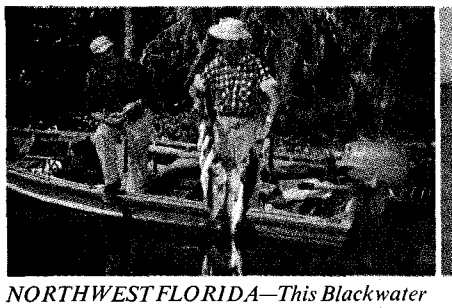
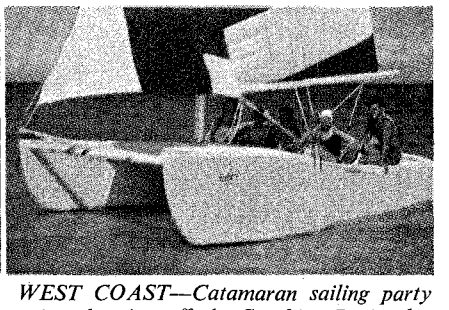


NORTHWEST FLORIDA—This Blackwater River bass catch is typical fresh-water thrill.



WEST COAST—Catamaran sailing party enjoys boating off the Sunshine Peninsula.

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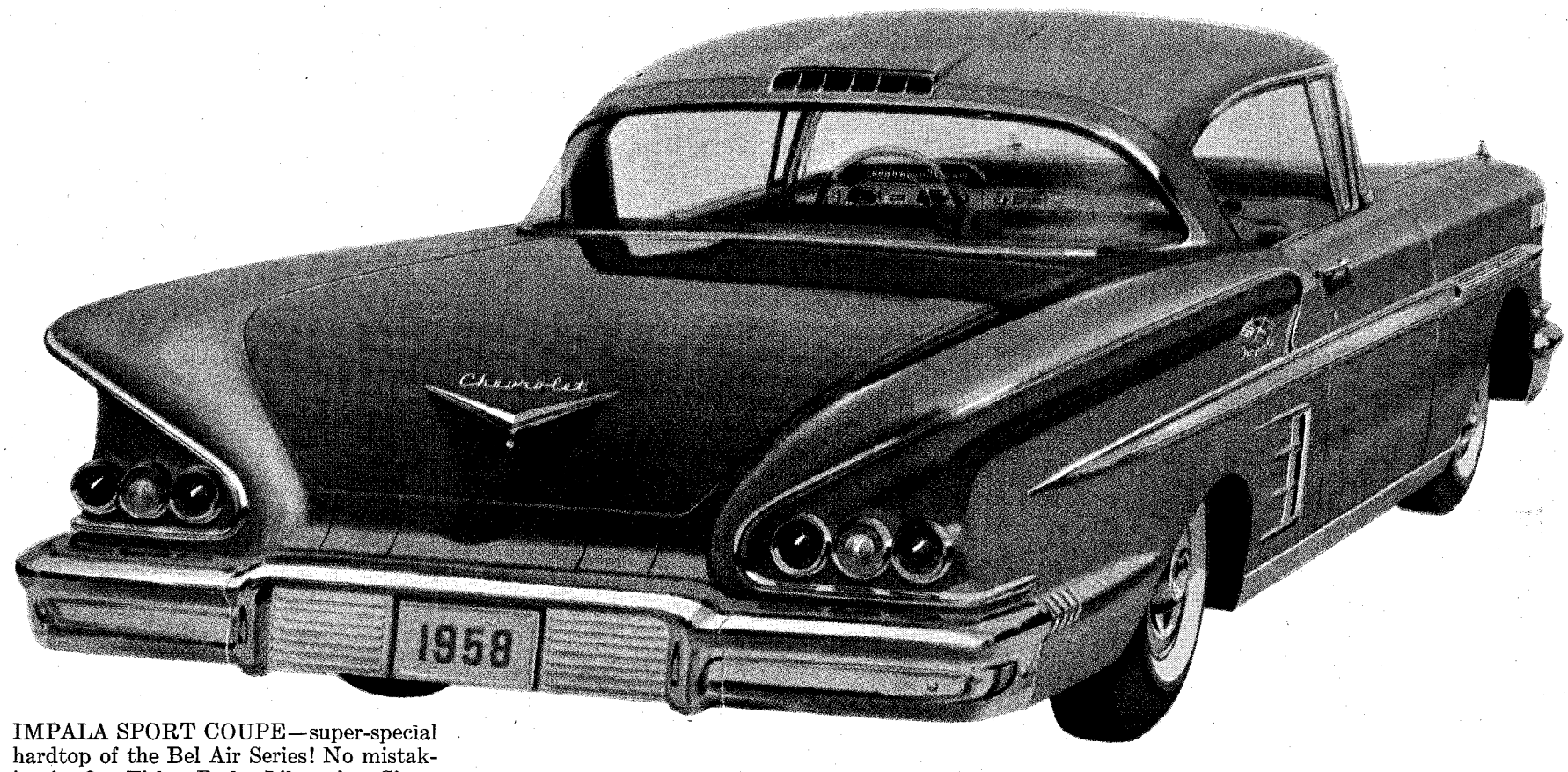
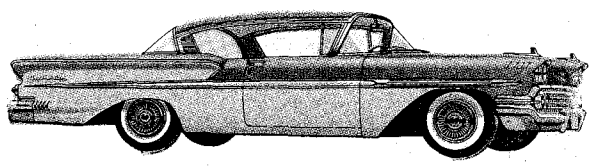
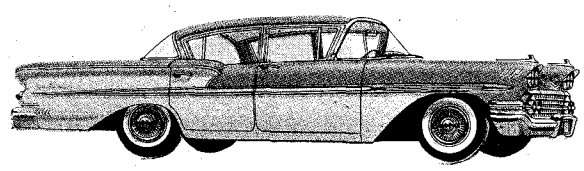


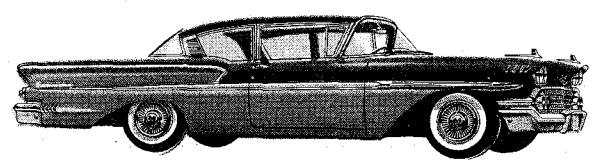
IMPALA SPORT COUPE—super-special hardtop of the Bel Air Series! No mistaking its fine Fisher Body. Like other Chevrolets, it has Safety *Plate* Glass all around for sharper seeing.



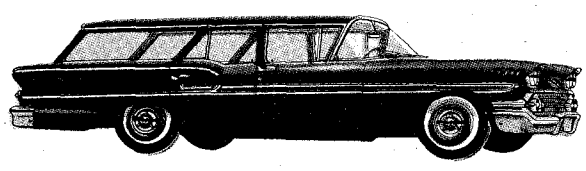
BEL AIR SPORT COUPE—it's easy to see why this one's so popular. Here's dashing hardtop styling with a colorful, comfortable interior!



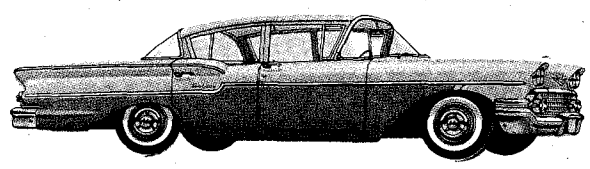
BEL AIR 4-DOOR SEDAN—looks big and roomy, and it *is!* All new Chevrolets are nine lively inches longer, four inches wider. All are lower, too.



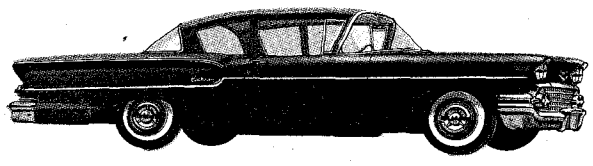
BEL AIR 2-DOOR SEDAN—a beauty, all right, and built solidly. New Safety-Girder frame (X-built) accounts for that firm feeling on the road.



BROOKWOOD 4-DOOR 6-PASSENGER—you get bigger tires and springs in Chevy wagons, and 88 cubic feet of load space with the rear seat folded!



DELRAY 4-DOOR SEDAN—the beautiful way to be *extra* thrifty. There's fresh styling and fine appointments, too, in this lowest priced series!



DELRAY UTILITY SEDAN—and here's the beautiful way to be businesslike. This Delray's rear compartment was *made* for salesmen's samples!

THE BEAUTIFULLY MOVING '58 CHEVROLETS

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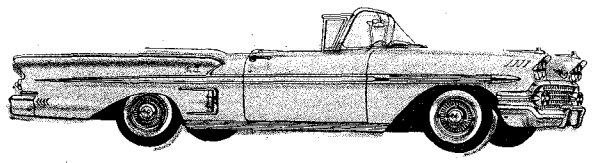
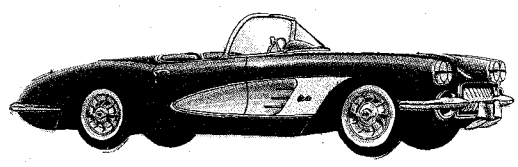
SWEET SEVENTEEN— AND NOT TO BE MISSED!

CHEVROLET



IMPALA CONVERTIBLE—another new luxury model in the Bel Air Series. How about those long, low lines! And *colors*—wait till you see the samples!



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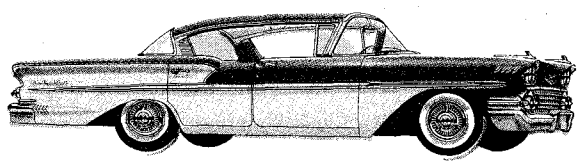
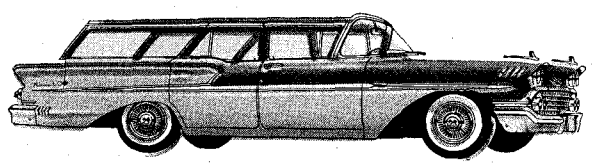
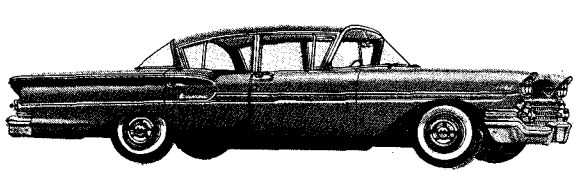


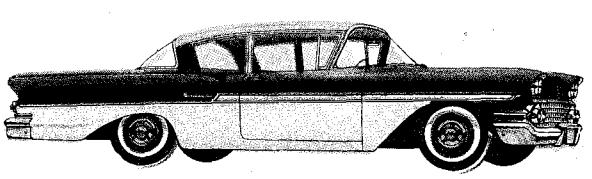
BEL AIR SPORT SEDAN—imagine getting this one with Turbo-Thrust V8* and Turboglide!* You'd have the smoothest power combination in Chevrolet's class.



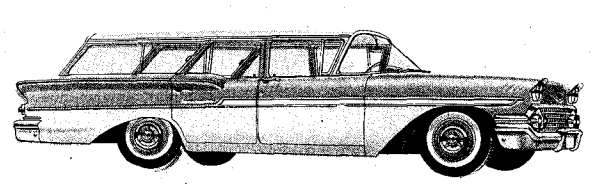
NOMAD—star of a high-styled five-wagon lineup for '58! Seats for six in this one—and it surrounds you with luxury. Choose any Chevy engine; up to 280 h.p. in V8's.



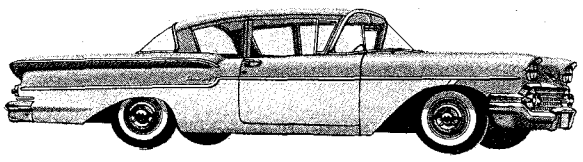
BISCAYNE 4-DOOR SEDAN—in Chevrolet's middle priced series. Biscaynes, you'll notice, have a bright look of beauty that's all their own!



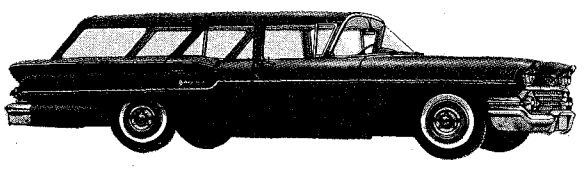
BISCAYNE 2-DOOR SEDAN—ready to take you for a super-smooth ride with Full Coil suspension at all 4 wheels! New air ride* is also offered.



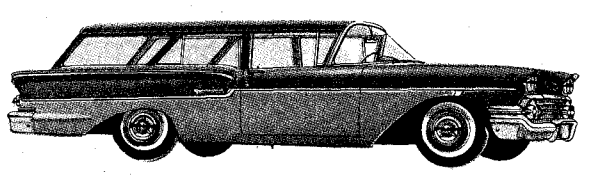
BROOKWOOD 4-DOOR 9-PASSENGER—you can take half the neighborhood to school in this one! Upholstery is easy to keep clean; wears well, too.



DELRAY 2-DOOR SEDAN—you'll save with a Delray and still get everything Chevy's famous for: smooth ride, easy handling, real performance!



YEOMAN 4-DOOR 6-PASSENGER—comes with any one of Chevrolet's superb new engines. For biggest savings, choose the new 145-h.p. Blue-Flame 6.



YEOMAN 2-DOOR 6-PASSENGER—pile the family in and you're out for a good time; put in a cargo (up to a ½ ton of it) and you've got a willing worker!

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(*Continued from Page 51*) the car lightly as it passed—a gesture that could have meant anything or nothing. A woman, a faded kerchief around her head, and barefoot, striding with the slightly swayback posture which was habitual, had a piece of sugar cane in her hand, and she chewed on it with her strong white teeth; she, too, moved aside only enough for the car to brush past, and her eyes, meeting Jonas', showed nothing.

And then a man in a white hat, his face lost in the heavy shadow, raised a stick, brandished it, too far away to reach the car. "Close your windows," Jonas said. "Lock your doors." He did the same. And the first stone appeared, and bounced on the hood of the car and off into the crowd beyond. Jonas, watching it, felt strangely better. "Now we know," he said. "Now there is no longer doubt." He began to hum softly to himself.

They were into the city. "Turn here," Jonas said.

"Longer that way," Walters said. His voice was steady enough.

"I am aware of it." They turned. "The residential section will be quiet. The people who own houses will stay in them." And it was so; the streets were deserted. Jonas rolled down his window and the silence was broken; the roar they had heard was no longer distant, but close and all around them, a muttering rumble like thunder. Jonas rolled the window up again. "Very well, colonel. This is the street."

"The big square will be filled. There's a back way, a delivery entrance."

"No good," Jonas said. "That gate will be shut. The front entrance will be open, guarded, held for just such as we." He even smiled. "With all his faults, colonel, my good friend, the ambassador, is not without experience and intelligence." Over his shoulder he said, "You will be safer on the floor, Mrs. Bascomb."

"I hope," Walters said, "that you know what you're doing."

"Why," Jonas said—and his voice was young, almost gay—"why, so do I, colonel. We shall soon see."

At the foot of the square, a mob, solid, packed, filled the street and the broad lawn of the Palace of Ministers, and from all parts of the square people ran to join them, like ants rushing, scurrying.

The street ahead, at the upper side of the square, was blocked solid by another crowd, surging around a bakery shop, its windows gone, and its door; loaves of bread lay scattered in the street.

"We can't get through!" Walters said.

"Around, colonel, across the lawn, and back to the street." The car bumped over the curb, slowed, gathered speed again. "So," Jonas said. He was reaching behind him, and his hand found the handle of his suitcase; he pulled it over onto his lap. "Attend to your driving, colonel. Back to the street now. Quickly."

He rolled down his window again, and the roar of the square rolled in on them in great waves; and voices nearby rose suddenly, and the mob around the bakery broke, and flowed, angling toward the car. Jonas watched the faces, close now, joyous, almost exultant—without real malice, he thought; merely children intent on destruction.

He lifted the suitcase, got it endwise through the window, pushed it out, watched it fall and tumble; its catches opened under the shock, and his clothes spread senselessly on the pavement. He watched the forefront of the mob slow, stop, pounce on the scattered clothing, those behind pressing into them; one of his white shirts flew into the air, waved, was torn down by another hand—and the car was past the guards and into the embassy drive and the guards reformed behind them.

"A variation," Jonas said, "on the concept of throwing the child from the sled to delay the wolves. Any questions, colonel?"

"None," Walters said. And that was all.

"You may come up from the floor now, Mrs. Bascomb," Jonas said. "We are safe."

The ambassador's office was quiet. The ambassador listened—it was Jonas who gave the report, plain and unembellished—and nodded; and beneath the fatigue and the signs of strain and worry there was anger now, plain in his eyes, although his voice was calm enough.

"Thank you, Jonas," he said. "That is my first information from the south." He smiled grimly. "Correction. My first information, period."

And Mary Bascomb's voice said, "From the north, behind St. Marc, nothing?" And she repeated the word, louder this time, "Nothing?"

The ambassador shook his head slowly. "Our telephone service has been cut off."

"On signal," Jonas said. "Were you listening to Danielle's speech, George?... No? We were, but I am afraid I was not attending closely. No matter. It was prearranged—another general strike, this time with violent overtones to demonstrate Danielle's mastery." He was thinking again of the cabdriver. "I was told as much this morning.

"Pétionville, sir," Walters said; "the American colony?"

"Pétionville is safe," the ambassador said. "There will be some rioting without doubt, but Colonel Dupres assured me a week ago that the residential section would be guarded."

Jonas said, "Danielle is not a fool. I have talked with the man and I know. There will be no trouble with the foreign colony."

"You have talked with him?" Mary Bascomb said. And then, "How can he prevent it? Out in the back country?"

"You're thinking of Tom," Jonas said. "He is an intelligent man. He knows the country."

"One man alone." Her voice was no longer unsteady. "A foreigner—a *blanc*, as you said yourself—do you know what it's like out there alone?"

"My dear ——"

"Don't call me that any more. I'm not a child, even though I—may have acted like one."

There was silence. Jonas said softly, "Bravo." And he had a faint smile for her, without mockery. It was not returned. "Mrs. Bascomb is right, George; her husband's situation is not—enviable."

"I am aware of it." There was impatience in the ambassador's voice. "What do you suggest? Tomorrow morning there will be a destroyer in the harbor at the Cap, a cruiser in the harbor here. Their mission will be to evacuate Americans, if it is necessary. But ——"

Walters said, "The local military, sir. St. Marc is not a long drive. A jeep and three, four men to find Mr. Bascomb, bring him here. We can demand protection for one of our own nationals. I'll write a note. For your signature, sir, that will be best. The officer out front can get it to Colonel Dupres."

Slowly the ambassador nodded. "Do that." He added, "Mrs. Bascomb can give you any information you need."

And when the door had closed after them, Jonas said, "Will Dupres cooperate, George?" Although already he knew the answer.

"No," the ambassador said. "Posting guards to protect the foreign colony, the embassies, is one thing. Sending an expedition out into the hills is something else." He paused. "The plain truth, Jonas, is that Dupres, like everyone else, is afraid of your friend Danielle and his influence over the—mob. The military will not lift a hand. Bascomb is on his own. He was warned, days ago, by this embassy ——"

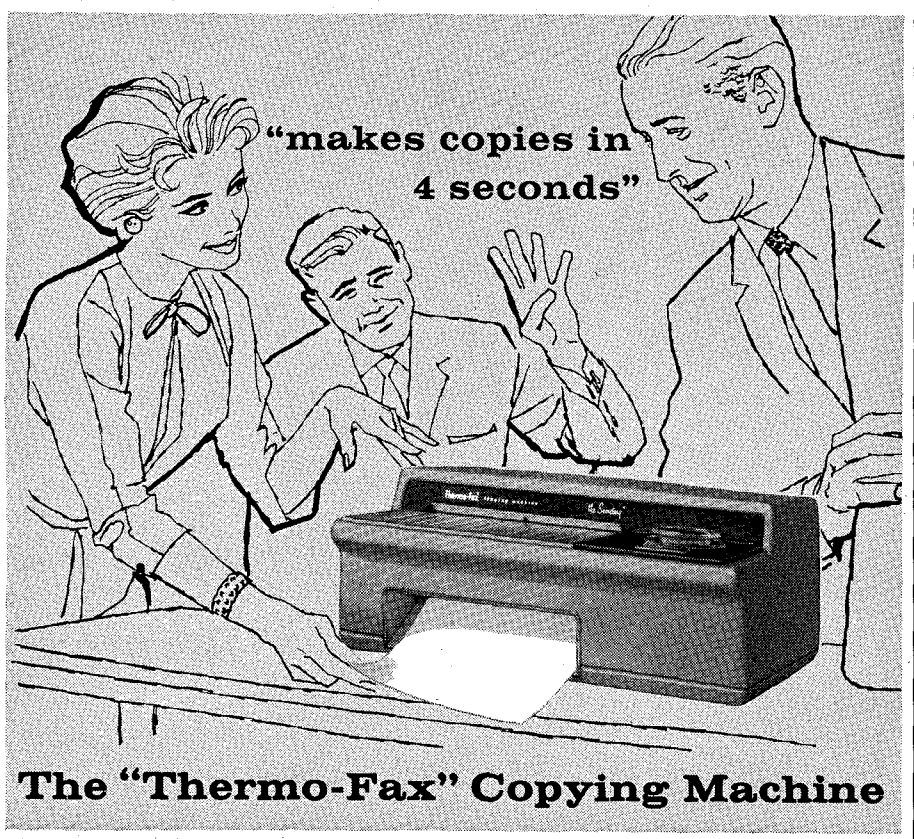
"So," Jonas said, "you are merely going through the motions of the note for Mrs. Bascomb's benefit." He nodded. And then, "Citizen Danielle is not my friend, George. I dealt with him out of—necessity. In case I hadn't made that plain before."

The ambassador said, "I can think of other words, Jonas. Have you tried explaining to Mrs. Bascomb how pure your motives are?"

"Sarcasm, George?" And anger, completely illogical, was not far away. "I am no part of Mrs. Bascomb's dilemma. I am a bystander."

Jonas strolled in the corridor. He walked into an empty office, opened the window and the shutter and looked out.

The sounds of the mob in the square continued unabated, but here, in sanc-



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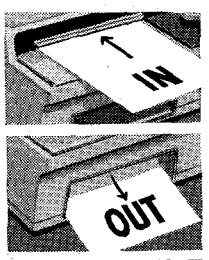

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tuary, the sounds held no menace. The officer and his detachment held the entrance to the drive; the officer looked out onto the square in apparent disinterest. A planned demonstration, Jonas thought, in a country which had seen many such. Violence was not the purpose, merely the by-product.

Sensible people kept out of the way until the chaos had worn itself out; solid citizens kept to their homes, and listened, and watched, and were convinced. In the back country, he thought, on a lonely sisal plantation, for example, where there was no sanctuary—no matter.

He brought his thoughts back into proper alignment. When order was again restored, and Danielle's pre-eminence had been amply demonstrated, then elections would be held. Citizen Jean Jacques Danielle would become President Danielle; and in the old, familiar way his regime would set about gathering what harvest it could against the inevitable time of the next revolution. It had always been so.

But long before the next change of power, Jonas and President Danielle would have solemnized their agreement concerning the hotel, and this was really what mattered. Jonas had no doubts that it would be so. The cancellation of the airplane flight had been an omen of the first magnitude, and he would be forced to consider himself feeble indeed if, still here, and safe, he could not enhance mightily the investment he had made in Monsieur Dufarge's confiscated property.

He saw Walters march down the steps beneath him, out to the end of the drive. There was an exchange of salutes with the officer, a few words, the passing of a note, another exchange of salutes; and Walters marched back, erect, as if on parade. Mission accomplished, Jonas thought; and he wondered if Walters shared the ambassador's knowledge of the utter futility of that mission.

Behind him, Mary Bascomb said, "It won't do any good, will it?"

And Jonas turned and studied her in silence. She was considerably changed, he thought, from the girl he had spoken to beside the hotel pool—no longer uncertain, hesitant; no longer defeated.

"I deserve it, I suppose," she said. "Being patted on the head, I mean, and told that everything is going to be all right. By you, by the ambassador, now by Colonel Walters. He was so serious and thoughtful composing that note; that was how I knew it was all just for my benefit."

"It is possible ——" Jonas began.

The girl shook her head. "Don't baby me any more. The ambassador thinks in terms of destroyers and cruisers. That's his job. And Tom was warned, but he didn't believe the warning."

"He sent you away from the plantation. He took that much heed."

"Maybe." Her eyes were steady on his face. "Maybe he just used that as an excuse. It doesn't matter now."

Jonas' eyebrows rose in question, then he turned to the window again.

"He's all alone out there," the girl said. "I don't know if he's in—danger. You told me the country was capable of violence." She looked beyond him, out toward the square. The sounds were plain, clear—the muttered roar, and above it, shouts; a crash of glass smashing; a scream, laughter, a voice raised suddenly, crying obscenities in Creole. The girl was looking at Jonas again. "Now I believe it." And, "Will you take me to him, Mr. Peters?"

He had been prepared for the question, but he had no answer.

"What could I do if I did get there?" the girl said. "Nothing. But I'd be there. It's where I belong." And she shook her head almost in anger. "I'm not being noble or brave—I'm none of those things. I'm being selfish. There, with him, is where I want to be. I know that now." And then, "I didn't think you would. I can't blame you, I suppose. He means nothing to you."

Jonas said, "If it would do any good, any good at all ——"

"For yourself, you mean." Her voice was quiet, and tinged now with bitterness. "Isn't that it, Mr. Peters? All the things you've done, all the stories about you—that ride today, being right on every point, knowing exactly what to do, and doing it—for yourself, isn't that always what it is?"

And she turned away and was gone, and he found no answer that was satisfying or convincing even to his own mind.

TO BE CONCLUDED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They're going to spoil that kid!"

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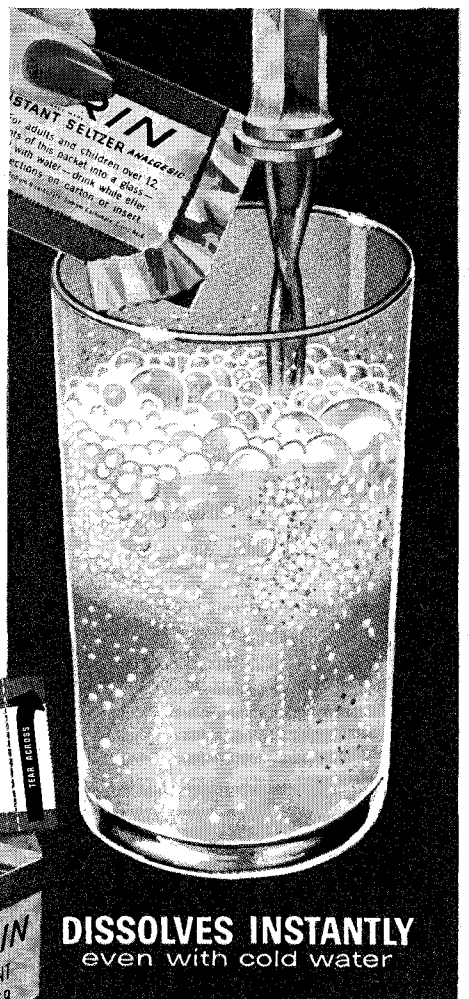

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The Case of the Footloose Doll

(Continued from Page 43)

a time when I was satisfied he was trying to lay a foundation for blackmail. I hoped Harrod might become confused. Of course, at the time I had no idea he was fatally wounded."

"And now you think it was Nellie who became confused?" Drake asked.

"Not Nellie," Mason said. "The police were the ones who walked into the trap."

"What happened?"

"They found that some woman, who they may or may not know was Katherine Baylor, had bought three ice picks; that thereafter some other woman had been in and bought three more, and that this second purchase could be differentiated from the first because there was a different price tag."

"So what happened?" Della Street asked.

"They talked to the girl who was running the place. She remembered the two transactions. Naturally it occurred to the police that if they could prove that Mildred Crest was the one who bought the second batch of ice picks, and that those ice picks could be distinguished by the new price mark, they would have a perfect case against Mildred."

"And so they forced an identification?" Paul Drake asked.

"They probably forced the identification to this extent—they arranged for Irma Karnes to have an opportunity to see Mildred Crest when Mildred didn't know she was under observation. And, of course, they used all their power of suggestion in telling Irma Karnes that they knew they had the girl in custody who had bought the ice picks; that it was simply a question of having her make the identification."

"So she made the identification?" Della Street asked.

Mason nodded.

"Just watch the expression on the face of that witness when she sees me!" Della said gleefully.

"Just how are you going to spring your trap?" Drake asked Mason.

"There," Mason said, "is the question. This is a case of mistaken identification. It's like any one of a thousand other cases. Only in this case we know the answer. We know the real purchaser and the police don't. When I confront this witness with Della Street and the witness recognizes Della as the one who made the subsequent purchase of ice picks, there'll be a lot of commotion in court."

"But suppose she doesn't remember it was Della?" Drake asked.

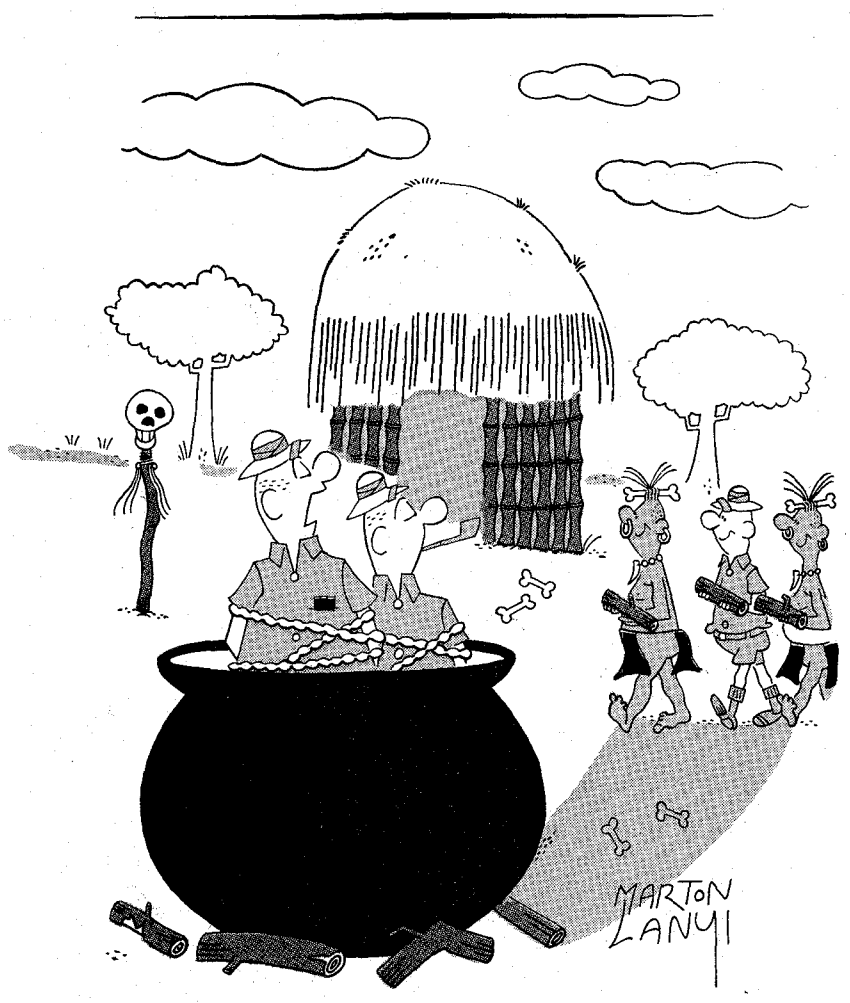
"Then," Mason said thoughtfully, "my client might be in one hell of a jam, Paul. Of course, Della can always get on the stand and swear that she was the one who bought the ice picks, but in view of the fact she is working with me, her testimony would be taken with a grain of salt. Judge Bolton will believe her, I think. He doesn't know Della Street personally, but he knows she has been with me for a long while and is a trusted, confidential employee. He'll believe her. However, when Irma Karnes sees Della Street, it's almost certain that she will then realize she has made a mistake and will change her testimony."

"So what do you do?" Drake asked.

"So," Mason said, "I cross-examine this woman. I tie her up and get her so far out on a limb that when she is forced to back up, she goes all to pieces."

"Then what happens?" Drake asked.

"Then," Mason said, "even if Judge Bolton binds the defendant over, I have a record on this witness so that when I get her in front of a jury later on I'll mix her up like scrambled eggs. She'll be giving her entire testimony on the defensive." (Continued on Page 58)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I don't believe Martel is one of us any more."

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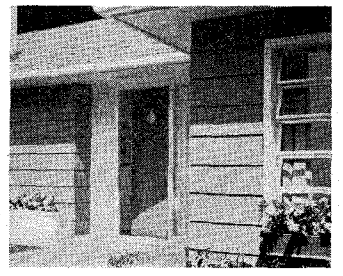

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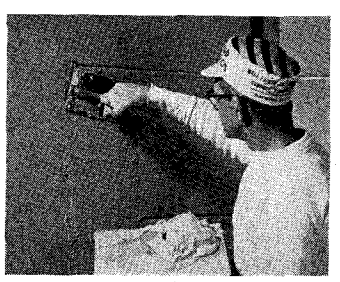

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(*Continued from Page 56*) "How about waiting until you do get her in front of a jury?" Drake asked. "Wouldn't it be better, since Judge Bolton will probably bind the defendant over anyway, to wait and pull this in front of a jury?"

"No, I'm going to have to do it now in order to get the most good out of it. Even if she doesn't back up, the prosecutor will know that I wouldn't make a move of that sort unless it was true. They'll start hammering away at her between now and the time Mildred Crest goes to trial in the Superior Court. Then, by the time Irma Karnes gets on the stand in front of a jury, her entire attitude will be that of a woman who is very much on the defensive. However, the big thing is that, because of this fluke of identification, they must have the wrong murder weapon. Once the case gets to that point, there are infinite possibilities."

Drake said, "I'm going to be holding on to my chair watching what happens this afternoon."

"What do you want me to do?" Della Street asked.

"Keep out of sight," Mason said. "You can stay in one of the witness rooms and be available when I call you. When I do, that will show that you were the one who bought the new ice picks, and then we've got the case on ice."

"But what will they say about the ethics of putting that ice pick in Harrod's apartment?"

"What can they say?" Mason asked. "We simply took an ice pick up to Harrod's apartment so I could ask Harrod if the ice pick with which he had been stabbed was identical to the one we had. Inadvertently that ice pick was left in Harrod's apartment."

"But I can't swear to that," Della Street said.

"Bless your soul!" Mason told her. "We don't swear to anything except the truth. Your testimony is simply going to be that you bought three ice picks; that you took one of them up to Harrod's apartment, and that you left it there; that you were acting under my instructions."

"Will you then get on the stand?" Della Street asked apprehensively.

Mason shook his head. "I'll say to the court that it's up to the prosecution to prove every step of its case. Everyone will know that I set a trap for Carl Harrod and that the police walked into it. My justification will be that at the time I set the trap I thought I was dealing with a civil suit for damages. I had no idea of confusing the evidence in a murder case. The main point is that the prosecution's entire case will turn out to be founded on incorrect evidence, an erroneous identification of the defendant and the wrong ice pick as a murder weapon. That will leave the police and the deputy district attorney with very red faces."

"Well," Drake said, "you'd better be getting on up there. Then we'll see what's going to happen."

"I wish I could sit in court this afternoon," Della Street ventured.

"Absolutely not," Mason told her firmly.

"Not even if I sat in the back row?"

"No, you might spring the trap too soon. I've got to play this exactly right."

"You can say that again," Paul Drake announced lugubriously.

"And in the meantime, Paul," Mason said, "I want to know where Fern Driscoll's car is."

"Why?"

"Because I want to search it for evidence. Call your office and start your bloodhounds baying."

"O.K.," Drake said. "We'll get busy."

Judge Bolton said, "Let the record show the defendant is in court; that counsel for both sides are in attendance. Cross-examination on behalf of the defense was about to begin. Take the stand, Miss Karnes."

Irma Karnes walked to the stand and looked at Perry Mason, blinking her eyes behind the thick-lensed glasses.

Mason said affably and casually, "I take it you wear those glasses all the time, Miss Karnes?"

"No, sir," she said.

"No?" Mason asked.

"No."

"When can you dispense with them?"

"When I'm asleep."

Laughter rippled through the courtroom. Irma Karnes held her face completely without expression, so that it was impossible to tell whether she had deliberately set the stage for her remark.

"Do you," Mason asked, "know who the first young woman was who purchased three of the ice picks?"

"I do now. I didn't then."

"Who was it?"

"Miss Katherine Baylor."

"And when did you learn that it was Miss Katherine Baylor?"

Calvert said, "Just a moment. Your honor, I object on the ground that this is not proper cross-examination; that it is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial."

Judge Bolton shook his head. "The witness mentioned the first purchase. In fact, the witness made it an important part of her testimony. Therefore, counsel is entitled to go into it. Answer the question."

"It was—I don't know, rather recently."

"Who told you it was Katherine Baylor?"

"The police."

"Then the only knowledge you have on this point is what the police told you?"

"No, sir. That's not right."

"Well, what is right?"

"They told me who it was, but they said they wanted me to take a look at her so I could be sure."

"In other words, they gave you the information, and then told you they wanted you to look so you could make an identification?"

"Well, yes."

"You knew you were expected to make the identification before you saw Miss Baylor?"

"Oh, your honor," Calvert said, "this is consuming the time of the court and making a mountain out of a molehill. If counsel is at all concerned about the matter, I'll state that Katherine Baylor not only doesn't deny purchasing those first three ice picks but presently I'm going to put her on the witness stand and she's going to testify to it."

"The fact remains, if the court please," Mason said, "I am entitled to cross-examine this witness in my own way."

Judge Bolton nodded. "I think I see the point counsel is leading up to. Go right ahead."

"Isn't that a fact?" Mason asked the witness. "You knew that you were expected to make an identification of Miss Baylor as soon as you saw her?"

"I don't know what the police expected. I'm not a mind reader."

"They told you that you were going to see Miss Baylor?"

"Yes."

"And they told you that she was the young woman who had made the first purchase of the three ice picks. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"So when you saw her, the police told you that they expected you to make the identification, didn't they?"

"Not in so many words."

"At least by their actions, and they also intimated that, didn't they?"

"Well, yes."

"Now then," Mason said, "when did you first know that it was Mildred Crest who made the second purchase of ice picks that night?"

"Just a short time after her arrest."

"And did the police follow the same procedure in that instance? Did they tell you that Mildred Crest was the person who had purchased the second lot of three ice picks? And did they tell you they expected you to make an identification?"

"Well, I knew that the police were certain she had made the purchase. Then when I saw her I knew that she was the one who had made the purchase."

"You identified her to the police?"

"Yes."

"Did you meet her face to face?"

"I saw her clearly."

"Did you hear her voice?"

"Yes."

"Where did this identification take place?"

"It was in a room—an interrogation room. There's a big mirror at one end of the room. That is, it's a mirror which shows a reflection to any person on the inside looking out, but it's a window to anyone who is in the adjoining room looking in. You see very distinctly, but the person in the other room can't see you at all."

"So you sat in this observation room and the defendant was ushered into the interrogation room and you looked at her through the one-way mirror, did you not?"

"Yes."

"And were there officers with you at that time?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Three."

"And did those officers make comments?"

"Yes."

"And the gist of their conversation was that the defendant, Mildred Crest, was the girl who had purchased the ice picks, isn't that true?"

"They mentioned something to that effect. They were also discussing other things."

"Things which were calculated to prejudice you against the defendant, discussing the fact that she was supposed to have murdered Fern Driscoll?"

"They said something like that."

"Just what did they say?"

"I can't remember their exact words, but they said she had murdered Fern Driscoll, had stolen her money and, when Harrod found out about it, had stabbed him with an ice pick she bought from the store where I work."

"So, after they said all that, you made the identification, did you?"

"Well, when I saw the defendant I knew she was the one."

"Right away, the minute you saw her?"

"Yes."

"How long were you in this observation room watching the defendant?"

"About ten minutes, I guess."

"And during all that time the officers were asking you to look the defendant over carefully?"

"Yes." (*Continued on Page 60*)

You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

The Help Our Dumb Pets Society, looking around for a site for a new animal shelter, found just the spot in a residential section. The city zoning authorities, however, refused to grant the society a building permit. They pointed out that zoning in the section permitted the construction only of homes or buildings of a "philanthropic, charitable or religious character." The society thereupon filed suit to get a permit.

"A nonprofit shelter for destitute dogs and cats is certainly a charitable institution," counsel for the society told the court. "Therefore under the zoning ordinance we have a perfect right to build where we propose."

"This dogs-and-cats dormitory may be charitable, but it is not an institution within the meaning of the law," attorneys for the neighborhood argued. "The law had in mind a place for human beings, not a sanctuary for yelping mongrels."

If you were the judge, would you give the dogs and cats a break?

• •

The dogs and cats won. The court said: "Neglected animals are no less objects of charity than are human beings. Their treatment and disposal are matters regarded by the legislature as pertaining to the public welfare." Therefore, the court concluded, an animal shelter is an institution.

Based upon a 1956 Massachusetts decision.

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SEE FRIGIDAIRE!
THE NEW WASHER RATED N 1

Rated 1 Cleanest Clothes!

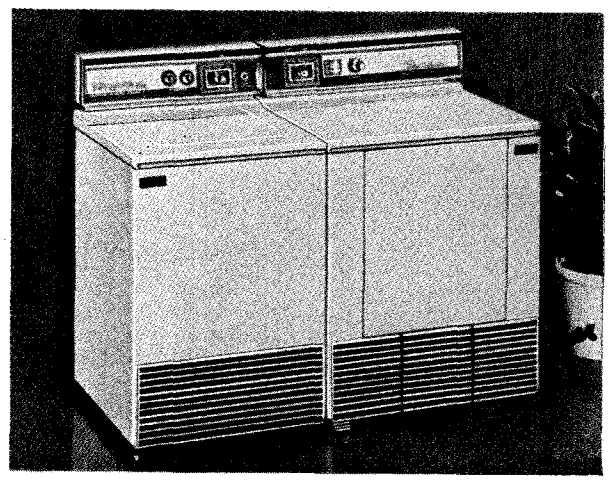
Rated 1 Lint Removal!

Rated 1 Driest Spin!

*By U. S. Testing Company, Inc.**

Model WCI-58

Sheer Look Design! Choice of four lovely colors—sold by Frigidaire at price of white!



New—Automatic Dyeing! Another First! In Frigidaire Custom Imperial and Imperial Washers. Easiest, safest way. No boiling bother, no spotting or streaking. Matching Electric Dryer has Filtrator, controls lint and moisture without plumbing.

New—"Wrinkles-Away" Drying! All new Frigidaire Dryers, even lowest-priced, have the "Wrinkles-Away" Cycle. Removes wrinkles from synthetics, "Drip-Dry" garments. Cuts hanger drying and ironing. Freshens like new mussed "washables".

3-RING AGITATOR

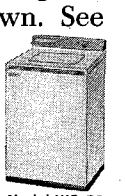
Gets clothes up to 50% Cleaner than other leading washers—by Test

Yes, America has a great new Number One washer – already proved to outperform, out-clean any automatic known to date.

Its name – *Ultra-Clean* – from Frigidaire! See it – see an entirely different washer with a 3-Ring Agitator that gets clothes up to 50% cleaner—and freer of lint—than other leading makes. See *all fabrics* washed perfectly, in fastest time—and the driest clothes that ever left a laundry tub. All this, with greatest over-all savings in hot water, detergent—*and* a built-in Suds-Water-Saver *in every model* can save you still more!

Combine it with a new Frigidaire Fabric-Master Dryer for the fastest, "savingest," "cleaningest" washday pair known. See your Frigidaire dealer.

New Frigidaire Ultra-Clean Automatic Washers for as little as **$229.95**
(MODEL WS-58) Manufacturer's Suggested Price



Model WS-58

*In tests of six leading washers under controlled laboratory conditions. Tested and verified by U. S. Testing Company, Inc., largest, most diversified independent testing organization in the world. Founded 1880. Reports #29123 and #29123-A dated May 2 and May 10, 1957.

Lint Chaser Ring "sweeps" out more lint, dirt, scum automatically —than washers with filters that must be cleaned by hand

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Save up to 3500 gallons of hot water—plus 40 good-sized boxes of detergent—in a year.

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'58 FRIGIDAIRE

ULTRA-CLEAN WASHER with Matching Electric Dryers

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Done in a sprinkling...

SPAGHETTI SUPREME

So easy with Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano Cheese

½ cup chopped onion • ½ cup sliced celery • 1 clove garlic, minced
⅔ cup sliced mushrooms • ¼ cup butter • 2 (8-oz.) cans tomato sauce
1 cup water • 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1½ teaspoons salt • ⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup fresh, frozen or canned cooked shrimp (optional)
¼ cup Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano Cheese
½ pound spaghetti, cooked and drained

Sauté onion, celery, garlic and mushrooms in butter until tender. Add tomato sauce, water, seasonings and shrimp (optional but delicious!). Simmer for 25 minutes.

Add Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano... an exclusive blend of two great Italian cheeses. Mix well. Pour over spaghetti and top it off tastily with a sprinkling of this cheese. Serves 4 to 6.

P.S. Keep Borden's Grated Parmesan and Romano handy to perk up casseroles, onion soup, vegetables!

If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

Borden's Fine Cheeses • Milk Ice Cream • Starlac

See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice" and "Fury" over NBC. ©1958 The Borden Co.

(*Continued from Page 58*) "Now then," Mason said, "if you made the identification as soon as the defendant walked into the room, what was the reason for the officers to keep you there for ten minutes, asking you to look the defendant over carefully?"

"Well, they said they wanted me to be sure."

"Weren't you sure?"

"I was, yes."

"Yet you kept looking at the defendant during all that ten-minute period?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Well, the officers suggested —— Am I at liberty to tell what they said?"

Calvert grinned. "Go right ahead. What did the officers say?"

"Well, they said that Mr. Mason was going to be representing the defendant, that he was noted for being tricky and that he might arrange to have some other young woman brought in and try to trick me that way. They said that I should study the defendant carefully so that Mr. Mason couldn't —— Well, the way they expressed it was 'run in a ringer.'"

"And was that the reason you made such a careful study of the defendant?" Mason asked.

"Yes."

"Now going back to the night of the second," Mason said, "what were your duties there at the Arcade Novelty Company?"

"Well, I acted as cashier."

"But you were also acting as saleslady?"

"Oh, yes. I sold merchandise whenever anybody came in and wanted something."

"And wrapped the merchandise?"

"Usually I just dropped it in a paper bag."

"That took quite a bit of your time?"

"Not so much."

"Didn't quite a few people come in?"

"Well, it's a self-service place. That is, the people pick out what they want and bring it up to the cashier to be paid for and wrapped. About all I have to do is to ring up the money in the cash register and drop the articles in a paper bag. We keep an assortment of paper bags on a shelf right beneath the cash register."

"Then a big percentage of your time is put in making change for customers and watching what is going on in the arcade?"

"Yes. Mostly watching, keeping an eye on things."

"You have quite a few customers?"

"Quite a few."

"And you try to keep a sharp eye on what they're doing?"

"Yes."

"I take it then that you're trained to see things that go on."

"Indeed I am, Mr. Mason. You have to have an eagle eye to run a place like that. You get so you're trained to see the faintest suspicion of a false motion."

"That is, you know what to look for?"

"Yes."

"And you keep looking?"

"Yes."

"Your spectacles have rather a heavy correction?"

"I'm blind as a bat without my spectacles, but with them I see very well."

"Directly in front of you?"

"Yes."

"Your vision to the side is somewhat impaired?"

"Yes, but I can see all right. That's my job, to see what's going on."

"You're also making change at the cash register?" Mason asked.

"Yes. I said I was. I told you that."

"And ringing up purchases?"

"Yes."

"Suppose there would be a shortage at the cash register?"

"There never is. Not when I'm on duty."

"How does it happen you have such a perfect record?"

"Concentration largely."

"By that I take it you mean that, when you're making change, you think about making change and nothing else."

"Exactly."

"And you don't make mistakes?"

"I never have. My cash has always balanced out to the penny."

"When you're ringing up a sale," Mason said, "you concentrate on making the correct change?"

"Yes."

"And putting the proper amount of money in the proper compartment in the cash register?"

"Yes."

"During that time your eyes necessarily are averted from what is going on in the arcade, are they not?"

"That is true, Mr. Mason. But you learn to make the interval as brief as possible. And even during that interval you're sort of keeping an eye on things with an occasional quick glance."

"I take it then," Mason said, "that even while you're smiling at the customer you're actually looking over past the customer's shoulder to see that the place is operating in an orderly manner."

"That's right."

"Now, just how clearly do you remember the transaction when the person you say was the defendant bought the three ice picks?"

"Quite clearly."

"Do you remember whether she paid you the exact purchase price or ——"

"Certainly I remember. She put down a five-dollar bill. I gave her her change and I remember telling her that the ice picks had been three for a dollar earlier in the evening, but that when I replenished the stock in the display case I noticed that the price had gone up and so put a new price tag on the ice picks."

"The ice picks were then forty-one cents straight?"

"That's right."

"So three ice picks amounted to a dollar and twenty-three cents?"

"Yes."

"Plus sales tax?"

"Yes."

"How long do you suppose the person you state was the defendant was standing in front of you? How long did the transaction take place?"

"Just a few seconds."

"You didn't have any extended conversation?"

"No."

"The customer just handed you the ice picks, you rang up the money, took out the change, dropped the ice picks in a bag and handed them to her with the comment that they had been cheaper earlier in the evening?"

"That is right, yes, sir."

"Did you do all that within a period of ten seconds, would you say?"

"I think so."

"Now during that ten seconds," Mason said, "you were making change of a dollar and twenty-three cents, plus sales tax, out of a five-dollar bill?"

"Yes, sir."

"And during that time, following your custom, you were concentrating on the operation of the cash register, on putting the five-dollar bill in the proper receptacle, taking out the change and being sure that you had the right amount?"

"Yes, sir."

"And during a part of that time, while you were smiling at the customer, you were looking over her shoulder into the arcade to make certain that everything was being conducted in an orderly manner?"

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"I suppose so."

"That is your usual custom?"

"Yes."

"So that out of the ten-second interval you were actually looking at the person who you claim was the defendant for only a small portion of that time, perhaps two or three seconds?"

"Well —— I saw her well enough to recognize her."

"Perhaps two or three seconds out of the ten-second interval you were looking directly at the customer?" Mason asked.

"Perhaps."

"Could it have been more?"

"Well, let's see. I was looking at the cash register and —— Well, perhaps half of the time I was looking directly at the customer."

"That would be five seconds?"

"Yes."

"But while you were looking at her you were also looking over her shoulder past her at the arcade?"

"I guess I did."

• •

The Desert

By Enola Chamberlin

Noon is a painted stallion
Striding across the sky;
Arching his back in
triumph,
Holding his maned head
high.

Dawn, his soft eyes shining,
Blaze on forehead and
cheek,
Is a pinto-coated gelding
Leaping from peak to peak.

Night, with its velvet
shadows,
That quietly unroll
In dark protective
beauty—
Night is a mare with foal.

• •

"So that would cut down the five seconds' time?"

"Yes."

"Yet," Mason said, "when you looked at the defendant at police headquarters so that you could be sure I didn't run a ringer in on you, it took you ten minutes—ten full minutes—during which you were concentrating entirely on the features of the defendant. It took you ten long minutes before you could be sure that you wouldn't be led into a trap and that you'd know her when you saw her again?"

"Well —— It wasn't necessary for me to look at her that long."

"Then why did you do it?"

"I wanted to be absolutely certain."

"It took you ten minutes before you were absolutely certain?"

"Oh, I suppose so, if you insist."

"Ten full minutes of concentrated study," Mason said, "as opposed to two and a half seconds of casual observation."

"Well, I —— Of course, at the time of the purchase, I ——"

"Exactly," Mason said, "at that time you didn't have any particular reason for studying the features of your customer. Whereas when you were looking at the defendant you knew you were going to be called on to make an identification and you had to be absolutely positive that someone didn't trick you. Isn't that right?"

"Yes."

"Thank you," Mason said with a smile. "That's all."

Calvert hesitated as though debating whether to try to salvage something from the testimony concerning the time element, then apparently decided against it. "That's all," he said.

"Your next witness," Judge Bolton said.

"Call Katherine Baylor," Calvert said.

Katherine Baylor came to the stand, took the oath, gave her name and residence to the court reporter and looked at Calvert for questioning.

"You are acquainted with the defendant, Mildred Crest?"

"Yes."

"When did you first meet her?"

"On the second of this month."

"Where did you first meet her?"

"At her apartment."

"Under what name was she going when you met her?"

"Well, she admitted to me ——"

"Kindly listen to the question," Calvert interrupted. "Under what name was she going when you first met her?"

"The name of Fern Driscoll."

"Did you, on the evening of the second, purchase some ice picks from the Arcade Novelty Company?"

"I did."

"How many ice picks?"

"Three."

"What did you pay for them?"

"One dollar."

"Do you remember the price that was marked on the ice picks?"

"Yes, sir. I do."

"What was the price?"

"It was thirty-eight cents, three for a dollar."

"What did you do with those ice picks?"

"I took them to the apartment with me."

"You mean the apartment that the defendant was occupying under the name of Fern Driscoll?"

"Yes."

"And what did you do with them there?"

"I put one of them in my purse, and left the other two there on a table by the entrance way."

"And did you have some conversation with the defendant about using them?"

"Yes."

"About using them in what way?"

"As weapons."

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her an ice pick made a wonderful weapon; that if you needed to make a man keep his distance, an ice pick would do the trick."

"Did you say anything else about them?"

"I suggested putting a champagne cork on the end of the ice pick so that it could be carried in a purse."

"And you put one of those ice picks in your purse?"

"Yes."

"Now, Miss Baylor, you are under oath. I want you to think carefully. Did you have any conversation with the defendant in which she told you she wanted these ice picks as weapons to use against Carl Harrod?"

"No."

"She didn't tell you that?"

"No."

"Or words to that effect?"

"No."

"You gave her these ice picks as weapons?"

"Yes."

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"Did you suggest she use them or one of them as a weapon to intimidate Carl Harrod?"

The witness hesitated.

"Did you?"

"I told her if Carl Harrod tried any more blackmail she could threaten him with an ice pick—to protect herself—in self-defense."

"And she accepted these ice picks from you after that conversation?"

"I just left them there in her apartment."

"Thank you. That's all. . . . The defense may take the witness."

"Did you ever meet Carl Harrod in his lifetime?" Mason asked.

"I met him, yes."

"How did you happen to meet him?"

"He came to the defendant's apartment while I was there."

"What did you do?"

"I opened the door."

"You recognized him?"

"He told me who he was."

"And what did you do?"

"I told him how I felt about blackmailers and then slapped his face."

"Did you, at that time, stab him with an ice pick?"

"Certainly not!"

"You say that you put one of these ice picks in your purse?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"To protect myself."

"Against whom?"

"I have told you, Mr. Mason, I had slapped Carl Harrod's face. I was under no illusions about the character of Carl Harrod. He was a blackmailer who had ——"

"Now just a moment! Just a moment!" Calvert interrupted. "If the court please, I feel that the witness should be admonished only to answer questions, not to volunteer any disparaging remarks concerning the character of the deceased."

Judge Bolton said, "I think, Mr. Prosecutor, the situation is obvious. The court was not born yesterday. However, the law is the law, and the character of a decedent in a murder case is not in issue. However, the witness will refrain from making statements as to the character of the decedent."

"You felt you might have some trouble with Carl Harrod?" Mason asked.

"Yes."

"And for that reason put an ice pick in your purse?"

"Yes."

"Where is that ice pick now?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"No."

"Where was it when you saw it last?"

"I—I threw it away."

"And why did you do that?"

"Someone suggested that I should."

"Your father?"

"Yes."

"And why did your father make that suggestion?"

"We knew that Carl Harrod had been stabbed with an ice pick. My father knew that I had slapped his face. I told him about buying the ice picks. He suggested I had better get rid of the one that I had."

"When did this conversation take place?"

"On the second of this month, the day Harrod died."

"Do you remember that I visited your father on that date?"

"Yes."

"And while I was there, Sergeant Holcomb telephoned?"

"I believe so. Yes."

"Now then, when did you dispose of the ice pick with reference to my visit?"

"Immediately after you left and before Sergeant Holcomb came."

"And what did you do with it?"

"I took the elevator to the freight entrance. I went out in the alley where there were some trash cans. I raised the lid of one of the trash cans, put the ice pick in there, and then returned to the room."

"You were back in your suite at the hotel before Sergeant Holcomb arrived?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell him about what you had done with the ice pick?"

"No."

"Did you tell anyone?"

"No. I refused to discuss my testimony with anyone. I said that I would tell my story on the witness stand and that I wouldn't talk before I got on the witness stand."

"I see," Mason said. "You did, however, admit buying the three ice picks?"

"My father did after Sergeant Holcomb told him that Carl Harrod had told his wife I had slapped his face, and that ——"

"Just a moment," Calvert interrupted. "I object to the witness relating any conversation which took place with Sergeant Holcomb. That is hearsay."

"On the contrary, your honor," Mason said. "It is a fact in this case so far as it concerns the motivation or bias of this witness. I am entitled to show the attitude of mind of this witness insofar as it may pertain to any bias either for or against the defense."

"The objection is overruled," Judge Bolton said. . . . "Go on with your statement, Miss Baylor."

"Well, Sergeant Holcomb said that Mrs. Harrod, or the woman who was supposed to be Mrs. Harrod, had told the police that I had slapped Carl Harrod's face, and that, when Mr. Mason had been there getting a statement from Mr. Harrod, he had insinuated I was the one who had stabbed Harrod with an ice pick. Under the circumstances, Sergeant Holcomb suggested that a determined attempt might be made to have it appear I had done the stabbing and—and he didn't want to have that happen."

"Did you tell him about buying the ice picks?"

"No, I didn't tell him. My father told him."

"And Sergeant Holcomb didn't question you?"

"No."

Mason smiled. "Did Sergeant Holcomb say to your father that it might be better if he didn't question you at all until after he knew more of the facts, so that you wouldn't be a vulnerable witness in case I should take you on cross-examination?"

"Something like that."

"And your father told Sergeant Holcomb that you had purchased the three ice picks and given them to the defendant?"

"Yes."

"And did Sergeant Holcomb ask you or your father what had happened to the missing ice pick?"

"No, sir," she said. "He didn't know one was missing. They were all there in the apartment. That was the thing I couldn't understand, but I said nothing and my father said nothing. I don't think the officers knew about any other ice pick."

"Now then," Mason said, "you gave the defendant two of the ice picks?"

"Yes."

"To be used as weapons in case of necessity?"

"Yes."

"Can you suggest any reason why the defendant, having two ice picks which you had given her to be used as weapons, should go down to the Arcade Novelty Company and buy three more ice picks?"

"No, sir, I cannot. I have discussed that matter with my father, and we decided ——"

"Just a moment!" Calvert interrupted. "We object to any statement as to what she said to her father or what her father said to her."

"The objection is sustained," Judge Bolton said. "In fact, the entire question asked by the defense counsel is argumentative."

"I have no objection to the question on that ground," Calvert said. "The prosecution has its own theory in the matter, and I think it is obvious. If Mr. Mason cross-examines this witness as to the reason the defendant might have had for purchasing those three ice picks, I intend to go into the matter on redirect examination."

"That's the vice of these questions which go far afield," Judge Bolton said. "The court will of its own motion terminate this line of cross-examination. That question is argumentative, and the witness need not answer."

"The prosecution feels it is obvious, your honor," Calvert said, "that the defendant in this case wanted the crime blamed on Katherine Baylor. Knowing that Katherine Baylor had taken one of the ice picks away in her purse, the defendant purchased other ice picks so that the police would be led to believe that the two ice picks Katherine Baylor had given the defendant were still in the defendant's apartment, and therefore couldn't have been used in inflicting the fatal stabbing. This, if the court please, is one of the strongest points in our case because it shows premeditation. If it hadn't been for the peculiar quirk of fate by which there were different price tags on the ice picks, the defendant's ruse might have gone undetected."

"You can argue the case after the evidence is in," Judge Bolton said. "As far as this witness is concerned, I don't care to have her interrogated as to the possible motives of the defendant. I suggest, however, that it is significant that this witness disposed of the ice pick she had in the manner she did."

Calvert shrugged his shoulders. "Of course, your honor, the witness was acting under the advice of her father, and her father knew that Mr. Perry Mason—well, he knew his reputation and knew that Mr. Mason would confuse the issues if it was at all possible."

"They're confused now," Mason said.

"Not to the prosecution, they aren't!" Calvert snapped.

"That will do," Judge Bolton ruled. "Are there any further questions of this witness?"

"None, your honor," Mason said.

"Your next witness?" Judge Bolton asked Calvert.

"My next witness," Calvert announced, "is Nellie Elliston."

The woman Mason had seen in Harrod's apartment came forward. She was dressed in a neat new outfit, well-shod, with lustrous, sheer stockings, and had evidently recently spent some time in a beauty shop.

After she had given her name and address, Calvert started questioning her, and in questioning pulled no punches.

"Your name is Nellie Elliston?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever gone under any other name?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Mrs. Carl Harrod."

"Were you married to Harrod?"

"No."

"You were, however, living with him as his wife?"

"Yes."

"In Apartment Two-eighteen at the Dixiecrat Apartments?"

"That's right."

"You assumed the name of Nellie Harrod purely as a matter of convenience?"

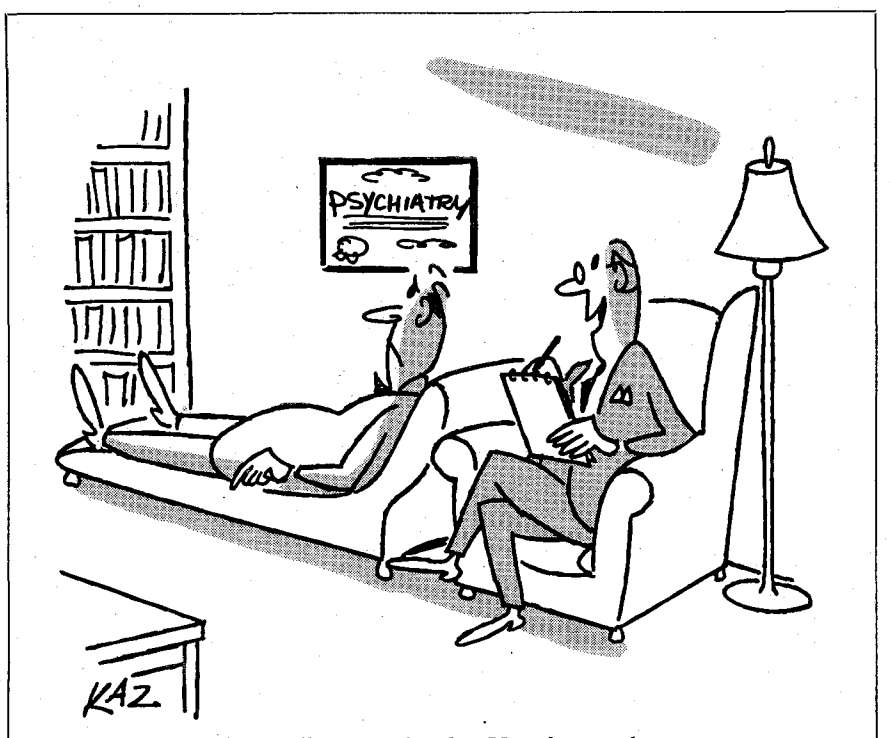
"Yes."

"Calling your attention to the second of this month, you were then living with Carl Harrod at the Dixiecrat Apartments as his wife?"

"I was going under the name of his wife. We were going to be married. There were some legal complications. We didn't wait for those to be ironed out."

"Well," Calvert said, his voice radiating approval, "thank you for being so frank, Miss Elliston, even at the expense of your good name and reputation. I am sure the court will appreciate it. Now can you tell us exactly what happened on the night of the second?"

TO BE CONTINUED



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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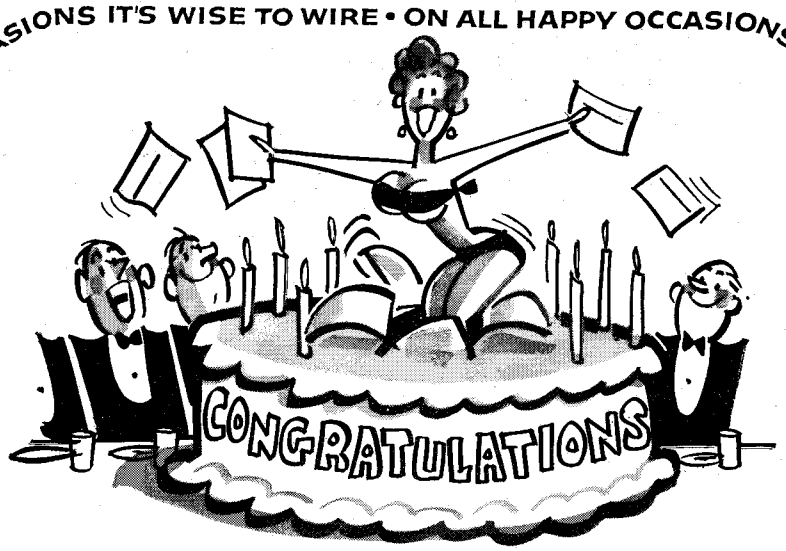

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IF THEIR SHOW'S ONE BIG LAUGH,
OR THEIR COW HAS A CALF,
OR THEIR PEACH TREE PRODUCES A PEAR!"

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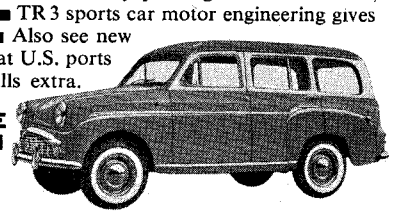

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Battle for a Soul

(Continued from Page 39)

Huntzinger and Company, his employers, well-known and important Hatton Garden diamond merchants. On July twenty-eighth—and this was not in dispute—he had left the firm's offices at 10:30 A.M. with the diamonds in his possession. He left to keep an appointment with a Señor Alvarez, a wealthy Cuban, resident in Paris. Alvarez, a customer of twenty years' standing, had asked the firm to find some flawless stones to be made into a necklace as a wedding gift for his daughter. Upon arrival at the unpretentious Bloomsbury hotel where Alvarez always stayed when in London, Williams inquired for him at the desk, only to be told that the Cuban had left a few minutes previously in a great hurry. Up to this point, there was no conflict of evidence.

Williams testified that he had then phoned Huntzinger and Company for further instructions. He had spoken to Miss Judith Holt, private secretary to Mr. Samuel Huntzinger. The latter being absent, the call had been passed to Mr. Paul Simpson, who deputized for him. Simpson had then told Williams that a few minutes previously a call had been received from Señor Alvarez, requesting that Williams call at Suite No. 214 at the Buckingham Hotel, Park Lane, where his wife and daughter had just arrived. He wished them, also, to see the stones.

Williams testified that he had at once gone to the Buckingham Hotel, a palatial establishment much frequented by rich foreigners. He had announced himself on the house phone and had been asked to go up. In Suite No. 214 he had found a middle-aged couple and a lovely girl, presumably their daughter, all three being of marked Spanish type. Such was the high standing of Señor Alvarez with Huntzinger and Company that Williams was authorized—and this was not disputed—to leave the stones with this valued customer until the next day. This he had done, obtaining for them a receipt already prepared against the eventuality.

Williams had told the story to the police when arrested. He had repeated it before the magistrate at the preliminary hearing and, later, when testifying in his own behalf at the Old Bailey. It was an altogether reasonable story and one which would have been believed, but for the absence of any corroboration. Judith Holt swore that from the time Williams left the office at 10:30 that morning, and until he returned at 2:00 P.M. after lunch, she had not spoken to him on the phone. Paul Simpson, likewise, denied having taken any call or message from him. The manager of the Buckingham Hotel testified that a Señora Alvarez and her daughter were registered on the day in question and had checked out in the early afternoon, leaving a forwarding address in Paris which had subsequently turned out to be false.

Alvarez—that is to say, the real Alvarez—testified that a few minutes before his appointment with Williams a bogus telephone message had come, ostensibly from the London Airport, to say that his daughter, whom he was expecting from Paris, had been taken ill and that his presence was urgently required. The police and, subsequently, the Old Bailey jury, took the not unreasonable view that Williams had engineered the whole affair with the bogus Alvarez family as confederates.

On my next visit to Williams, I was forcibly struck by his amazing cheerfulness. I spoke of it to him, congratulating him on his ability to accept his misfortunes thus philosophically.

"Cheerful? Me?" he exclaimed. "That's just the expression on my face."

"Then, if you're not cheerful," I asked him, "what are you?"

"I'm just savoring in anticipation the pleasures of revenge, that's all."

"Revenge? On whom?" I asked.

"The people responsible for putting me where I am, of course—the two people who perjured themselves and stole the diamonds with the help of the phony Alvarez family they planted in the suite at the Buckingham Hotel. You surely don't think I am stupid enough to have committed such a clumsy crime?"

"Listen, Williams," I said gently, "prisons are full of innocent men. Almost every newcomer here tries to convince me that he is innocent, the victim of some dark conspiracy. It so happens that I have read a full account of your trial and—well, I have reached my own conclusions. But they don't matter, don't you see? I'm not concerned with your guilt or innocence. I just want to help you, to make this tragic period of your life less—tragic. I want you to think of me as your friend—a friend who wants to bring you nearer to God in this dark hour. Don't, I beg you, waste time trying to convince me of anything. Believe me, it will be easier that way—easier for you."

"Excuse me, padre," said Williams in a tone which I can only describe as pitying. "I should have known better—remembered that you have a job to do. Prison life, if you can call it life, makes a man terribly self-centered. I should have known better than to expect anyone—least of all a clergyman—to be able to share my feelings about such a completely personal thing as revenge."

"Put thoughts of revenge out of your mind," I begged him. "Vengeance is God's prerogative and, although it may seem otherwise now, God will not fail you."

"He failed me at the Old Bailey, padre. He didn't put understanding into the hearts of that jury. He didn't prevent the two people I had a right to trust—the man who called himself my friend and the woman I was going to marry—from perjuring themselves."

"This kind of talk won't get us anywhere," I said. "Many men enter prison filled with thoughts of revenge, but sooner or later they almost all undergo a change of heart."

"I'm not most men, padre," said Caradoc Williams, his dark eyes glinting with sheer ferocity, "but as you rightly say, talk won't get us anywhere. If you are kind enough to visit me again, I won't be so ill-mannered as to talk of revenge. Good night, padre, and thank you again."

I felt myself dismissed and I left this strange, tortured man to his searing hatred. Mine, as I had long since realized, was a thankless, mostly futile task, with an almost negligible number of successes in a seemingly endless succession of failures. There were times—and this was one of them—when I was tempted to labor in some more fertile vineyard. Society's determination to make these men suffer for their crimes seemed to have erected an insuperable barrier between them and me. Their caged bodies were there, but their souls were beyond my reach.

Over the next few years I had many talks with Caradoc Williams. He was an interesting man, able to talk well on many subjects. His fine tenor voice was a great asset to the prison choir, but at choir practice and in the chapel he made me realize in a way I find hard to describe that it was the music, not the words of sacred songs, which had meaning for him.

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He sang for his own pleasure, because he liked to sing.

During the scores and hundreds of talks we had over those bitter years, which were almost as bitter for me, who had the illusion of freedom, as for him, he never again spoke of revenge. But there was not the smallest doubt in my mind, for unspoken thoughts are sometimes more eloquent than those spoken, that the hope of revenge—no, the certainty of revenge—was what enabled him to keep his hold upon life. When, a few weeks before his release, we spoke again of the matter, it was I who raised the forbidden subject. "I hope, Williams," I said without conviction, "that time has leached some of the bitterness out of your heart and that thoughts of revenge have faded."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, padre," he replied, "if only because you have been so very kind and decent to me. Revenge, when we last spoke of it, was vague in my mind, something infinitely desirable, but so remote as to be unreal. But now, don't you see, with freedom just around the corner, it has several dimensions. It's taking form and substance."

"When you talk of revenge, Williams, what exactly do you mean?"

"I'm going to kill them," he replied with a look of surprise. "What else?"

"That means an appointment with the hangman."

"Unless I cheat him of a job by killing myself."

"Suicide would mean another burden on your soul."

"You could be right, padre," said Williams easily. "I don't know—nor do you, if it comes to that. I've been too conscious that my body was imprisoned to interest myself in questions of the soul. But you and I will never see things through the same eyes."

"How can you be as certain as you profess to be of the guilt of these others?" I asked weakly.

"There isn't the shadow of a doubt in my mind, padre. How do I know? Either Judith Holt—Judith and I were to be married—did take my phone call that day and put me through to Paul Simpson, or she did not. Either Paul Simpson told me I would find Alvarez in the suite at the Buckingham Hotel, or he did not. They are liars, or I am—black or white, for there is no gray here. You will find, I am sure, if you trouble to investigate, that Judith and Paul Simpson have cleared out—vanished. Paul was sweet on Judith. I always knew that. I accepted it. To me, don't you see, Judith was so sweet and good that any man who didn't fall in love with her at first sight wouldn't have been normal. But it never crossed my mind that Judith felt the same way about Simpson."

"Well, suppose they have disappeared, as you believe to be the case," I said, "why not call it a day? Forget them and get on with your own life."

"I couldn't do that, padre," he said soberly. "I'm not made that way. I have to live with myself. Try to believe for a moment that I am innocent and try to see how it all looks to me. Could a woman have played a more devilish, treacherous trick on a man? Funnily enough, I don't feel so strongly about Paul Simpson. He owed me nothing. Judith, if you like, owed me nothing either—except loyalty. But she did owe me that."

"If you are speaking the truth, Williams," I said, "God will punish her—punish her far more effectively than you will ever be able to do."

"Providence, inscrutable ways of! Is that it? And you expect me to sit back meekly while those two live comfortably off the proceeds of the diamonds I am supposed to have stolen?"

"You're building a lot upon a very flimsy foundation, Williams," I said. "Maybe, you will find them both still at their old jobs and quite innocent of the charges you have leveled against them in your mind."

That was what I said because I hoped it was true. But in my heart, and for the first time, I found myself accepting Williams' protestations of innocence.

"Yes, padre, maybe I shall find them still there, but what do you think?"

My face told him what I thought.

"Supposing you are right, Williams," I persisted, "you haven't a chance. You are a marked man. The insurance underwriters will believe that you have hidden those diamonds somewhere. You will be followed from the prison gate in the hope that you will lead them to the diamonds."

"I've thought of that too. I've even thought of trying to convince the underwriters of my innocence, so that they, with far greater facilities, would track down Judith and Simpson for me. But how to convince them of my innocence? You see, I don't blame them for thinking me guilty. I don't blame the jury either. On the evidence, they were bound to convict."

"Listen, Williams," I interrupted, making a last bid to save him from his folly, "I'm prepared to go to see the underwriters. It's against prison rules, but I'm prepared to do it. I will tell them that you have convinced me of your innocence. First, I intend to ascertain whether this Judith Holt and the man Simpson have disappeared. If they have—but only if they have, mark you—I will then go to the underwriters, put your story before them and hope to persuade them that they must search elsewhere for the diamonds and the people who stole them. Maybe even the police would help in the search."

"Be your right age, padre! Why would the police lift a finger? The police found the guilty man. They put him behind bars, and they aren't going to admit making a mistake now, and they aren't going to help anyone stir up mud that might stick to their skirts. No, you'll get no help from them."

When I saw Williams the next day he handed me a slip of paper. "This may help," he said. Here is what I read:

(a) Of the two, Judith is the stronger character. That is important.

(b) Judith hated the cold and loved the sunshine. They will have gone to a warm climate.

(c) They were both keen chess players. S. was not far off championship class.

(d) S. spoke fluent French and Dutch. Judith Italian.

(e) S. still suffers from the effect of a war wound. I don't know what it was, but I do know that he had a disability pension. If he no longer claims this, won't it suggest guilt?

(f) Judith loved fast cars. She was a good driver, although she never owned a car. With money, she would now have one.

I obtained leave and went to London. Only two weeks remained before Williams would be released.

At the offices of Huntzinger and Company I learned that three months after Williams had been convicted, Judith Holt had been dismissed for impertinence and that soon afterward Simpson had resigned, having been offered a better post in Canada. Since there had been no reason to try to trace either of them, it could hardly be presumed that they had disappeared.

Mr. Samuel Huntzinger was not so much unco-operative as uninterested. The insurance underwriters had paid him in full. He believed that Caradoc Williams was guilty and saw no good purpose in stirring up the mud of a forgotten scandal. Although he did not say so, his manner implied that he thought me a simpleton who had been bamboozled by a plausible rogue.

The underwriters were interested. They had paid out a large sum of money. They knew that Williams' release was imminent and believed that he would lead them to the diamonds. They agreed to make inquiries as to the present whereabouts of Judith Holt and Paul Simpson. Three days later they were inclined to agree that their disappearance was too complete to be innocent. Judith Holt had vanished from the ken of her friends and family. Simpson had not claimed his pension for more than three years. The firm

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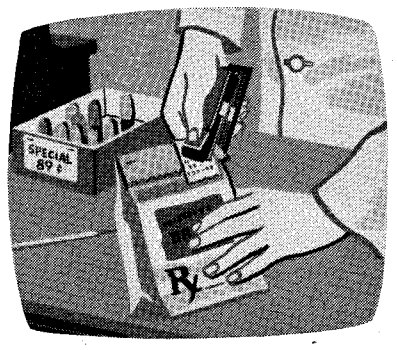

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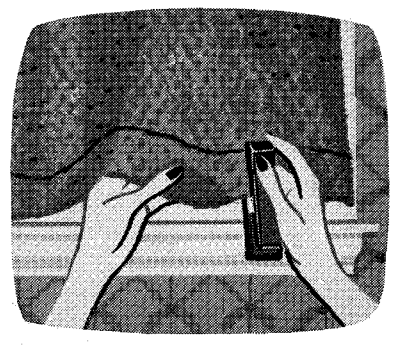

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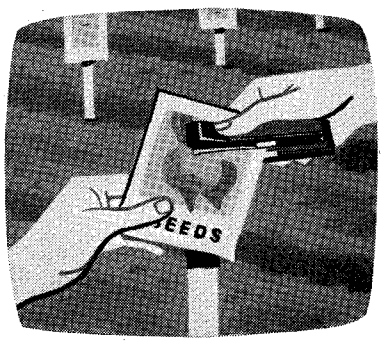

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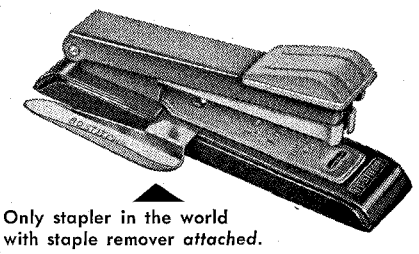

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of Canadian jewelers, to which Huntzinger had given him a good reference, reported that he had not taken up the post offered to him. Everything now depended upon how diligently the underwriters would pursue the search. My final arrangement with them was that Williams would call on them. This he agreed to do.

I was now deeply involved in the tragedy. Unless I were able to deflect Williams from his purpose, he would commit murder. For me that would be the ultimate failure. I prayed as I have never prayed for guidance.

On the day Williams was released I walked with him as far as the railway station, putting him on the train for London. I had to be content with one small triumph.

"If the underwriters will find them and put them in prison, where they belong," he said as the train was about to pull out, "I will be satisfied and I give you my word that I will drop all further idea of revenge. Thanks, padre, for all you have done. You've been a good friend at a time when I needed one."

I believed he would hold to his word.

Three months later there came from him a letter bearing a Naples postmark:

Dear Padre: The underwriters tell me they won't spend any more money on the search. This releases me from my promise to you.

Yours gratefully,
CARADOC WILLIAMS

With a heavy heart I chalked up one more in a long list of failures, and on the following day I tendered my resignation from the prison service.

During the two following years, which I passed in a Birmingham slum parish, I dare assert that not a day passed without Caradoc Williams entering my waking thoughts and prayers. I was haunted by the specter of this bitter man devoting his God-given years to an unworthy quest for revenge. I had implicit faith in the innocence of Caradoc Williams, just as I believed that if he found Judith Holt and Paul Simpson he would find a fierce joy in killing them.

One cold winter's evening, which I had spent at the bedside of a dying man, I heard the telephone ringing as I fumbled for my latchkey. I hurried because the shrill tone of the bell was fraught with a sense of urgency.

"Is that you, padre?" said the well-remembered tenor of Caradoc Williams.

"Where are you?" I asked.

"At the railway station. I've just arrived. I have things to tell you."

"Does that mean you found—them?"

"Sure, I found them. May I come to see you now?"

"Yes, come at once," I replied. "But tell me ——"

There was a click. He had hung up. I was left to my frenzied imaginings.

Some fifteen minutes later I heard the sound of his brisk steps, ringing on the frozen pavement. A kettle was boiling in the kitchen, the only warm room in the house. I had fallen into the habit of my parishioners, who seemed unable to meet the crises of life without several cups of strong tea. That this would be a crisis in mine I did not doubt.

I took Williams' coat and hat, studying his face as I did so. He seemed relaxed, at peace with himself, strangely unlike the man who had always seemed to be tuned to concert pitch by the intensity of his hatred.

"I expect you'd like to hear everything," he said, "so I'll begin at the beginning."

I agreed, although what I really wanted was for him to begin at the end. I wanted to know whether there was blood on his hands, because, selfishly, I knew that if there was, some of the fault would be mine. Caradoc Williams would be one more failure, one more seed to have fallen in the stony, barren soil I had tried to cultivate over the wasted years.

"It was as I expected," he began, his face stonily expressionless. "Judith was the stronger of them. Her ideas prevailed. She wanted warmth and sunshine, so they went to Italy. Through a chess club in Naples, I learned of a Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, down in Sicily, who for three years had been making minor chess history. Judith was in character. Speaking Italian fluently, she had Paul Simpson at a disadvantage. In Naples it would have been easy enough to buy forged passports and destroy their own. But," Williams added with a grin of pure malice, "to become prominent in chess circles was rank carelessness. I suppose I had fallen such an easy victim that it made them overconfident. Well, I found them living in a tiny seaside villa outside Taormina. They kept no servant, which suggested poverty. But they—or rather Judith—ran a powerful, low-slung car of Italian make, which was, as far as I could judge, their only extravagance.

"I rented a room in a hotel. With glasses I kept them under close observation. In the evenings I sometimes swam across the little bay, climbing over the rocks into their garden. I had an automatic pistol which I carried on my head in a plastic bag. You will never understand, padre, the enormous satisfaction of being within a few feet of them, feeling that they were at my mercy. It made me feel godlike.

"Don't add blasphemy to your other crimes," I said sternly, sickened by the recital.

"Sorry, padre. I keep forgetting that you can't be expected to share my exultation. But, you may take it from me, it helped to take away some of the bitterness of those years caged at Moreton Heath for a crime I did not commit. Keep that in mind, padre. Surely it entitled me to a little fun at their expense?"

"I don't think I want to hear any more," I said unconvincingly, for he went on with his story as though he had not heard me.

"None of the larger stones—and I learned this from the underwriters—had ever appeared on the market. My guess was that they had been living on the proceeds of the smaller ones, hoping that in time it would be safe to dispose of the important others. Then one evening the bogus Alvarez arrived. I saw him get out of a taxi and enter the villa. As soon as darkness fell, I swam across the bay and, hiding myself in a clump of bushes, listened to them all talking. The man I call Alvarez was broke. He was tired of waiting for his cut. Simpson argued that it wasn't yet safe. Alvarez then accused Simpson and Judith of having sold the stones, challenging them to produce them. Simpson went into the villa, returning with the large diamonds in his hand. Satisfied that his suspicions were unfounded, Alvarez agreed to be patient for a few more months. Judith gave him some money and he left."

"Knowing that the stones were there, man, why didn't you call the police?" I interrupted.

"Because I had other ideas," replied Williams darkly. "They used to swim in the early morning, so I secreted myself in the garden before dawn. While they were swimming several hundred yards offshore, I went through the villa with a fine-tooth comb. As I learned once from prison talk, people are lacking in originality when it comes to finding hiding places for valuables. It was the only useful knowledge I gained in prison, for I found the diamonds, together with their passports, behind a loose brick in the living-room chimney. By the time they had returned from their swim, I was back in my hotel.

"It was two days before they discovered the loss of the diamonds. I was within ten feet of Judith when she came screaming into the garden to tell Simpson they were gone. I have never seen rage and fear work such a transformation in a human face. Looking at her, I almost found it in my heart to pity Simpson. Judith hadn't worn well. She had taken to the bottle and was putting on weight in the wrong places. Some woman called Josefina was a bone of contention between them. When she mentioned the name, Judith positively crackled with rage.

"But worst of all, it was apparent that they did not trust each other, for each accused the other of having stolen the diamonds. They were in a panic, too, about the missing passports. Then they began drinking to drown their fears. An hour or two later I heard Judith say in a dead, frightened voice, 'I suppose you realize, Paul, that Caradoc gets out about now—with time off for good behavior.' That worried Simpson, although he didn't admit it. 'Even if he is out,' he retorted, 'how could he possibly have found us here? Don't be silly.'"

That evening, Williams went on to tell me, he cut the tires of Judith's car and emptied a bowl of sugar into the gas tank, thus immobilizing them. They were in a horrible position. The diamonds, the basis of their crime, were gone. Their passports too. Even if they wanted to, fear would have stopped them from reassuming their true identities, for thoughts of Caradoc Williams must have been haunting their dreams. To make matters worse, they had little money left—money to buy new passports, money to take them elsewhere.

"Surely," I said, stricken with horror at the brutality of it all—"surely you could have afforded to be merciful?"

"No, padre, I resolved to spare them nothing—as they had spared me nothing. Drunk as they were—they had been drinking steadily—they went into the villa to pack, for they were determined to get away from the place at dawn. In their hearts, I think, they saw my hand in it all. I say that because my name was mentioned so many times that night."

"What did you do, man?" I asked. "In heaven's, name, what did you do?"

"As I have told you, padre," he replied silkily, "there was no mercy in my heart for them."

"But what did you do, man?"

"Nothing, padre—nothing at all. Vengeance, as you took pains to tell me so often, was God's prerogative. They had made their hell and they were living in it. Who was I to shorten their torment by so much as an hour?"

"But what happened to them?" I asked with a sigh of something like relief.

"I haven't the smallest idea, padre. Furthermore, I don't care. I returned to London the next day, and I gave the remaining diamonds to the underwriters, telling them how they came into my possession. That lets me out."

When Williams left me to catch the train back to London, the slamming of the front door sounded in my ears like the thud of an anticlimax. His perplexities were solved, while mine were just beginning.

I remembered the hours spent with Williams in a prison cell, wrestling with the devil for possession of his soul. Wasted hours? I don't know—I just don't know. Technically, if such a term may be used in this context, I had won a victory. Williams had obeyed the letter of the law, which says plainly: "Thou shalt not kill." But had he undergone a true change of heart—had he refrained from killing only because the web of circumstance in which these two were trapped bade fair to be so exquisitely cruel that death by comparison would have been merciful? These thoughts came unbidden, bubbling to the surface of my mind from those dark recesses where will has no power to control them.

The victory was mine. Can it be doubted? I cling to the thought passionately, thrusting back into the darkness whence it came the hideous logic which says that it might have been more merciful to kill.

I did gain a victory over the devil—I did. Those barren years behind prison walls have borne late fruit. My labors in the vineyard of Caradoc Williams' soul were not in vain. Nor must I ever again permit myself the folly of doubt.

THE END

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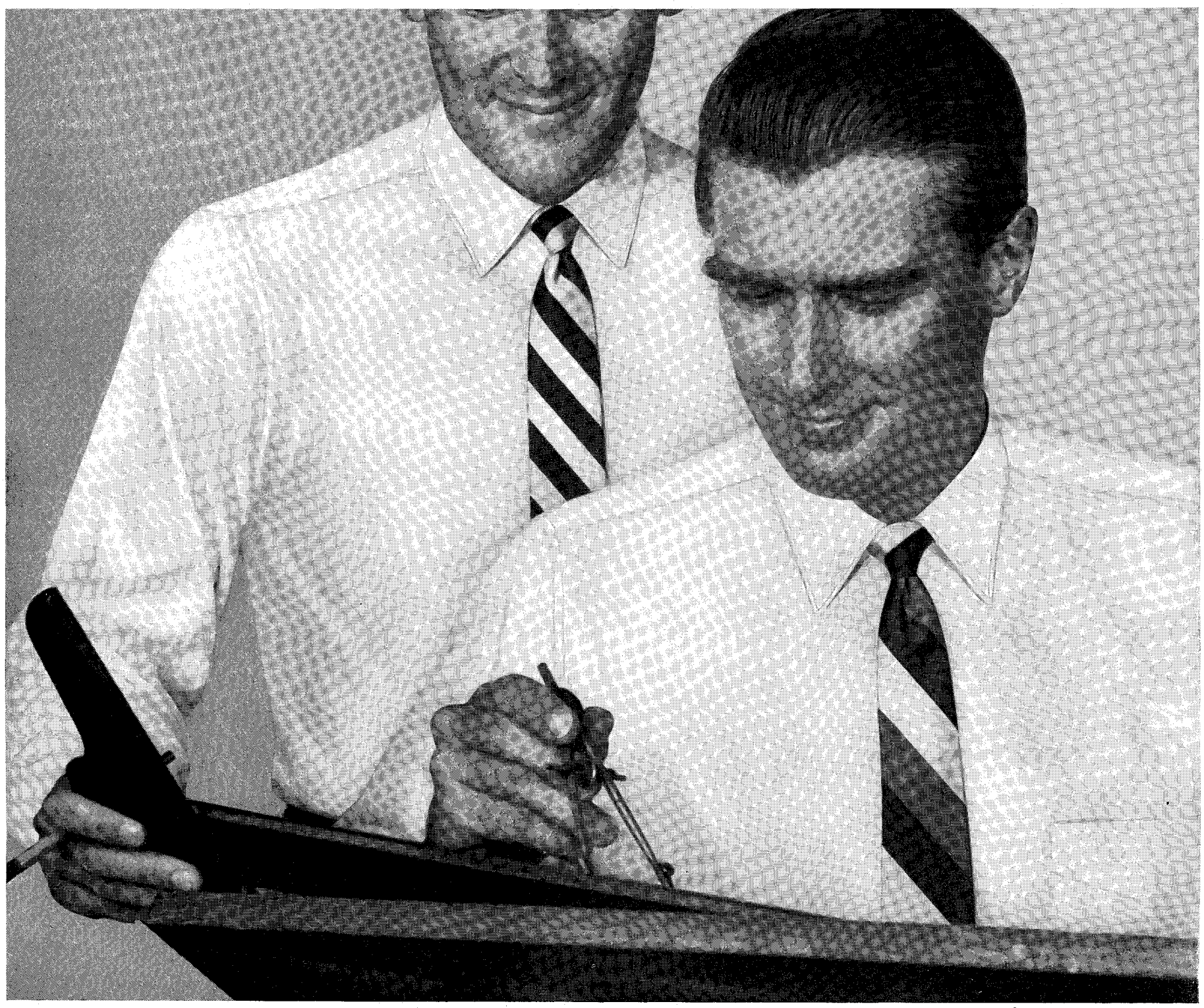

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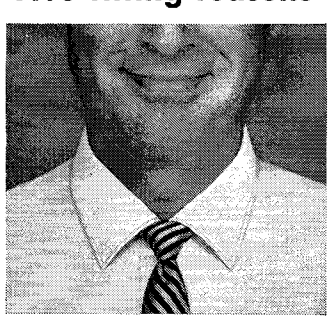

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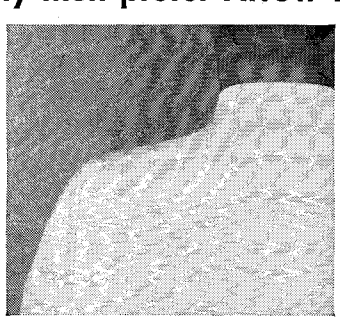

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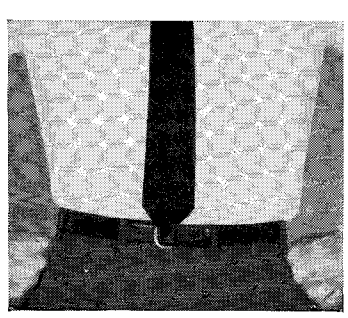

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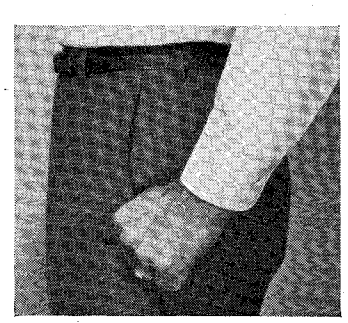

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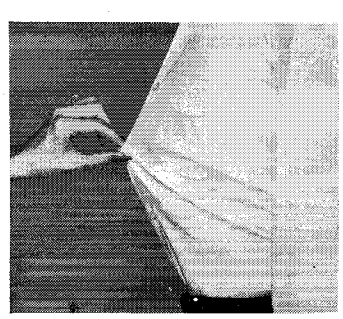

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Children Scare Me!

(Continued from Page 25)

On the other hand, when children lose interest in a play, they simply begin conversations among themselves and start some good, rousing games of leg kicking, hat throwing, hair pulling and "Hey, teach, kin I go to the toilet?" These antics, which blaze up as rapidly as a prairie fire, also serve as running critiques of every performance.

For example, the children may be highly enthusiastic about the first act, and the cast, lulled into a sense of false security by the response, permits the pace to lag about the middle of the second act. The audience's concentration disappears, the noise level mounts with frightening speed, and the actors must then exercise almost superhuman efforts to regain control of the situation. The same humiliating reprimand is administered to Thespians who can't be easily understood. Unlike their elders, children won't strain to listen to a mumbler. If they can't hear him, he will unquestionably hear them.

I was highly conscious of this among dozens of other omnipresent threats when, at two P.M., I told the actors to take their places and then signaled the electrician to turn off the house lights. Although I have produced or directed nearly a dozen plays for the Cincinnati Children's Theater during the last decade, I am still thrown into a slight panic by the roar which comes from 1500 preadolescent voices, each time the theater is darkened. I realize, of course, that the response is one of anticipation, but I'm always reminded of the lion house at the zoo just before feeding time.

As soon as the curtain was up, I took my note pad and went out to sit with the audience. For about half the first act I smiled benignly at the tots around me, who were obviously entranced with Sleeping Beauty. A few moments later, however, I had a strong urge to batter the heads of the nasty, unappreciative little brats. An elaborate, low-comedy routine I had worked out for the red-nosed Butler—stage business which, I had been certain, would have the house ringing with laughter—was being received with stony silence. From bitter experience, I can report that there are few situations in life more acutely humiliating than 1500 children looking on with icy disdain at an adult making a fool of himself.

Almost any experienced director can be reasonably certain in advance whether or not a given line or bit of stage business will evoke laughter from at least part of an adult audience. In planning comedy for children, however, a grownup is working almost entirely in the dark. Success is likely to be as unexpected as failure.

For example, in the third act of the play I was backstage during the scene when all the characters are awakening after their long sleep. The Uncle, who was not a comedy character, said that he had seen a handsome young man bending over the Princess.

"You must be dreaming," said the Queen.

"No," said the Uncle, "I woke up when you did."

There was a roar of laughter from the audience and I rushed to the edge of the stage to see what calamity had happened. I was relieved to find that the set was still in place. As the actors waited for the laughter to subside, they glanced nervously at one another to determine if someone had ripped his costume in a strategic area. All seams were holding. Since, in each of the succeeding performances, the audience duplicated this hilarious response, the cast and I, although remaining completely baffled, were forced to the conclusion that the line contained elements apparent only to those considerably short of voting age.

There was no doubt, however, that the play was a huge success. The children were attentive throughout the three acts, the girls sighed with happy envy at Beauty and her lovely gowns, the boys applauded lustily when the unworthy suitor received his comeuppance, and both sexes squirmed with excitement when the Black Fairy was putting her barbiturate curse on the heroine. During the curtain calls, Beauty and her handsome Prince were cheered like Elizabeth and Philip on Coronation Day. The boos and hisses were equally heartfelt when the villainess stepped forward to take her bow.

To offer such plays as Sleeping Beauty, Puss in Boots and Rumpelstiltskin to a generation of youngsters accustomed to a movie and television fare of blasting guns, knee-in-the-groin combat and similar highly seasoned action would seem to be as dubious a project as presenting croquet matches for *aficionados* of the bull ring. Fortunately, the combination of legitimate theater and the juvenile classics has a highly durable vitality. Cincinnati's Children's Theater has been playing to enthusiastic (usually), capacity (always) audiences for nearly a decade.

In an age when the average theatrical organization has the financial life expectancy of a gambler devoted to three-horse parlays, the Cincinnati group had to back their faith in the legitimate stage with sound, long-range planning and good business administration.

For a number of years, the local Junior League had been producing one-act plays and presenting them in primary schools throughout the city. The encouraging reception these simple productions received prompted the League, in 1948, to recruit a board of directors and provide the original financing for the Children's Theater.

Educators in public, private and parochial schools quickly gave their support, on the theory that the Silver-Dollar-Saloon set, private eyes and the pastries of the Disney studio were, at best, incomplete cultural representatives of drama. In the first season, a quartet of plays, each given four times, were presented in a high-school auditorium. All tickets were sold within ten days after the sale had begun.

The series opened with a professional company from New York presenting The Snow Maiden. I had my introduction to the strange world of the Children's Theater in the second offering, when the Junior League asked me to direct their production of The Emperor's New Clothes. I accepted with numerous forebodings, most of them, I now realize, completely justified.

Although I had spent considerable time in the dingy outskirts of the professional theater, I had never staged a play for children. Also, I knew that it would be impossible to enlist men for parts in a play which was to be given in the afternoons and I was certain that the audience would rise in wrath against women in men's roles. Then, too, with typical—and unjustified—adult condescension, I doubted if the young would grasp a play which deals almost exclusively with hypocrisy.

I learned an astonishing amount at the first performance. For example, in the early part of every play there is the expository period when the locale, the characters and their relationship and the central problem are conveyed to the audience. I discovered that the youngsters remained attentive during this something-less-than-exciting phase as long as there was physical action on the stage, but the moment the actors engaged in a lengthy stationary exchange, the audience became as restless as commuters when the trains are late. In subsequent performances, I had the cast moving with the constancy and speed of a basketball team.

Surprisingly, at least to me, the one-sex composition of the troupe detracted not at all from the audience's enjoyment. "Those kids are at an age when an orange crate makes a perfectly acceptable space ship," one of the actresses said, when I commented upon the phenomenon. "Why would they have any difficulty accepting a cast of nothing but altos and sopranos?"

One incident in the first performance did indicate that the spell had been complete, at least until that moment. The Emperor, played by a Junoesque young woman, was facing the audience as she made a sweeping gesture which extended her arms full length.

"Hey," came a startled voice from the balcony, "he's a girl!" Despite the loose-fitting costume, he obviously was.

Because the demand for tickets so far exceeded the number of seats in the high-school hall, the Children's Theater moved its activities to a downtown theater, Emery Auditorium, the following year. The plays have been given there ever since. The theater, which is frequently used for touring Broadway plays and musicals, has ancient but adequate backstage equipment, excellent acoustics, and seating capacity of about 1500, excluding a gallery which the Children's Theater doesn't use.

Although there have been a few minor changes in details during the ensuing years, this, briefly, is the pattern of operation of the Children's Theater since the move. Soon after the beginning of the fall academic term, 12,000 season tickets are distributed, in proportion to enrollment, to all public, private and parochial schools for sale to pupils in the fourth, fifth and sixth grades. Sales are restricted to these three classes because of the difficulty of finding plays which please a wider age range.

Four plays are given every year and a season ticket costs a dollar. Because sell-outs have been consistent since the beginning of the project, the Children's Theater has been able to operate exclusively on its $12,000 annual income. There has been no need to appeal to the public for funds.

Usually, two productions by professional companies and one each by the Junior League and the Mummers Guild of the University of Cincinnati are given annually. Eight performances—three morning and five afternoon—are given of each play, and the various schools have reserved sections. The local transit company co-operates with the project by providing chartered buses for the suburban schools at minimum rates.

Incidentally, a remarkably large number of the bus drivers who bring the youngsters to the theater stand in the back of the (*Continued on Page 71*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Johnny's brakes failed at the railroad crossing, and his big truck plowed into a freight train. Fifteen cars belonging to a dozen different railroads toppled over. The companies sued Johnny for a total of $50,000. As his insurance was limited to $5000 an accident, Johnny asked his insurance company to pay for a dozen accidents. When it refused, he sued.

"You hit the train only once, therefore it was only one accident and our liability for it was limited to $5000, as you know full well," the insurance lawyer contended.

"Oh, no," Johnny argued, "you insured me against accidents which happen to other people. From the viewpoint of these dozen others, each had an accident of his own: Total, twelve accidents at $5000 each."

If you were the judge, would you say it was one accident or a dozen?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

One accident only, the court ruled. The $5000 limit held. To decide otherwise, the court said, might make insurance firms liable to an infinite amount in damage claims arising from one multiple accident.

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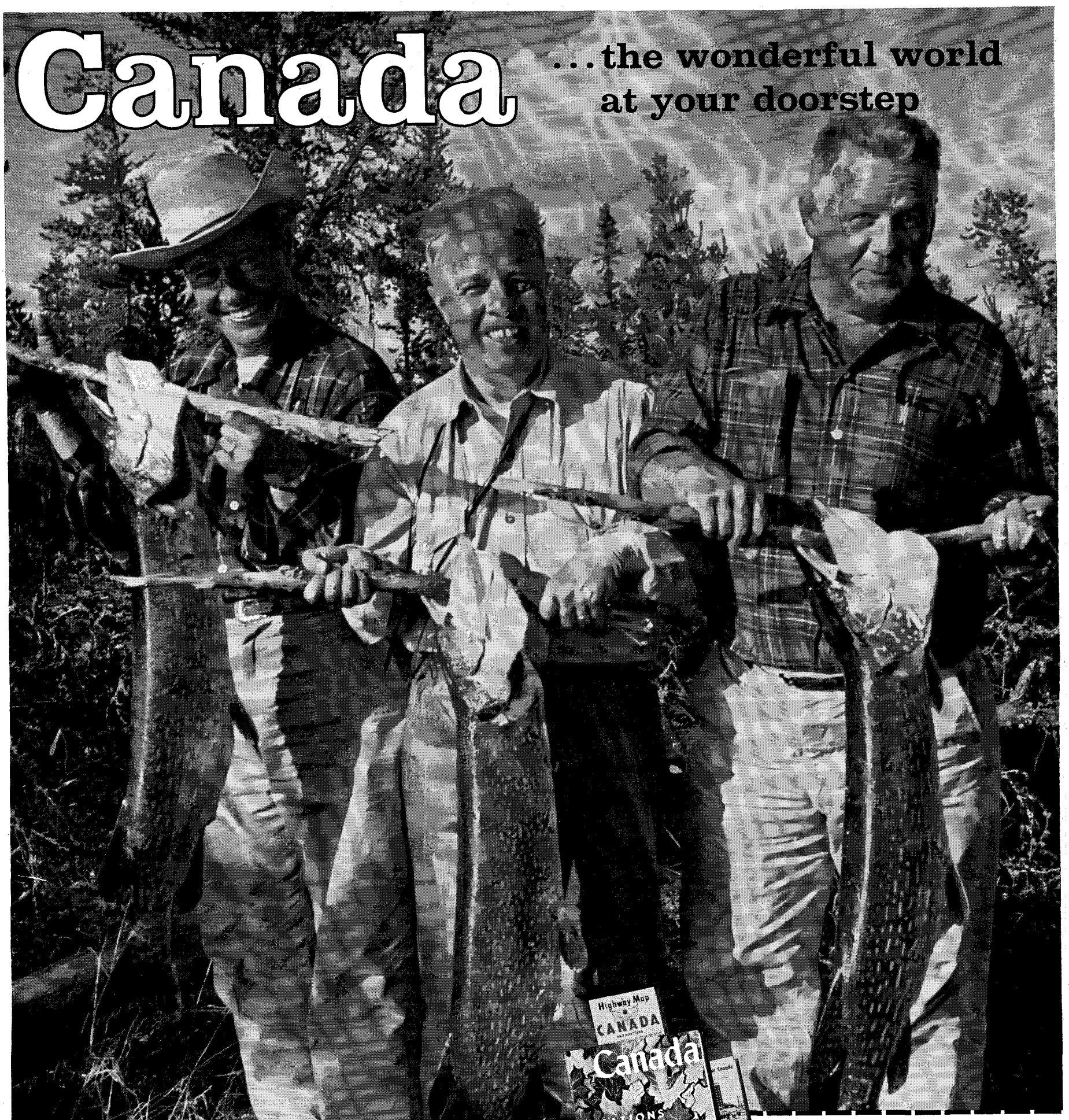

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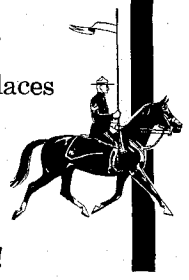

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(*Continued from Page 68*) auditorium and watch the performances with apparent deep absorption. Somewhat puzzled by their interest, I went up to a group of them one afternoon during an intermission of Cinderella and asked them how they liked the show. "It's really O.K.," one of them said warmly. The others nodded in agreement. "This is the only time most of us see live actors, and for my dough I like it better than most of the stuff I see on TV."

"I hope that old broad and her crummy daughters get it in the neck, though," another said with a frown. "Cripes, what creeps."

"They will," I assured him. "You can bet on it."

It is the behavior of the professional stagehands during Children's Theater productions, however, which continues to bewilder me each time I direct a play. Stagehands, in my previous experience, had been hard-working, conscientious men who were willing to go to almost any lengths to make a set look well and function properly, but their interest in the play itself had been indiscernible, and their attitude toward actors that of Bourbon royalty to the French peasants.

Therefore, there is, for me, a strange, unreal quality about a backstage populated with kindly, middle-aged uncles who observe each performance avidly, pay courtly compliments to the actresses when they have played a scene well, volunteer to perform various tasks not in their area of responsibility, and who, after I have reprimanded a member of the cast for some shortcoming, console her with their considered opinion that I would be incapable of distinguishing between the respective acting talents of Katharine Cornell and Jayne Mansfield.

Bill Parker, who has been a stagehand since the days when William Faversham was a matinee idol, was obviously abashed when I recently asked him to explain the highly unorthodox behavior of himself and his crew. His first reaction was to deny the charge vehemently and credit the observation to the delusions of grandeur which afflict all directors.

After a while, though, he admitted that there might be some grain of truth in my canard. "I've never seen audiences like this before," he said. "These kids are all hopped up the minute they step into the theater. Look at the yell that goes up when we kill the house lights. Then, if they like the play, they lose themselves in it completely—something adults never do. With kids, you know how the show's going over every minute." He grinned. "There's nothing mysterious about it. They just generate so much excitement out there that it affects everybody in the place."

"What about this sickeningly sweet relationship between Local Number Five and the Junior League?" I demanded.

Parker stiffened. "They're a fine, dedicated bunch of girls who knock themselves out to give a good performance every time the curtain goes up," he said. "They want to learn and they ask questions and we try to help."

"Karl Marx would never believe it," I told him.

Although the Children's Theater has succeeded in converting thousands of Cincinnati youngsters into devotees of legitimate drama, there was a period during the early years when the audiences were completely unfamiliar with theater conventions. For example, through constant exposure to movies and television, the children understood that a fade-out or dissolve usually indicates a passage of time. When the curtain closed and the house lights went on at the end of a first act of a play, however, there was usually an outraged wail from the audience, who thought that the entertainment had ended with the story obviously incomplete.

When a character in a movie points to, say, a distant mountain, the next shot is likely to be of the mountain. In one of the first shows I directed there was a scene in which the hero was telling his friend how to get to the witch's cottage. "You can see it there in the distance through the trees," he said, pointing to the rear of the theater. Every child in the audience turned to look.

An imaginary wall was also bewildering to the youngsters during the first couple of seasons.

Happily, education in theater symbols and customs was rapid and apparently contagious. Children who had been to the theater for a season or two passed on their knowledge to those who were going for the first time. Today, acclimatization is complete.

Well, almost complete. There is at least one movie-going habit which the youngsters attempt to carry over intact into the legitimate theater. Seemingly the beginning of a show affects the salivary glands of American youth exactly as the bells did Pavlov's dogs. Among native preadolescents, the desire for food has become a conditioned reflex to the parting of a curtain.

During the first year or two of the Children's Theater's existence, the young patrons were obviously stunned to come to an auditorium and find the lobby bare of popcorn machines, candy counters and soft-drink dispensers. Since then, they have tried to rectify this barbarous oversight by stuffing bags and pockets with provender before coming to the play. Teachers, desirous of indoctrinating their charges in good theater manners, continue to fight a game but far from triumphant campaign against the practice. Local bookmakers say that the smart money is backing chocolate bars.

The young males, despite violent protests from their teachers, who serve as chaperons at the plays, bring to the theater another curious folkway which is likely to startle any young woman taking part in her first play for children. Certainly the attractive girl who played Cinderella was rendered temporarily speechless in her opening performance. During the first act, the audience had been properly sympathetic with her manifold troubles, laughed at her jokes with her cat—played by another girl—and sighed with her when the stepmother refused permission to go to the ball.

However, in the second act, when Cinderella made her big entrance at the dance in a beautiful, sparkling, but highly decorous ball gown of pastel blue, the boys in the audience—all from the fourth, fifth and sixth grades—nearly shattered the chandelier with long, piercing, expertly rendered wolf whistles. An Army camp show featuring Marilyn Monroe in a bikini could have received no greater ovation. Cinderella, a normally pale young woman, turned the color of a freshly painted fire truck. When she came over to me after the act, her expression was made up of equal parts of shock, embarrassment, wonder and unadmitted satisfaction.

"What kind of high-power vitamins are they feeding those kids?" she asked.

Although Ashes, the debonair cat in our version of Cinderella, received no appreciative whistles, he obviously found great favor with the audience. During the curtain calls, he received as much applause as the heroine, and considerably more than the Prince. Children, I should add, applaud for an actor solely on the basis of their affection for the character he is playing.

I didn't realize the unfortunate effect this imbalance of enthusiasm had upon the play—at least as far as the females in the audience were concerned—until after the fourth performance, when I happened to be in the rear of the theater as the children were leaving. A number of the girls were crying.

Puzzled by this reaction to what was, I assumed, the happiest of play endings, I stopped one group of six very damp young ladies and demanded to know the reason for their tears.

"We wanted Cinderella to marry the cat," one of them sobbed.

"I don't know whether or not the children prefer the legitimate theater to movies and television," one teacher said, when I told her of this incident, "but I do know that they identify themselves far more closely with the central characters in live drama than those on a screen, and the story itself has much greater impact. For weeks after the youngsters have been to a play, they discuss it, draw pictures—often with startling accuracy—of various scenes, and write compositions about it for English class."

"Every time my kids are especially impressed with a play," a mother said, "they almost drive me nuts acting out certain scenes over and over again. A movie is something they see and enjoy as spectators. A play somehow becomes an actual experience in which they took part."

Because of the strong emotional effect plays have upon children, most of us connected with the Children's Theater have had to learn through experience to temper excitement and menace by judicious use of comedy, lighting and music. Background music, as motion pictures learned long ago, is especially helpful in emphasizing or modifying mood and underlining characterization. Most of our productions now make extensive use of it.

Because the children I had observed in motion-picture theaters had sat through everything from Dracula to wholesale slaughter without even altering the rhythm of their popcorn munching, I made at least one major error in judgment in directing my first play, The Emperor's New Clothes. I assumed that, to hold such an audience with a play of comparatively little intense conflict, suspense would have to be strongly accentuated whenever possible.

I didn't realize the extent of our success with this deliberately generated stimulation until after the second performance, when a wan-looking woman who had been acting as usher came backstage. "I don't know what you can do at this point about making your villain less villainous and cutting down on some of the tense scenes in the play," she said, "but I think you should know that your audiences are reacting just a bit too much."

"They seem to be enjoying it," I said defensively. "You have to expect them to yell with excitement from time to time. They're quiet and attentive through most of the show."

"I'm not talking about yelling," she said firmly. "I am merely relating the fact that we had eighteen damp seats at the end of yesterday's performance, and twenty-two today. In addition, a large number of children at each show lost their lunches in the rest rooms."

"But in the movies ——" I began.

"With kids, live actors make a big difference," she said.

Actors appearing in a play which pleases children find the audiences a constant, heady delight. Several years ago, we happened to be playing Aladdin the same week that Jackie Cooper came to Cincinnati with the road company of Mister Roberts. A member of the Junior League who had met Cooper at a party induced him to come to Emery Auditorium and say a few words to the children before one of our performances.

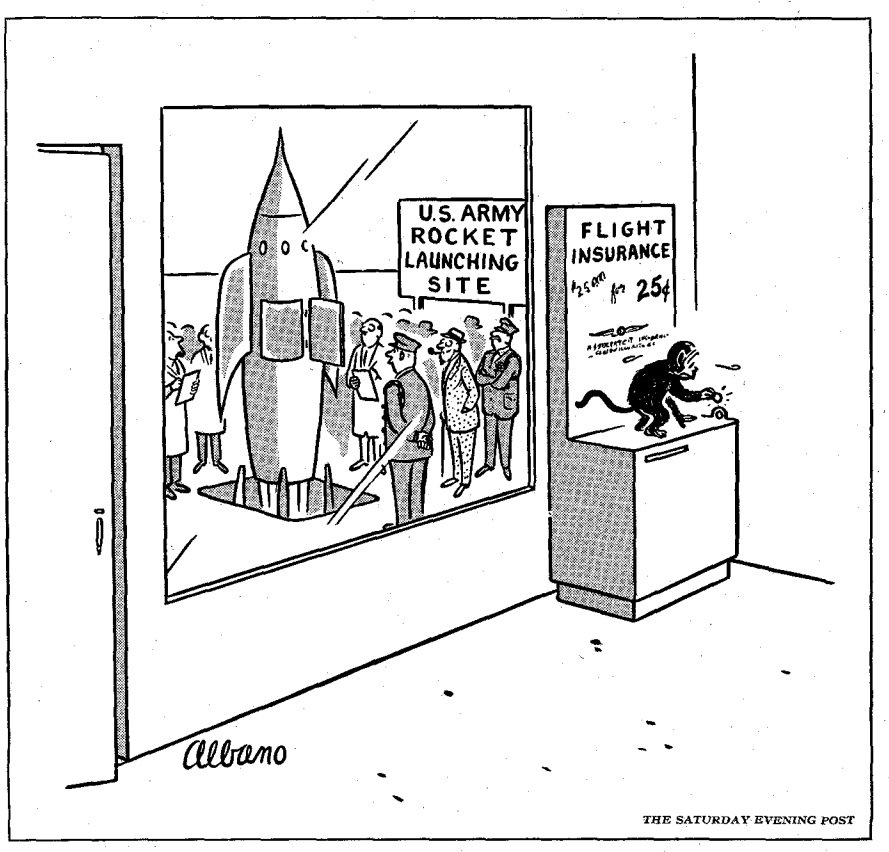
He arrived about ten minutes before the show was to begin and, as soon as all the youngsters were seated, I introduced him to the audience. After his brief talk, which delighted the children, he told me he would like to see a few minutes of the play. One of the girls working backstage found a seat for him in the auditorium.

I was astonished when he returned at the end of the show and told me that he had watched the entire performance. "What an audience!" he said. "What an incredible audience kids make!"

After he had congratulated the cast, he and I walked down the street together. "I'd almost forgotten what kids bring to a theater," he said, "the vitality, the warmth, the willingness to be swept into a play completely."

"They can be horrible little monsters if they don't like the play," I said.

"It's a chance very well worth taking," he said dreamily. THE END



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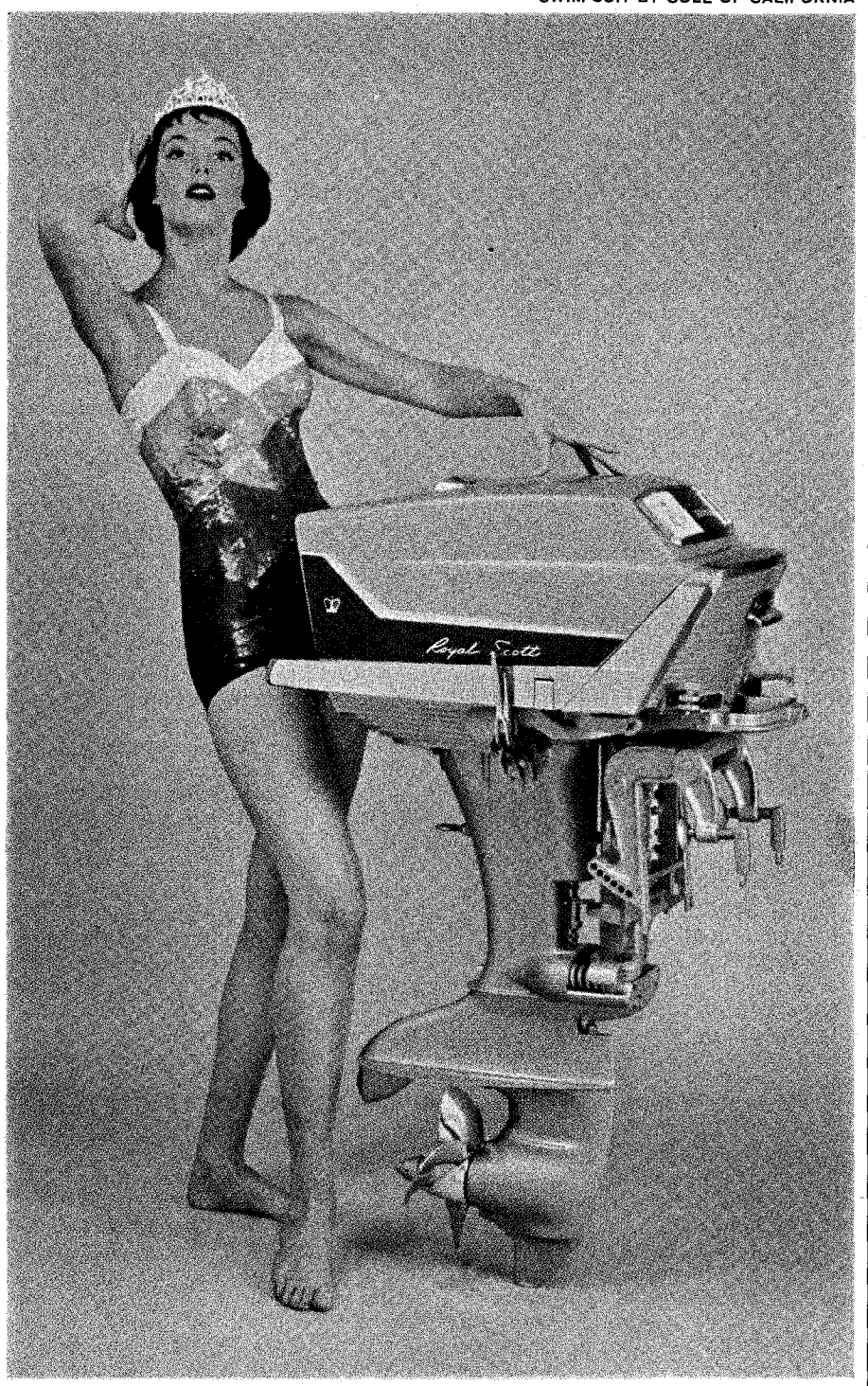

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On My Own (Continued from Page 33)

let him try. I suppose that in modern political campaigning it is becoming more and more difficult really to get to the people, to let them see their candidates face to face and to enable the candidates to draw strength and ideas from the people. In the future, there doubtless will be more and bigger television appearances by presidential candidates and fewer whistle-stop train tours of the country. But my opinion is that nothing can really take the place of whistle-stop appearances because voters will always want actually to see the men for whom they vote. Of course, some candidates make more votes by whistle-stop appearances than others. Franklin enjoyed such campaigning, but, more important, he got a great deal out of it. Seeing the people, being close to large crowds was important for him and gave him ideas. It did much to help him know the needs and the mood of the country. President Truman was much the same. But Governor Stevenson did not have the same easy feel of political crowds, and it seems to me that President Eisenhower gets nothing at all from such campaign appearances.

I had, of course, urged Governor Stevenson to run, but I did not expect to take an important part in political affairs and decided to go to Europe with my two grandsons at the time of the Democratic national convention. To my surprise, this horrified some of my friends. "If you fail to attend the convention," one of them said, "everybody will think you have changed your mind about supporting Adlai. You must be there."

So, finally, I sent my grandsons off alone on the boat and arranged to spend a couple of days at the Chicago convention before flying to Europe. When I arrived at the Chicago airport I was met by several supporters of Governor Stevenson who were upset. They hurried me to an automobile and, instead of going directly to my hotel, said they would drive me around a bit while they explained what was going on. The most important thing going on was that, while I was en route to Chicago, former President Truman, who had begged Mr. Stevenson to run in 1952, had come out in favor of the nomination of Gov. Averell Harriman, of New York.

I certainly was not thrilled by this news for various reasons. President Truman always had been especially considerate toward me. I had reported to him personally after the various meetings of the United Nations and I learned that he had a remarkable understanding of the office and duties of the President. He was a student of the Constitution and it was important to our nation that he was a jealous guardian of the ideas of the founding fathers. I felt that he had to make more than his share of big decisions as President and that he made very few mistakes in times of crisis. The mistakes he did make were human mistakes in smaller things—the mistakes all of us make in our everyday lives. But one of the sad things about being in the White House is that not even these human mistakes are permitted to a President; the quality of complete, unquestioning loyalty to friends, so admirable in private life is not permissible for the Chief Executive.

That morning in Chicago, however, I was thinking of President Truman's great ability as a campaigner and I was dismayed by the idea of publicly pitting my political judgment against his.

Finally I was told that I was going not to my hotel but to a press conference. When we drove to the hotel where the newspaper people were waiting, I had to face more reporters and more cameras than I had ever seen before. I was fearful of the ordeal of justifying my judgment in opposition to President Truman, but actually it turned out to be no ordeal at all. I said, as simply and frankly as possible, what I believed and it was no more difficult than an ordinary press conference. The reporters, of course, made as much as possible of my opposition to President Truman because it is more interesting to write about disagreements than about routine agreement. But they hadn't counted on the fact that I had previously asked President and Mrs. Truman to luncheon that day. Mrs. Truman could not come, but immediately after my press conference, I met the former President in the grill of my hotel. The reporters scented another story. Were we going to make a deal? In no time at all, newspapermen had taken over a large table about three feet from my elbow.

They didn't get much to write, even if they had keen ears. We talked about everything except the convention until we had finished luncheon, and then our differences were mentioned only indirectly.

"I hope you will understand that whatever action I take is because I think I am doing the right thing," President Truman said.

"Of course," I replied. "I know you will act as you believe is right, and I know you will realize that I must do the same."

President Truman nodded and grinned. "What I want to do is make this convention do some real thinking about issues," he said.

Later, when I had gone to my hotel room, I felt that I was a fish out of water and that I really had nothing to do at this convention. But I did attend a reception Governor Stevenson gave in my honor and I accompanied him on visits to various state delegations to seek their support. I saw many persons in my room, attended a luncheon for women delegates and went before the Platform Committee twice to speak on civil rights and education. Paul Butler, the Democratic national chairman, also asked me to speak briefly to the convention. When I arrived there was such pandemonium that I don't believe any speaker could have been heard, with the possible exception of Gov. Frank Clement, of Tennessee, whose keynote address proved that he had a strong voice. However, what I said could be heard over radio and television, and later many persons were kind enough to say that my words gained considerable attention in the contest for delegates. In any event, I was pleased when Governor Stevenson won the nomination.

During the lively contest for the vice-presidential nomination between Sen. Estes Kefauver and Sen. John Kennedy, a friend of Senator Kennedy came to me with a request for support. I replied I did not feel I could do so because Senator Kennedy had avoided taking a position during the controversy over Sen. Joseph McCarthy's methods of investigation. Senator Kennedy was in the hospital when the Senate condemned Senator McCarthy and, of course, could not record his position. But later, when he returned to the Senate, reporters asked him how he would have voted and he failed to express an opinion on McCarthyism.

"Oh, that was a long time ago," the senator's friend told me. "He was unable to vote and it is all a thing of the past. It should not have anything to do with the present situation."

I replied that I thought it did. "I think McCarthyism is a question on which public officials must stand up and be

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counted," I added. "I still have not heard Senator Kennedy express his convictions. And I can't be sure of the political future of anyone who does not willingly state where he stands on that issue."

Later, Senator Kennedy came to see me. I told him exactly the same thing. He replied in about the words he had previously used in talking to reporters, saying that the McCarthy condemnation was "so long ago" that it did not enter the current situation. But he did not say where he stood on the issue and I did not support him.

I did not stay in Chicago for the balloting on the vice-presidential nominee, but flew back to New York the day before my plane left for Europe. That evening I had for dinner several young people who had come from Nottingham, England, on an annual scholarship established in honor of Franklin. It was a confused evening because the fight on civil rights was still going on at the convention and I talked on the telephone with various persons in Chicago at frequent intervals. It all seemed utterly unreal and unrealistic, because I had no influence, and why people consulted me was beyond my understanding, but my young English guests were deeply interested.

On the day I flew to Europe I felt a sense of great relief at leaving politics behind. I would be away three weeks and then, I thought, I would return to keep a number of lecture engagements and perhaps take some quiet role in the presidential campaign. It didn't work out that way. The two months after my return proved to be among the most hectic in my life, because I ended up doing far more than I had expected in the campaign, and I had to keep my lecture dates at the same time.

In connection with the campaign, I would like to make clear that I do not believe I qualify as an Egghead. I always remember the time when a young man made a study of American columnists for his college thesis and concluded that a reader should have at least two years of college to understand the columns of Walter Lippmann and Arthur Krock. But, he added, you need only a fifth-grade education to understand Mrs. Roosevelt's column! So I am not an Egghead, but I am in favor of Eggheads if that means the application of our best intellects to the problems of government. I believe most voters feel the same way, and I do not think that the description of Governor Stevenson's advisers—or some of them—as Eggheads was detrimental to his campaign. I don't believe the voters want their candidates to be dumb.

Let me cite a couple of Egghead ideas that were bitterly attacked by the Republicans during the campaign. First, the question of abolishing the draft. We need a small career army, but since 1956 it has become more and more obvious that drafting young men for a big standing army is unwise and unfair. The draft takes too long a time out of a young man's life at an important time. A big standing army is obsolete, costly and not what we want. We need a well-paid, well-trained professional atomic army with a big reserve of trained citizens. If young men received four months of intensive training at eighteen and then two weeks of training each year for the next ten years, our system would be more in keeping with the times. And I think girls should receive similar periods of training in civil defense and other emergency duties.

During the 1956 campaign I always got a warm response from audiences when I discussed this problem. Governor Stevenson did not generally get a good reaction to the same subject, but it is noteworthy that since then the Republican Administration has been forced to move more and more toward consideration of adjustments in the draft system.

Another Democratic issue in the campaign was the continued test explosion of atomic bombs. This was derided by the Republican leaders as just an Egghead idea, but, as everybody knows, it has since become a problem of great concern to people everywhere.

Of course, I believed there were numerous other reasons why Governor Stevenson should have been elected or why the Eisenhower Administration should not have been re-elected. I thought, and I still think, that a good business executive does not necessarily make a good government administrator, nor does an administration of businessmen necessarily make for good government. A businessman needs certain qualities for success; a government official needs a wide variety of qualities and some quite different ones. He cannot really be successful unless he has a knowledge of people and politics, and there is no doubt that a number of Eisenhower appointees had to learn this in a slow, difficult manner. Often businessmen go into government with the idea that they will be the men at the top and that their orders will be carried out. That is probably the correct approach in business, but they soon find that in government it is necessary to persuade others that what they want to do is best. Unless Congress goes along with them, they can't get results. President Eisenhower evidently felt he could establish an administration in the pattern of big business, but such an approach to the complexities of government is not necessarily either democratic or successful—as I believe he has discovered.

In the same way, I don't believe that because a man is a successful corporation lawyer he will necessarily be the best person to direct the Department of State. Outsiders like myself, of course, do not have all of the facts at their command in regard to international affairs, but surely it was blundering rather than planning that carried us into the mess in which we found ourselves in 1956—and still find ourselves—in the Middle East.

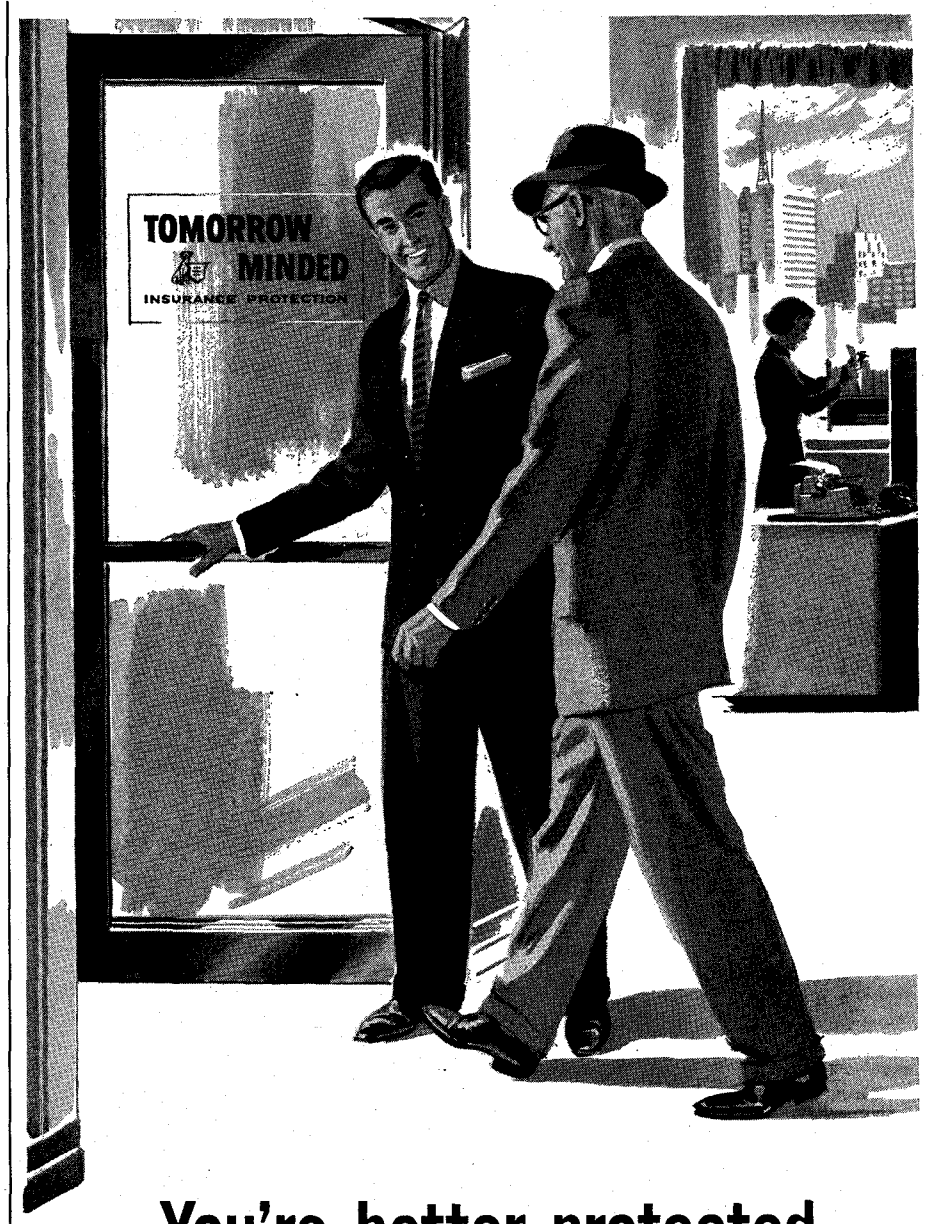
Secretary Dulles served in all but two of the United Nations Assemblies in which I served, but he was then the ranking Republican, or minority, member. I

First Call

By John V. Hicks

What movement?
None to catch the ear;
To the eye nothing
Untoward; some dry bones of trees
The wind had rattled all winter;
Groundward, the rustle of a few dead that would never rise.

But we knew,
Whether by light only
Or faint air-scent,
Or a look of sleep gone from the hilltop,
That earth herself had stirred,
As a mother will, who must be up before her children..



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often observed that he was rarely inclined to take a stand, to say that this was right or that was wrong. I thought little of it at that time because I supposed it was due to the fact that he represented the minority party and thus felt he was not in a position to enforce his views. Since then I have changed my mind as to why he shied away from decisions. Now I feel he just doesn't like to make himself responsible for a definite position, right or wrong. This is a quality in his character. It is, I believe, also the reason he has not come to the defense of loyal public servants in his department when they were under bitter and often unfair attack. And naturally it has led to low morale in the State Department.

I might add here that I don't believe there is much question that Vice President Richard Nixon will succeed Mr. Eisenhower as party leader, regardless of the opposition of some Republicans. I regard Mr. Nixon as a very able and dangerous opportunist, but since 1952 he has learned a great deal. He now knows the importance of gaining the confidence of the people, and he has worked hard at it and made progress. This still does not make me believe that he has any strong convictions.

I remarked earlier that I did not believe President Eisenhower profits from such contacts as he has with crowds. I believe he also misses a great deal because of his disinclination, as frequently reported in the press, to read the daily newspapers. As I understand it, he prefers to have the news digested for him or to be briefed orally on the news. That, I suppose, is a military habit. But I do not believe it is an effective system for the Chief Executive of a great and divergent country to form opinions on the basis of what his assistants think is the important part of the news.

I remember that when Louis Howe was an adviser at the White House he was ill for a long period, but he received daily newspapers from all parts of the country and read them carefully in bed. He not only knew what was important news, but he knew the different points of view held in various sections of the country or by people in different economic circumstances. Almost always when I was starting on a trip, Louis would ask me to come and see him. He would look over my itinerary and say, "Now in this city you will find people are thinking about flood control." Or in some other city about something else. He could tell me in advance how each audience I might face would react to various subjects.

It seems to me that such knowledge is of great importance to the President because it enables him to understand the issues of the day in terms of how they affect the people. One of the important duties of the President—and one that the Republican administration neglects—is to be the educator of the public on national problems. Most people do not have the time or inclination to inform themselves fully on the complex and perhaps seemingly remote problems that must be settled by government. But, if he knows the issues and explains them clearly, the President is in a position to make the people aware of what must be decided and to make them feel their responsibility as citizens in reaching a decision. Without such education of the public, democracy can become a dangerous kind of government because voters are called upon to make decisions or to support decisions without having sufficient knowledge of the factors involved.

I have said a great deal here about the Republicans and not much about the Democrats. I think there are many able young men in the Democratic Party and that there will be no difficulty in selecting a strong presidential nominee in 1960, but the next national convention will be guided by much that is still to happen and I would hesitate now to try to guess who might emerge.

In fact, I hope very much that I will have no particular preference or feeling that some one person must be supported in another campaign because my enthusiasm for Governor Stevenson in 1956 led me into a period of such intense activity that I have no desire to try it again. To get back to the subject of that campaign, I had gone late in September to Oregon to do anything I could in behalf of Sen. Wayne Morse's race for re-election to the Senate—this time as a Democrat instead of on the Republican ticket. I had to work my political appearances into a tight schedule so I could also keep my lecture engagements, often in distant cities. It was hectic, and I will cite my schedule for a few days on the Pacific Coast just to show what I mean by that word.

I arrived in Portland about 9:00 A.M. on September twenty-sixth, after an all-night flight from New York. I went to the home of Congresswoman Nan Honeyman and took advantage of the chance to sleep a little before lunch. That afternoon I went to a television studio for a fifteen-minute interview and then to a cocktail party of a political character, and then to a dinner in my honor attended by a thousand persons. I don't remember, but the record shows I talked on conservation and several other issues. At 9:30 P.M., Senator Morse and I went on the radio for fifteen minutes, and then rushed to a reception at the Masonic Temple. At 11:00 P.M., I made a recording, to be broadcast later, with four high-school students. When I got back to Mrs. Honeyman's I talked for a while with her guests, but I soon had to go to bed.

The next morning not long after eight o'clock I got on a plane and flew to San Francisco. There I borrowed a stenographer and wrote two newspaper columns before going to Oakland for a half-hour speech. I was then guest of honor at a dinner at the Athens Club, where my dinner partners changed every ten minutes because the people giving the dinner wanted me to talk politics to a maximum number of guests. I got back to San Francisco late that night and was up at seven o'clock the next morning to catch a plane for Los Angeles. The plane had mechanical difficulties and the trip was delayed two hours, throwing my schedule into confusion.

It had been planned for me to introduce Governor Stevenson over the television for a speech he was making that night in Milwaukee, but I also was scheduled to go to San Diego to appear on a television program, hold a news conference and attend a reception. Despite the delay in my schedule, the political managers awaiting me at Los Angeles were planning to carry out the program in some way, but I got a little tired and temperamental, and told them it was impossible and that I would not make the television introduction of Governor Stevenson. Far behind time, I was whisked to a luncheon for four hundred persons and made a half-hour speech, and then to a press conference and a tea, and then on to a reception where there were at least a thousand persons on somebody's lawn.

I had hardly walked across the lawn when a breathless messenger arrived to say that all was in readiness for me to make the introduction of Governor Stevenson! I accepted my fate and was rushed with a police escort to a studio where the script of my introductory speech was ready for me. The studio directors had hoped there would be time for me to go over the script, have make-up put on and do a rehearsal before the television program started. They tried nervously to rush me into these preliminaries, but I observed that I had a little time to spare, so I demanded a stenographer and took her into a dressing room, where I dictated two more newspaper columns.

The studio directors kept watching the dressing-room door and wondering when I would reappear. To their surprise I emerged promptly at 4:45 P.M. and, while the make-up was being applied, I read the script over in its final form and was ready to go on at 5:30 P.M. I am glad that I learned long ago the kind of discipline that enables me to avoid sitting on the edge of my chair and chewing my fingernails in such a situation, because I felt that was what the television studio people had been doing while they waited for me.

I had time to hear only the first sentences of Governor Stevenson's speech before dashing out to the airport to get aboard a private plane for San Diego. We did not arrive there until approximately the time I was supposed to be appearing on another television program for a debate with Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel, of California. We lost no time in racing to the television station and, fortunately, I arrived just as the Republican senator was concluding his seven-minute speech. I walked in, the announcer introduced me in ten words and I began my seven-minute speech. I don't suppose the listening audience knew I had barely made it in time.

From the studio I went straight to a press conference and then to a haphazardly managed reception where some two thousand persons went through the receiving line. The confusion was so great that the crowd almost crushed me against a stand before the police leaped to my rescue. At 10:30 P.M. I was at the airport again and caught a plane to Los Angeles. An hour later, I was happy to lie back in the seat of another airplane—headed for New York with my shoes off!

That was just a sample of what happened to me during the 1956 campaign. Later there were a good many other days almost as crowded. There was, too, the night I learned that vanity is a mistake during a political campaign. I attended a dinner of about a thousand people at Clarksburg, West Virginia, and I foolishly wore some rather nice-looking but uncomfortable shoes. That might not have been so bad, but I had to stand to shake hands with the whole crowd, and for several days afterward one foot was so swollen that I had difficulty in keeping a smile on my face and not limping like an old lady with the gout.

The worst experience of the campaign, however, may have been in New York City, where a series of outdoor meetings was held one evening. All of them were poorly attended and one of them—close to the Brooklyn Bridge—was ruined by failure of the loud-speaker system during the speeches of Governor Stevenson, Sen. Herbert Lehman and Mayor Robert Wagner. I felt that Tammany Hall, the New York political organization in charge of arrangements, had no enthusiasm for Governor Stevenson and had deliberately sabotaged these meetings. Tammany is an organization that can arrange such affairs as it wishes to arrange them.

In any event, I was pretty tired of riding in motorcades by the time the campaign ended, and was glad to get back to Hyde Park to cast my vote. The returns, of course, were unhappy from my viewpoint, but I suppose that a long time spent in politics has inured me to disappointments. I felt sad because I believed Governor Stevenson's abilities were needed to meet the problems that would arise in the next four years, but I knew that somehow those problems would be met. I was pleased that I could at least say to myself that I had done all I had been asked to do and all I could do.

I am glad to be out of politics now. I can't forget that sometimes my feet hurt during that campaign and that for weeks I had to snatch such sleep as I could get on airplanes or at odd hours, and I seldom got enough. My children keep telling me that I will soon have to slow down, that I will have to stop working and that I should not do any strenuous campaigning in 1960. But I notice that I can often keep going longer than they, and it is not easy to know what one will do or not do in the future. At seventy-three, I sometimes feel very old and sometimes very young!

"Oh, she's in good hands! That nice, fine boy from such a respectable family!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Editors' Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mrs. Roosevelt.

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What Makes a Man a Fighter?

(Continued from Page 27)

never got knocked down or badly beaten, even against such lethal punchers as Paul Boidy, Chicago's rugged 1957 Golden Gloves lightweight champion, and hard-hitting Cortez Nelson, who won the welterweight championship of Oklahoma. In Chicago gymnasiums I worked out with such professional fighters as lightweight Bobby Rogers and welterweights Frank Smith and the new Kid Chocolate. I came to know at least 200 past and present professionals, including Bob Satterfield, who has been a high-ranked heavyweight and light heavyweight; Bobby Boyd, the middleweight contender; Sylvester Perkins, former light-heavyweight contender; Toxie Hall and Phil Sanderson, sparring partners of Rocky Marciano; Tim Dalton, who had sixty-three professional fights as a lightweight, and Gene Spencer, who had 120.

However, my conclusions are not based primarily upon my everyday association with fighters. For my master's thesis at the University of Chicago, I made a systematic study of fifty-eight professional fighters—ten of them active and forty-eight retired. Among the retired group were a welterweight and a middleweight who once had National Boxing Association recognition as champions of their classes. For the most part, however, I was concerned not with the headliners but with the great middle group—the ambitious adolescents and the battle-marked veterans. I wanted to know where they came from, what induced them to become fighters, what they felt and thought and—after they retired—to what they returned.

For four months I canvassed the gyms and the dressing rooms. The fighters accepted me, in part at least, as another fighter, and I saw them as no well-known sports writer can. I found that they would confess their fears if they knew that they would not be identified. I saw them brood in silence before fights. I saw some who had nervous indigestion, and others who made repeated trips to the toilet. One trainer had to tell his fighter that his fight had been called off in order to get him to relax.

Of the fifty-eight fighters in my study sample, thirty-five were basically scientific boxers and twenty-three were of the type usually classed as sluggers. The scientific boxers all said they sometimes felt fear of their opponents, while only eight of the sluggers admitted to having known fear.

This would indicate that whether a fighter becomes a boxer or a slugger is determined not solely by his physical equipment but also by his mental attitude. If he is sufficiently aware of the dangers of fighting, he instinctively seeks safety in the scientific approach. Sugar Ray Robinson, the most scientific as well as the best fighter of our time, and Willie Pep, one of the cleverest of all boxers, both have expressed the belief that any fighter who could hit them squarely could hurt them and perhaps knock them out.

While professional fighters may worry about getting hurt, they have no fear of getting killed. The number of ring fatalities, however lamentable, is small—only two in the United States last year, both in amateur fights. Professionals do not consider themselves in danger of death, nor are they concerned about becoming punch-drunk. They all are confident that, if they find themselves taking too many punches to the head, they will quit before their mental faculties become impaired.

In all the time I spent in places where fighters and ex-fighters gather, I found only one who fitted the popular picture of a "punch-drunk pug." He had been a leading welterweight of the 1940's. I found him living with his mother on the second floor of a tenement in the Negro section on the South Side of Chicago.

His right eye was covered by a cataract. His manager had offered to pay for an operation, but on condition that the fighter agree to return to the ring. I was unable to use him in my survey, because when I began asking him the thirty-two basic questions I employed, he repeatedly answered as if he had not heard.

> A careful driver is one who just saw the driver ahead of him get a traffic ticket.
>
> DAN BENNETT

"Fightin' ain't good," he would say over and over. "It's too rough."

The subject of punch-drunkenness is an extremely touchy one among fighters. They are all acutely conscious that the public tends to attach this stigma to them. I noted that almost all the fighters I interviewed made some effort—unsolicited by me—to convince me that they were mentally alert.

My findings on this point are substantiated by the reactions of even such successful fighters as Rocky Marciano. Normally mild-mannered outside the ropes, Marciano displayed anger only once as heavyweight champion. That was when challenger Roland La Starza was quoted before their fight as expressing the opinion that Marciano might end up his career mentally impaired.

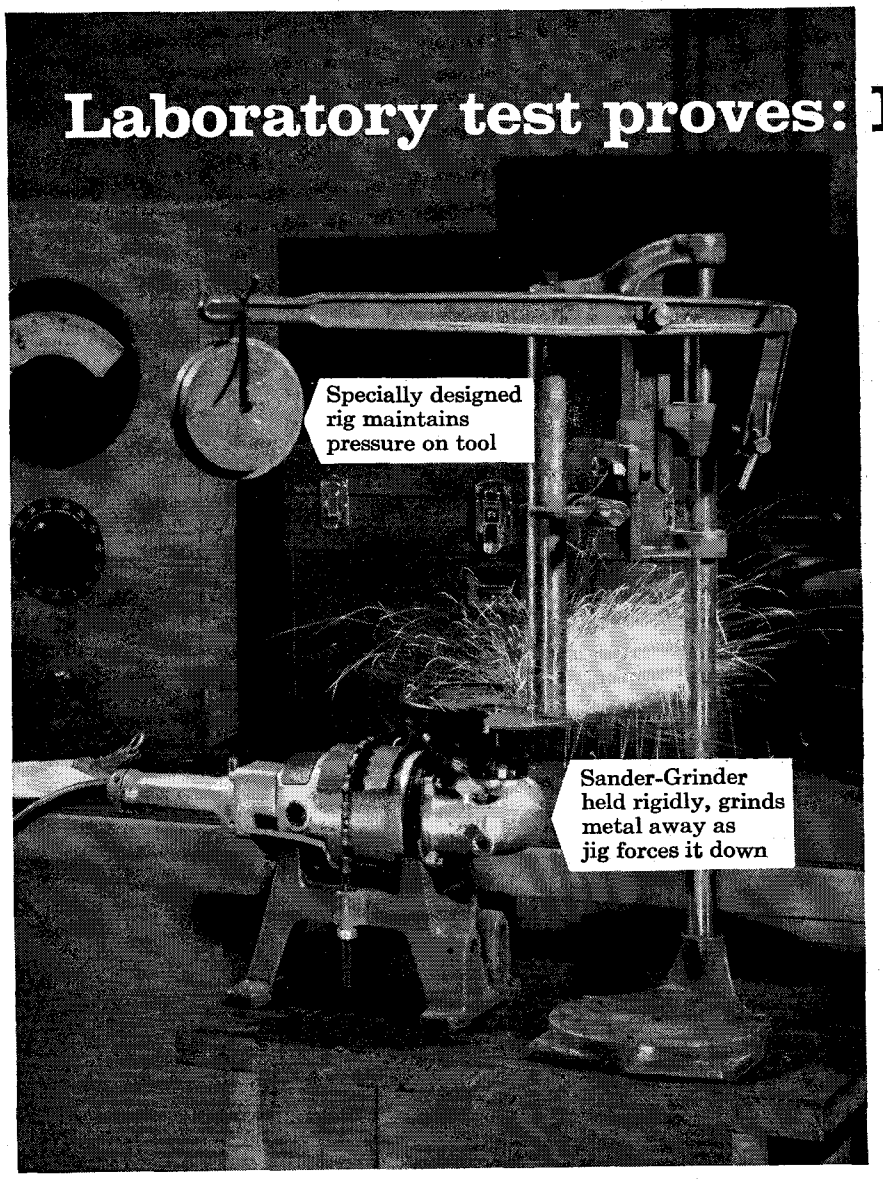
Perhaps a story told by Lou Nova, a leading heavyweight of a generation ago, best illustrates this whole problem. "When I first became prominent as a fighter," Nova says, "I was in New York, and I was invited to a dinner party on Park Avenue. These were all well-to-do, intelligent people. They were having a drink before dinner, and the doorbell rang. For a gag, I jumped up and threw a couple of punches. As I did, everybody became silent. I saw them look at me in awe, and then turn away in embarrassment. They thought I was punchy."

Such attitudes on the part of outsiders tend to draw fighters closer together. They are extremely loyal to one another, yet they must fight each other. This presents a psychological barrier. I found that there is a residue of reluctance among many to hurting an acquaintance—or even a stranger whom they have no reason to dislike.

"In a street fight you're mad, but in the ring, if you ain't seen a guy before, you ain't mad at him," one fighter told me. "I can't hurt nobody when I'm not mad. Another thing—they used to match me with my friends. You don't want to hurt somebody you been knowin' a long time."

Fighters wish people could understand that they don't beat up opponents for the fun of it. Welterweight Jimmy Doyle died following a 1947 fight with Ray Robinson. At the inquest Robinson was asked why, if he knew Doyle was hurt, he continued to rain punches on him. Robinson said, "Hurtin' people is my business."

In addition to wanting understanding from the general public, fighters also instinctively desire the support of the fans



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at the arena. Ninety per cent of those in my study admitted that the attitude of the fans had some influence on them.

"I was always doubting myself because of the crowd," one fighter told me. "It always bothers you."

"When the crowd cheers you it does something to you," another said. "It makes you feel good."

A retired fighter who is now a mail handler declared, "When you get knocked down and hear people holler, 'Get him! Kill him!' you say to yourself, 'You're a damn fool.'"

All fighters feel that the ring officials are often influenced by the attitude of the crowd. Thus trainers teach them various devices intended to lead the fans—and the officials—to overrate the fighter's performance.

In my own amateur boxing days, I was told by Phil Sanderson, who was training amateurs in the Joe Louis Gym, "You can't just fight—you have to please the audience. You've got to move in. If you move around too much it looks like you're scared. Then, at the end of a fight, jump around. Make it look like you're not tired."

I noted that professional trainers stress the desirability of winning the first round of a fight—so that the fighter will implant the impression that he is superior—and the last round, so that this impression will be cemented. The same applies to tactics within any single round—they constantly tell the fighter that he should "start good" and "finish good."

Many fighters admitted to me that they attempt to court crowd favor by putting an arm around their opponent's shoulders after the final bell. As a group, fighters resent the necessity for subterfuges, and bemoan the fact that showy but ineffective punches, such as the bolo of Kid Gavilan, will draw cheers from the fans, while short, powerful body blows will often go unnoticed.

Lack of fan appreciation of true ability, however, is just one of the things that fighters resent about their business. They feel that a fighter's success depends too little on what he knows, and too much on whom his manager knows.

"You have to be in the clique," former fighters Hubert Hood and Gene Spencer insisted, and many others echoed them. "You take some guys that are fighting in the preliminaries, and if they had the right backing they could get somewhere. It used to be that when you lost three or four fights you dropped in the ratings. Now some fighters lose three or four and then fight for the title."

Another problem for fighters is the special strain their careers place upon marriage. Forty of the fifty-eight I talked to were, or had been, married. Among the forty-eight retired fighters in the group, twenty-five were still married, but the wives of ten others had deserted them.

"No wife, I mean no wife, approves," one fighter told me. "All wives like the glory, but they also got to see you come in with your face all beat in—see you nursing your face at night."

"A fighter starts at the bottom," another said. "Every notch you move up in boxing, you move up a notch with the big shots. That's how come a lot of fighters marry women too high for them. Or if they don't do that, they get their wives too used to luxury and prestige. Then after you quit, and can't keep it up, she gets where she can't stand you and leaves."

I found this fighter in his room in a third-class hotel. He had missed a previous appointment with me because, he explained, he had been drunk.

He told me he had taken to alcohol after his wife had left him. "I'd be the happiest man in the world," he said, "if I could just find her and get her back."

A common reason for marriage failure among fighters is the enforced separation that their training rules demand. Managers and trainers caution fighters to limit their sexual relations as much as possible. Sixty-two per cent, however, told me that they often broke one rule or another. In general, fighters feel that about two weeks of celibate living before a fight is sufficient—three said only one day—but all who had experienced marriage named this as a major problem.

"You got to keep up your homework," a middleweight told me one night in a tavern on Cottage Grove Avenue frequented by fighters and ex-fighters. "If you don't, somebody else'll be doing it for you. A fighter fights in so many different cities it's best for him not to have a wife, because she'll cheat on him. It's a mental disturbance to leave, knowing she'll cheat. You can't box if your mind is split on something else."

In spite of all this, only ten of thirty-four who had an opinion on the subject thought marriage is actually bad for a fighter. Managers and trainers, on the other hand, are almost unanimous in believing that fighters should not burden themselves with marital responsibilities.

What, then, are the forces that impel young men into an occupation that makes them lead abnormal lives, that can endanger their health and that—they feel—tends to separate them from the rest of society? To answer this I went back to the origins of the fighters in my sample. From the Illinois State Athletic Commission I obtained the address from which each fighter applied for his first professional license. I visited each dwelling, and it was obvious that economic need had been the prime factor in each case.

Only 35 per cent had working fathers at home when they turned professional. All the working fathers were laborers, except one who operated a small laundry. Twenty-nine per cent said their fathers had deserted the family, and 5 per cent said their fathers had died.

Prof. Kirson Weinberg, of Chicago's Roosevelt University, has pointed out that professional boxing always reflects shifts in the lower strata of urban slums. In analyzing listings of prizefighters, he found that in 1909 and again in 1916 the Irish predominated. By 1928 Jewish fighters were the most numerous; in 1936 it was the Italians. Since 1948 the Negroes have dominated—approximately 70 per cent of professional fighters today are Negro. Of the fighters in my sample, fifty are Negro and eight are white.

Most poor boys do not become fighters, however, so I sought out the specific reasons why those in my group had entered the ring. Thirty-one said they first became interested in boxing because a relative, friend or neighbor was a fighter. Thirteen traced their starts to natural ability discovered in street fights. Fourteen gave such other reasons as childhood membership in an organization sponsoring boxing or a fondness for sports in general and boxing in particular.

One interesting point was that only 5 per cent of the scientific boxers attributed their initial interest to street fighting, whereas 48 per cent of the sluggers gave this reason. Here again my survey findings are borne out by the cases of various well-known fighters. Sluggers such as Rocky Marciano, Rocky Graziano and Carmen Basilio all had much success in street fights. It was different with scientific boxers like Ray Robinson and Ezzard Charles.

Robinson, who used to run from street fights as a child, started to box because he lived in the same Detroit neighborhood as Joe Louis, and often carried Louis' bag to the gym. Charles first became interested when, near his home in Cincinnati one day, he saw Kid Chocolate, the featherweight champion, in an expensive car, and heard Chocolate tell of his sizable wardrobe.

Most of the fighters I studied had launched their careers with the approval of their families. Only about one sixth of the fathers disapproved, and only two fifths of the mothers. A fighter's relations with his family generally change, however, during his career and immediately following it. His family's admiration for him fluctuates with his success and usually wanes when his career is ended.

One of the most pathetic examples was a former welterweight—now in his thirties and unemployed—who said he had made enough money during his career to send his sister through college. I found him living with his mother in a third-floor walk-up apartment on Chicago's South Side. He was dressed in a shirt and old slacks. I suggested that we go out for a beer.

"My sister's a schoolteacher and my brother's got a good Government job," he told me in the tavern. "I'm the bum in the family. My mother wouldn't allow my youngest brother to become a fighter, and he was a natural. I wasn't. I had to develop my skill. My mother can't stand the sight of a fighter, especially me. I had a birthday last month, and I didn't get one present from my family."

He fell silent. At that point a friend of his entered the bar and walked over to him. "Your mother wants you to come home and clean out the cellar," he said.

"I got to get out of this," the former fighter said to me.

Once a boy starts to fight professionally, I discovered, there are forces at work that tend to keep him in the business even after he may be inclined to withdraw. While I was boxing as an amateur, for instance, one trainer—scouting for a manager—persistently suggested that I turn pro, offering me moderate sums of money if I needed them for living expenses. Had I accepted these handouts, I would have fallen into the trap in which many fighters find themselves.

It is often true that, if a manager did not advance a new fighter money for living and training expenses, the boy would be unable to start a professional career. At the same time, however, this establishes a creditor-debtor relationship, and some fighters never escape from it. The late Mike Jacobs, who controlled big-time boxing in this country from 1937 to 1949, used this personal-loan method, among others, to keep fighters such as Joe Louis loyal to him.

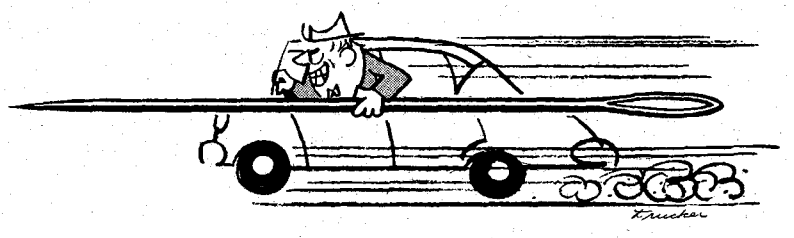
Although almost all fighters start with the idea of making money, 45 per cent in my sample told me that after three or more years they liked the recognition and prestige even more than the financial rewards.

Joe Law, a lightweight, expressed it this way: "A guy knocks you down. You get up and put up a good fight and the crowd cheers you. Drop into a night club and people recognize you. The emcee says, 'We got a celebrity in the house,' and shines the spotlight on you. I'm telling you, it makes you feel good."

Most fighters begin with an exaggerated idea of the money to be made. They read about the huge gross purses received by the Louises and Marcianos and Robinsons, and have little understanding of how much must be deducted for taxes, expenses and manager's share. Of the forty-eight retired fighters I questioned, none said they had saved most of the money they earned in fighting. Two out of three had saved little, and 25 per cent had saved none at all.

"My manager was like a father to me," said Tim Dalton, a lightweight who won forty-six of his sixty-three fights, "but you've still got expenses and a lot of friends. Everybody wants to have a good time off your money. Once I made $5000 in a fight in California, but by the time I got home I only had about $500."

"The higher a fighter goes in the fight game the higher the class of people he runs around with," another fighter told me. "He's got to spend money to keep up with the crowd. His manager won't let him keep on livin' on State Street, payin' cheap (*Continued on Page 78*)



The Perfect Squelch

Mr. Walton's driving comments, always well-seasoned with criticisms of women drivers, grew steadily more peppery as traffic thickened. "Look at that mobile menace trying to make a left turn from a right lane," he growled to his wife. "I'd hate to have to pay her repair bills. There's another woman searching hard for an accident. Where does that woman think she's going—if she can think."

After many miles of this, his wife, a less vocal but more skillful driver, noticed a man cutting dangerously in and out of the line of cars that was approaching them. As the male driver squealed back into the line again, after making an especially hazardous passing jump, she finally broke her normal tactful silence.

"Watch out for that idiot, dear," she said with pleasant calm. "He's driving like a woman."

Marian E. Tosti

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(*Continued from Page 76*) rent, because it won't look right. A boxer comes from the bottom. He ain't been used to nothin' or he wouldn't be fightin' in the first place, so he just won't save."

Most fighters retire, then, with their dreams of wealth and glory largely unfulfilled. In most cases they refuse to blame their failure on lack of ability. Instead, they give such reasons as mismanagement, physical injury and family obligations.

"You can't win them all," a retired heavyweight told me in an East 61st Street tavern one night, "but my mother didn't understand. She came to one of my fights. I got my nose broke, and you know how a mother hates to see blood. She came back to the dressing room and asked my manager to let her see my contract. When he gave it to her, she tore it up right there in the middle of the floor."

Almost 70 per cent of the retired fighters at one time or another got the urge to resume, and 40 per cent actually did make one or more comeback attempts. This indicates the difficulty most fighters experience in trying to adjust occupationally and otherwise after their ring careers end. The problems of physically and mentally impaired ex-boxers have been widely publicized, but it seems to me that too little attention has been paid to the more common problem of maladjustment.

These cases cannot be blamed solely on boxing, for fighters come mostly from urban slum areas where there is a lower general level of intelligence, a lower standard of social behavior and a higher prevalence of mental and physical disease. What professional boxing fails to do, however, is to equip its graduates for other work. In fact, it tends to prejudice them against it.

Managers and trainers are opposed to having their fighters learn other trades or work at other jobs during their careers. They want a fighter to devote himself completely to boxing. They also feel that a fighter who has no other means of support and no other skills will train harder and, when the going in the ring gets rough, fight harder.

There is no way in which a fighter can use his special skills after retirement, unless he becomes a trainer of fighters. He finds it hard to accept the routine, time-clock nature of most jobs, and he has become used to receiving his pay in comparatively large, lump sums, rather than in small, fixed amounts at regular intervals. In the partnership of boxer, manager and trainer, the fighter rightfully is the important party. He loses and misses this sense of importance when he embarks upon another line of work.

"Martha, you'll simply have to do something about your handwriting!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I ain't going to do no hard work," an ex-fighter who had tried nine jobs in six months told me. "Look. Feel my hands. I never had a callus in my life. When I was boxin' I wasn't used to havin' a boss and workin' all day. Oh, before I'd steal I'd work for a while, but I'd do it where nobody could see me. I'd die if somebody saw me."

One former fighter who apparently is well adjusted is Gene Spencer, a lightweight who retired eight years ago after boxing for thirteen years. Spencer is married, a father, and employed in a steel mill. Even he confessed that retirement was not easy at first.

"It's hard to stay out of boxing," he said. "I just stayed away from the gym, because if I didn't I'd have been right back."

Thirty-seven of the forty-eight retired fighters I visited did have steady jobs, but 60 per cent of those said they would be happier in different work. Most of them were unskilled or semiskilled laborers. Four operated small taverns or restaurants, one was a jazz musician and one ran a dry-cleaning establishment.

Former fighters do not have the same evaluations of jobs as the public at large. Surveys indicate that most people rate physicians at the top of the vocational list, but fighters place professional baseball players above physicians, and bartenders above civil engineers. Because they like work that keeps them in contact with the public, they also give a higher-than-average rating to the jobs of cab drivers, shoe shiners and waiters. Still another preferred job is that of policeman. Work in law enforcement carries special prestige among the lower economic groups and, like boxing, is associated with toughness and manliness.

I found that the scientific boxers adjusted to post-career life slightly better than the sluggers. The unsuccessful scientific boxers adjusted best of all, and the successful sluggers experienced the most difficulty. Half of all the retired fighters, however, told me that they would need more than an additional $100 a week to live the way they wanted.

I have therefore concluded that boxing does not leave all its scars on a fighter's face. The tragedy of the fighter's life, it seems to me, is that when his career comes to an end in his late twenties or early thirties—an age at which most young men are just approaching their prime—he feels that the best years of his life are already behind him. For too many this is the unfortunate truth.

In the gyms I watched the active fighters working and waiting for the lucky break which, they believed, would take them to the wealth and glory of a championship. In the taverns and poolrooms I listened to the former fighters reliving their own fighting careers, boasting to sustain their pride, dissatisfied now with their present lot and trying to call back in conversation the youth and skills that had gone forever.

One night I found a fighter who retired eighteen years ago after 136 fights in sixteen years, but whose name still evokes memories for fight fans who go back that far. I found him living with his wife in a transient-hotel room in a slum area, and I sat there and heard them reminiscing about the bygone days when he was the N.B.A. middleweight champion, boxing throughout this country and in Paris, and she was a professional dancer.

I am glad I was an amateur fighter, but I also am glad I never turned professional.

Will We Get Burned in the Sahara? (Continued from Page 29)

was the French Government which, driven by the nation's painful dependence on imported fuel, made the first systematic search in 1952. In January, 1956, oil was first struck at Edjelé—Scarab Hill—on the Libyan border, some 700 miles from the Algerian coast. And on July sixteenth of that year the first historic well was brought in at Hassi Messaoud.

No one here doubts that the four fields thus far discovered—three in the Edjelé region and one here—are only the beginning. American geologists, having found certain structural similarities between it and Oklahoma or West Texas, are now convinced that the Sahara represents a major oil province, and rich natural-gas and wet-gas reservoirs, tapped in four or five widely separate spots, back up their thesis. This, probably, is not "another Middle East," as some enthusiastic French reports would have it—with its reserve of 150,000,000,000 barrels, and individual wells that will deliver as much as 20,000 barrels a day, the Middle East remains the century's unmatched petroleum wonder. Still, there is enough oil here to have a few sheiks and emirs worried. Compared to our own reserves, the French Sahara would stack up extremely well.

The Edjelé oil field alone, lying at depths of between 1200 and 2500 feet, adds up to the respectable reserve of some 500,000,000 barrels. And here, at Hassi Messaoud, where oil is found in Ordovician sandstone 11,000 feet below the surface, we are face to face with one of the big oil discoveries of our time. Projected into the United States, the Hassi Messaoud reserve, now estimated at about 2,000,000,000 barrels, would rank with some of our richest fields.

Seven wells, by now, have been completed here, and three more are in progress. The daily score of man's match with the desert can be read off a signboard outside the office shed where drilling data are chalked up. How deep is OM-6 today? How many days until we hit the pay at MD-7? As soon as it comes in, a well is shut in—only small quantities of crude are taken out at present—and the rig moved to a new location. One of the wells is flowed periodically to supply local needs; the crude is good enough to drive a rig engine without refining.

Drilling itself presents no serious problem. The bit grinds through sandstone and shale much of the way, then pierces a thick layer of salt until it hits the 480,000,000-year-old quartzitic sands that hold the oil. The thickness of the pay sands—more than 350 feet—alone would make this a rare field by American standards. And though some questions still remain unanswered—such as: Is there a water zone beneath the oil which will help push it to the surface?—the French are far enough along at Hassi Messaoud to plan for an eventual output of well over 100,000 daily barrels, flowing from sixty wells.

The breezy atmosphere of the frontier makes Hassi Messaoud a happy contrast to the gray, disenchanted mood of Paris. This is the French Wild West, a brave new world with lots of future and no past. And those whose job it is to make the desert yield its richness display the high morale, the carefree confidence, of pioneers.

The Frenchmen based at Hassi Messaoud are well looked after, to be sure. The standard contract lets a man repose one week out of every four in more salubrious climes, and company planes shuttling between here and Algiers, 400 air miles to the north, are filled with drillers and white-collar men taking a holiday or coming back to work. The snappy air hostesses prefer the southbound trip—there are no women in the desert, and, traveling northward after three lonely weeks, a man may want to start relaxing right away.

The "town" has grown so fast that people who have been away a month have trouble recognizing it. Of the two French companies working the 200-square-mile field from their adjoining permit areas, one—Compagnie Française des Pétroles

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Advertisement

The Picture of Health for March

by MAXINE DAVIS

Arthritis and rheumatism, commonest chronic diseases in this country, are still medical mysteries. More than 11 million of us are thus afflicted. Three out of every four victims are women. Contrary to the general impression, the sufferers are not chiefly the elderly or old. Some 200,000 of them are children; but the majority are people in their busiest, productive years, from 20 to 45.

No one knows the cause of these ills. It may be that physical or emotional strain, or fatigue, cold, shock, exposure to dampness, or chronic infections may "trigger" the ailment.

These complex complaints can be treated and greatly relieved. But every "cure" has proved a sad mirage.

I first learned this when my younger sister, a portrait painter, was panicked by shoulder pains she was sure meant the end of her career.

"Hot fomentations," prescribed our doctor. "Put a moist hot pack on that shoulder. Get the skin warm and water-saturated. Then gently apply SURIN."

SURIN, we find, acts promptly and brings prolonged local relief. My sister swears by it. I always keep a tube of SURIN on hand too, and use it when anybody of any age in the household complains of those minor aches that so often plague us in this season of penetrating dampness and chill winds.

We've come through this rough winter pretty well in spite of all that flu around. Long ago our physician taught us that it was wise to keep our heads clear and treat rough throats before they became raw and sore. So—I see that each member of the family has his own bottle of NEO-AQUA-DRIN drops in the medicine cabinet and his own container of NEO-AQUA-DRIN spray in pocket or bag.

We use them at the first premonition of a sniffle and reach for them, or for NEO-AQUA-DRIN lozenges for an irritated throat. Their soothing anesthetic action relieves the discomfort and their antibiotic content helps guard against secondary infections.

During all four seasons it is important to give your teeth good care. We grown-ups understand that it's not possible to keep healthy, to eat what you need for adequate nutrition if you have trouble with your teeth. But it's hard to convince the young! So I just exercise parental authority—and make the routine pleasant with CALOX tooth powder.

I explain that without cleaning their teeth will decay. Research indicates that decay begins right away, for certain bacteria act within minutes on food particles clinging to teeth.

Our dentist has taught them *how* to brush their teeth. He agrees with me about CALOX. It's pure; it's the best for cleaning and polishing of any dentifrice we've tried. It also feels nice and clean.

The plumber who came to repair a leak was an object lesson. The poor man had brought his lunch that bitter day, but he just sat and looked at it hungrily. His store teeth hurt; they slid around. I gave him some of Gramp's ORA-FIX to hold them in place. You'd thought I'd given him a fortune! With ORA-FIX he even crunched an apple! So I gave him ORA too, to cleanse his dentures afterwards. Thanks to ORA-FIX and ORA we always have a plumber.

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(Algérie)—maintains a single base for its employees; the other—the government-controlled REPAL—houses its men in scattered camps at various locations in the desert.

Prefabricated bungalows, lined up in a meandering sweep, form the CFPA camp. Each hut holds two neat, one-man dwellings the size and shape of steamer cabins, complete with air-conditioning, electric lights, and running water pumped from 250 feet below the ground. The yard is being landscaped now, with soil hauled in over the ancient camel trails. A swimming pool has just been finished, and office sheds, well-equipped laboratories, a mess hall and a post office round out the brisk little frontier town. At night you have the choice of taking in a movie, listening to an amateur concert, talking philosophy at the Bikini Bar or merely gazing at that miracle of miracles, the starlit desert sky.

Is this the same Algeria, you wonder, where Frenchmen and Moslems are at one another's throats? Tables for six are set in the gleaming little mess hall, and you may find yourself deep in petroleum talk with a French engineer, two or three Moslem truck drivers and a French drilling crew. Nowhere is there the slightest sign of animosity. Two out of three of Hassi Messaoud's inhabitants are Moslems, most of them cleaning boys and kitchen helpers who live in their own barracks, enjoying—often as not for the first time in their lives—a bed, eating their own food and having things their way. A tent area houses day laborers, nomads out of the vast who stop a week or so to do terracing work and fade away when they have earned enough. But race won't bar a man from residence on Main Street; your cabin mate may be a Moslem dispatcher, foreman or artisan, and there is friendly chitchat back and forth.

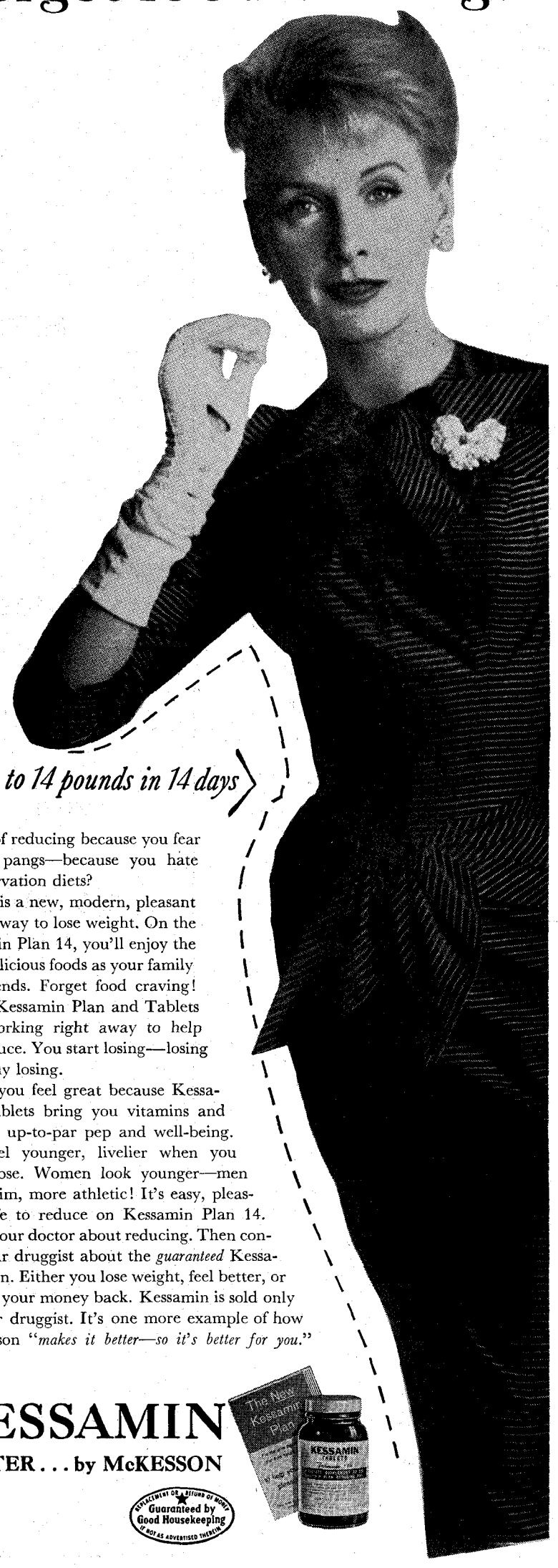
> It's a wise man who marries his secretary; she's accustomed to taking dictation, not giving it.
>
> DAVE CROWN

A handful of Americans add an authentic touch of our own wide-open spaces. The square-set, tin-hat-topped, slow-moving figure of Fred Malone, out of Odessa, Texas, is looked on as a kind of mascot in the CFPA establishment where he serves as production chief. And, over on the far side of the field, a team of three Californians—Ralph Connor, Marvyn Williams and Paul Downs—is busy drilling a new well for REPAL.

What fascinates these veterans is the odd fact that, as one of them put it, "in oil, we Americans are an old nation and the French a young one." Not a few of their French associates are young fellows with starry eyes and fluffy beards, just out of college and now face to face with their first rigs. To them, these old-timers from the United States who have drilled for oil around the world are living oracles—although it's hard to say, at times, how much of their deep wisdom penetrates the language barrier. I heard drilling superintendent Connor try to explain to one of his French fellow workers that there was "water spurting out of a grease pimple," and it was quite a conversation.

Connor came to his drilling site when there was nothing there but desert, set up his rig almost singlehanded, and is now worrying the bit through the big seven-layer cake beneath him. Spending an evening with him in the small, cluttered bungalow he currently calls home gives you a

Lose weight fast... forget food craving!



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And you feel great because Kessamin Tablets bring you vitamins and iron for up-to-par pep and well-being. You feel younger, livelier when you really lose. Women look younger—men more trim, more athletic! It's easy, pleasant, safe to reduce on Kessamin Plan 14.

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foxhole view of the eternal triangle—man, desert, oil. In the onyx-black night outside, spotlights pick out the tall, white rig whose peaceful chug-chug is sweet comfort to the men who tend it. Five miles away, a bright spot indicates the nearest other rig, the nearest other human being.

"Like wildcatting, almost," says Connor.

Hassi Messaoud, one must remember, is but a bright spot—one certainty in an uncharted void. Drive away thirty, forty miles, bouncing across the trackless desert floor in a battered station wagon, and you may come upon one of the isolated, self-sufficient trailer camps where teams of geophysicists painstakingly trace the elusive profiles of underground formations, hoping to come across potentially oil-bearing structures. "Before we really know where oil is likely to be found, we still have a long way to go," one of them said. "And you are never sure, of course, until you drill a hole and find some."

Hence there is room for speculation, room for ebullient claims which may—who knows?—be true. To comprehend the deeper meaning of the French Sahara boom whose more dramatic aspects have reminded skeptics of the South Sea Bubble, one must know something about our friends, the French. The Suez crisis, which had left them with a feeling of irate frustration, had also pointed up the country's shaky oil position. Producing only some 9,000,000 barrels a year from her own soil—most of it from the Parentis fields in the southwest—France must import more than nine tenths of her petroleum needs from the Middle East. Not only does this vital oil supply depend on the precarious Suez route; it also costs the nearly bankrupt nation a cool $550,000,000 a year.

French oil from the Sahara, produced at France's doorstep, so to speak, would, evidently, be the answer. Even the relatively modest annual flow of 75,000,000 barrels which, the French public was officially informed last year, could be expected around 1960, would go a long way toward filling France's annual need of 130,000,000 barrels. Here was, at last, a panacea for the country's ills—a desertful of manna!

Patriotism thus joined forces with the profit motive to give Sahara stocks a whirl at the Paris bourse. While films, books, lectures and the press kept the Sahara in the public eye, the shares of several oil investment trusts launched by such famous bankers as the Rothschilds, Worms and Lazard Frères, rose to fantastic heights before their recent leveling off. Over *apéritifs* and at the dinner table, in offices and on the boulevards, Parisians would talk "Finarep" and "Cofirep" and anything that had the magic letters *rep* (for *recherches pétrolières*) included in its name.

"Cofirep," for example, which, among other oil investments, holds 7.5 per cent of the stock of CFPA and 1.55 per cent of REPAL—the two exploiting companies at Hassi Messaoud—ballooned from a 1956 low of 12,250 francs a share to a 1957 high of 67,800 francs. When, last July, a brand-new stock, called "Francarep," was issued at the rate of no more than five shares per customer, buyers queued up all night in front of the two Paris issuing houses and before noon the shares were gobbled up. Even the staid old Suez Company announced last fall that it was shoving some of its own chips into the Sahara pot.

Oil fever is contagious. No sooner had American oil executives got wind of the Sahara gold rush than they sent scouts to look the situation over, and what they found was by no means discouraging. Five companies were operating in the desert; in all of them, the French Government had a financial interest, controlling three outright. Plainly, there still was room for private venture capital. The only foreign outfit thus far represented was the Royal Dutch-Shell group, which, having got in on the ground floor, was operating as a partner in two French companies, CPA and CREPS.

Under French mining law, companies holding drilling permits must give up half of their allotted areas at the end of five years to give the next fellow a chance to find some oil—except, of course, for areas where oil has actually been found and which are held under long-term concessions. The first batch of surrendered claims, totaling some 25,000 square miles, most of it in the extremely appetizing region around Hassi Messaoud, was up for reassignment last October. And, inasmuch as the French themselves had spread the word that American participation would be welcome, there seemed to be no reason to hang back.

Needless to say, no French administration could risk the odium of a "sellout." A foreign firm applying for a drilling permit must first go into partnership with a French company, usually on a fifty-fifty basis. Four of our major independents—Cities Service, Sinclair, Phillips and Newmont Mining—have since complied with this requirement and are now waiting for their permits, along with several French and one new British applicant, British Petroleum. A second batch of claims, released for reallotment early this year, brought in additional American applicants—Transworld Petroleum and Pan American Petroleum, the latter wholly owned by Standard Oil of Indiana. As, in the next few months, another round of claims comes up for reallotment, more foreign companies are likely to come in.

Why are the French, who until recently had looked on their Sahara almost as a hunting preserve and who were openly accusing our oil firms of helping the Algerian rebels, now asking us to come on in and join the fun? The answer, as most Frenchmen give it, is a simple one: "The thing became too big for us. We do not have enough technicians, dollars or equipment to do it all by ourselves. And there is enough oil to go around."

To this, one might add one less obvious reason. Among the assets our major oil firms bring to the Sahara are their worldwide marketing organizations. In "joining the club" now rather than going it alone, France is, perhaps, aware of her own limited distributing facilities, and of the hard time she might have trying to sell some of her oil for dollars later on.

For the time being, an enormous question mark hangs over the Sahara. France, having lost Morocco and Tunisia, is holding on to her Algerian realm with the determination of despair. The war has entered its fourth year and it still takes an army of 400,000 Frenchmen to keep the lid down. But while a growing sector of the French public seemed willing, until recently, to give its blessing to a policy of gradual withdrawal, the prospect that the huge domain—which now costs France $1,500,000,000 a year—would at long last pay off makes all the difference.

It is at this point that the picture becomes cloudy. Soon now, Sahara oil must go to market in large quantities. Bottled up in its desert wells, it is no good to anyone. But while the output of the Edjelé reservoirs may be piped out across Libya—negotiations with the Libyan government are now in progress—the oil from Hassi Messaoud must get across a revolution to reach the Mediterranean shore. A six-inch token pipeline to the nearest railhead, at Touggourt, 120 miles to the north, has recently been finished. This Little Inch, designed to handle a "symbolic" flow of some 12,000 daily barrels, will be replaced, within three years, by a $75,000,000 Big Inch pipeline shooting the oil straight to the coast, with terminals at Philippeville and Bougie.

Pipe dream—or pipe? Along its 400-mile right of way, the future pipeline would traverse not only desert, where it is fairly easily patrolled, but some of the worst mountains in Algeria, where years of strenuous "pacification" have not eradicated rebel forces. Experience in the Middle East has shown how easily a pipeline is destroyed, how large an effort is required to repair it. Clearly, before an adequate amount of oil can flow to the refineries, and thence into the Frenchman's car, the "Algerian affair" must be settled.

So far, unfortunately, there is little hope of such a settlement—most assuredly not since the French bombed the Tunisian village of Sakiet Sidi Yousseff and the French Government called this senseless raid a "legitimate defense action." And though we are not "buying the Sahara"—it's not for sale—the question may be asked whether, as tenants and commercial partners of the French, we will still be regarded as the noncommitted bystanders we have always been in this part of the world. Oil mixes well with trouble—and, down here we may be in for a rich mixture.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

SO YOU'RE ALL TENSED UP
A Medical Specialist's Report on Overworked Executives

I SHOOT THE BIG SHOTS
A White House Photographer Tells His Secrets

Face of America: Ivan Dmitri Visits Natchez, Mississippi

I LOVE MY UGLY DOG
Charms of the Homely Basset

IN COLOR:
THE LADY BOSS OF FARAWAY RANCH
Arizona's Remarkable Blind Rancher

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S STORMY EXILE:
As His Private Secretary Saw Him

A COMPLETE NOVELETTE
WORTHLESS YOUNG MAN
By James Atlee Phillips

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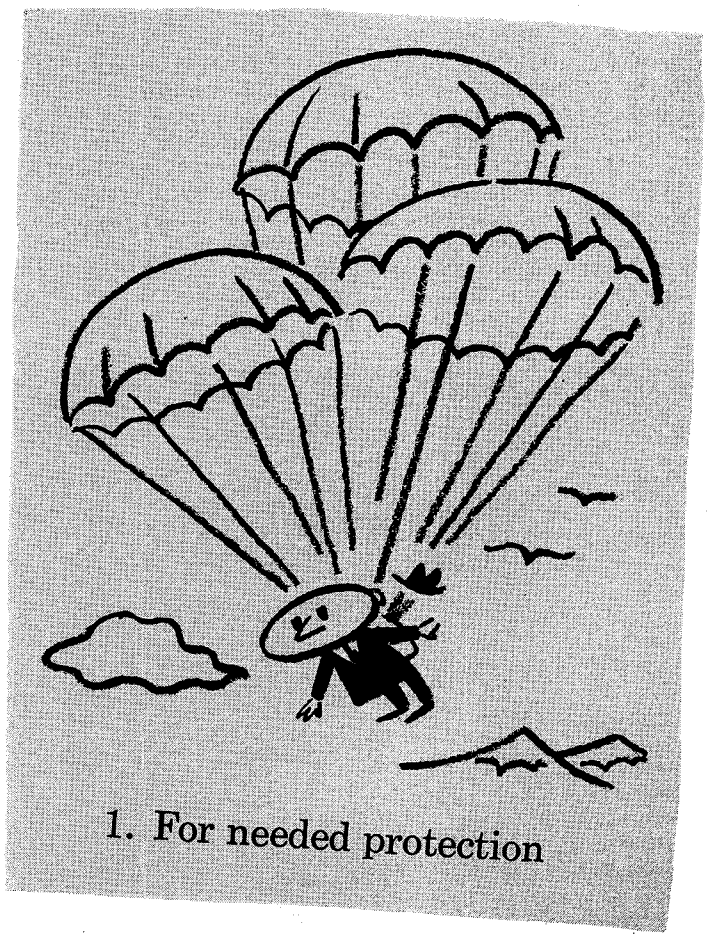
In any case, wouldn't you say ONE is enough?



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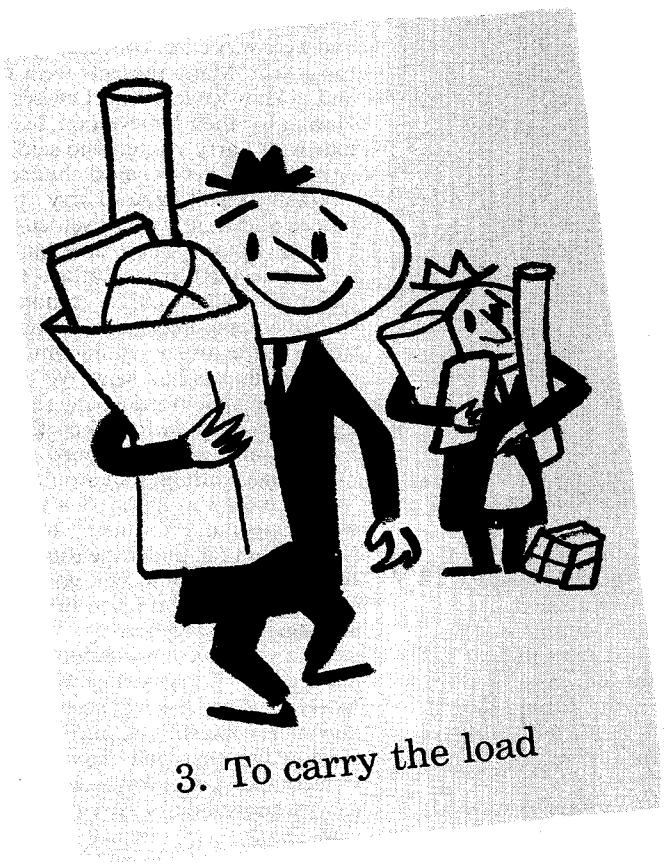
2. For adequate coverage

4. For all your property insurance



3. To carry the load

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Willing Victim (Continued from Page 34)

courage, he went spectacularly on the make for Mrs. Gebhart, a notable charmer regrettably no longer here; in the small hours, a few friends had to separate Larry and Mr. Gebhart, an elderly man, before blows were exchanged. Mrs. Gebhart is presently in Mexico City, and not Mrs. Gebhart.

None of these things made Larry bulk very large in our minds. We have heavier drinkers, more quarrelsome card and golf players, and many quick and unsanctioned romances. Larry was reliable, he looked good for the long pull, and we were accustomed to him.

We can't remember when he first met Lilian. We first noticed them together at a swimming party at the club. He squired her to one place or another after that, always leaving with her at eleven-thirty, which was the hour she preferred for going home. Lilian was not courting popularity and he had her to himself. Still, his attentions weren't too obvious. People didn't automatically think of inviting them together, nor was the association regarded as serious. Larry was used to making his own living, he wasn't in debt, and the three kids by another man constituted a hazard. And, anyway, our boy seemed to be a confirmed loner at his age.

A year passed. Then, at a country-club party which got a little boisterous toward the close of a thundery evening, one of us was talking to Larry as he sat on the terrace, sipping a champagne cocktail. The subject of Lilian came up because she had smilingly and quietly left just before with some other sensible people; Larry had brought her, but he didn't want to leave.

"Lilian," Larry said. "Did you ever meet anyone so restful or assured? Even her kids don't carry on the way other kids do. Do you know why?"

"No, Larry."

"I'll tell you," Larry said. "It's because she's so rich—far richer than anybody suspects. And she's been rich all her life. And the kids are going to be rich all their lives. It's comfortable, pal. I don't know how to describe it. You're just well off, that's all. You may not be entirely happy, but you're not unhappy either. You've got it made."

"So?"

"So," Larry said, moving to go inside because it was beginning to rain warm drops, "Lilian asked me to marry her a week ago, and I told her I'd think it over. I've thought it over. I want to be comfortable too. Second-hand comfortable, if you know what I mean. Why not get my troubles over with?"

"What troubles?"

"We all have troubles, pal," Larry said. "It's a long, uphill pull, and unless you become president of General Motors you're never safe like Lilian is safe. I love her, I'll make a good husband, and Lilian's children are fond of me. Besides, I'm a little afraid of Lilian, and I want to prove to myself I'm not a coward."

"You're kidding!"

"I have to work for a living," Larry said. "I want to go on working for a living and know I don't have to. That's honest-to-God pleasure. Since everybody around here is bound to say it anyhow, I want to make my intentions clear at the start: I'm marrying a divorcee with three kids because I like her and because of her money, which I don't intend to use."

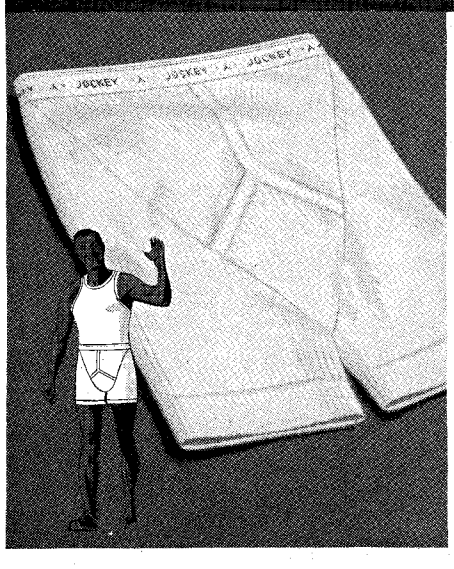
In three months Larry did marry Lilian. She believed in churchgoing, weddings and christenings, and the church, which hadn't been doing much better than the movies, was full. The two daughters of Lilian served as flower girls and were very cute. The reception was not too lavish. Many presents were received and acknowledged. The Lewises flew to Hawaii for their honeymoon, leaving the kids with Larry's aunt, who said she had never seen better-behaved children.

When Lilian and Larry returned, tanned and healthy, they settled down in Lilian's house. They entertained and seemed devoted to each other. The three children called Larry "daddy." He started commuting again, and on the way would tell us of something amusing one of his little pals had said. We liked how he was taking it in stride, and thought the marriage was good for all parties, except Larry's aunt, who mentioned the nights were longer without him around.

Poor men who marry rich women get what is coming to them, but we felt Larry didn't fall under the usual heading. He was a shade innocent, good-natured, and meant well, and loved little children, and she had asked him.

Two years went by before any of us noticed that Larry was coming unstuck. By then the process was accelerating. His downfall began with sailing on the Sound. He doted on that, and had for years, and wanted to make his foster children sailors too. A larger boat was required, and he was setting out to buy one when the iron hand was removed briefly from the velvet glove and he got a few lumps. Lilian didn't approve of ostentatious yawls. They were a bad investment. Sailing was too much work. She would be quite content with a thirty-foot cabin cruiser.

Larry was very patient. He explained a sailor's normal aversion to stink-boating.



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He dilated upon his ambitions for the kids. He offered to use his own money, at least as a down payment. Lilian smiled steadily and kept her voice low. They rented a thirty-foot cabin cruiser that summer and stayed close inshore.

The change in Larry was slow but complete. He went home at eleven-thirty at night, used care in his drinking, cleaned up his jokes in and out of Lilian's presence because she didn't care for the other kind, and showed a tendency toward freezing at the sight of gay strangers. He looked a bit older, and spoke often of the responsibilities connected with being a parent once-removed. His tennis playing stopped entirely, and he shot ragged golf. The card tables knew him not. At the Christmas Eve party at the club, he stayed only until Auld Lang Syne was sung, dutifully kissed Lilian, and departed sober. When he attended the theater these days he never sat in the second row center, but he did have very good seats in church, surrounded by his family.

His aunt reported nothing whatever was the matter; Larry merely had a low-grade infection and was a bit run down.

Presently he had to leave Hansird and Loughlin. It was a bitter cud for him to chew, but he saw his duty and did it. Lilian was indeed richer than most of us had suspected, and the postwar boom hadn't done her holdings harm. She needed a full-time man to guard her interests.

Soon Larry was installed in a little office his wife had personally and cheaply decorated, with a homely secretary out front. The effect on him of being removed from all care was odd. He took to working harder than ever, caught earlier trains in the morning and later trains at night, and grew patches of gray at his temples. His forte was not administration. Now he was trapped waist-deep in it. Lilian's assets required the closest watching, and the tax problem alone—he was no expert at this either—was tremendous.

A female operative of ours mentioned his new attitude to Lilian. She smiled, and her habitual reserve melted slightly.

"Lawrence is a very good boy," she said. "He's getting better all the time. Someday we're going to be proud of him, aren't we?"

One evening Larry stayed in town to attend the reunion of the squadron he had flown with in World War Two. We had a man there, and he reported that Lawrence was not so good a boy as he might have been and talked of his unhappiness.

"She stands up on tiptoe and I bend down," he said, "and she looks me right in the eye. And I quail. Do you know what 'quail' means? I don't mean underage girls or birds you shoot. I mean being scared and feeling inferior—speaking to somebody who has been there and come back, and has you frightened and knows it. That's me, chum. One little error and I'll never come out from the bushes again."

Eventually Lilian gave her husband a partner, an accountant and sort of unfrocked lawyer who was better at details than Larry, and our boy took to catching the trains the executives rode and sometimes stayed away from town for several days at a stretch. Lilian bought him a woodworking outfit as a birthday present, so he could construct benches and end tables and latticeworks suitable for grape arbors. He tried to build a rowboat and failed. But it passed the hours for him. His wife, he told people, liked to have him around for driving the station wagon and playing a few hands of rummy when she wasn't busy with her household duties.

A night came when he went off the reservation. The incident resembled the one when he had gone so spectacularly for Mrs. Gebhart, and again the scene was the same—a club dance. Somebody had brought a tall, lean, dangerous model from New York, and suddenly Larry, tired of it all, drank several pale gins on an empty stomach and launched himself on the import. She, having taken an instant dislike to Lilian, encouraged Larry. The man with her did not. At length, on the lawn in front of the clubhouse terrace, he bloodied Larry's nose. Larry got up from the damp grass and knocked the man cold, fracturing two fingers in his right hand. There was talk of complaining to the police or lawsuits, but nothing further happened.

General opinion conceded that Lilian behaved magnificently. She kept smiling, didn't raise her voice, spoke not a single word of reproof to Larry, and went quietly home by herself at eleven-thirty. One doctor, who was present, taped Larry's hand and drove him to what a few of us had taken to referring to as "Manderlay" about two o'clock in the morning. The house was silent and dark and the doors bolted. Larry couldn't use his key. Ringing the doorbell was something he would not do, but the doctor did. He rang and rang without avail. Larry was taken to a hotel.

There was no question of the revolt continuing. Larry's spirit was broken. He wanted only to reinstate himself with Lilian and receive her pardon. He assured the doctor his main concern was the kids; he had grown to love them, and he couldn't bear the thought of them growing up with the conviction that their foster father was a bum.

Two days were consumed in bringing Lilian to bay. By then Larry had dark rings around his eyes. Finally she met with him at a tearoom in New Canaan, grave and serene, and Larry took her hands in his own perspiring ones and promised to go straight forevermore. He said he hated himself. He wanted to know how much the kids had been told. He said to Lilian he wasn't good enough for her. She took him back, and suggested they go to Europe for a holiday.

One of our best informants, in marital trouble herself, actually wormed her way into Lilian's confidence about this time by coming to her for advice.

"My dear," Lilian said, "as you know, I've had some little difficulties myself. Well, you don't fire a maid for breaking one cup and saucer, do you? If they're promising, you retrain them in the way you do things. Running a house isn't so different from running a marriage. It just takes longer to get settled. Men need gradual pressure put upon them. Most of them come around. I was too hasty in my first divorce, and I don't intend to make the same mistake twice. A wife should forgive, but she should never forget."

Apparently Lilian applied the old pressure. Larry simply folded up and disappeared. Everybody hoped the children would move over to Larry's side and mitigate his punishment; it seemed impossible that they didn't like him better than their mother. But Lilian's power had become absolute: the youngsters were as well behaved as ever, and gave no indications of divided allegiance. They were scattered around in boarding schools for the duration.

As Lilian and Larry were ready to leave, Larry's aunt unobtrusively died. Her funeral was in the Lewises' church. Lilian's iron mother came, in a new limousine. She was unchanged in appearance and evidently immortal, which gave us an idea of how long Larry had signed up for with the next generation.

The sole beneficiary of his aunt's will, he inherited twenty-eight thousand dollars, tax paid, and departed on the journey.

The Lewises were gone several months, and we'd almost forgotten them by the time they returned. When they began to make their small rounds again, the outward difference between them was considerable. Lilian, although calm and smiling, and unemotional as before,

"Better luck next time."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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managed to look both fatter and a bit more drawn. There was a faint cleft of worriment between her eyebrows and a vaguely dissatisfied quirk at the ends of her mouth. But Larry seemed to be blooming. He had been permanently dispossessed from his little office during his absence, and the accountant was in full charge. Being relieved of any responsibility and being put out to pasture seemed to agree with him.

Travel had broadened Larry. Exposure to England had hit our boy hard. His accent was broader, sometimes he emitted fruity, public-school vowels, and his mumble was harder to catch than previously. He wore skimpy tweed coats, double-vented in the back, and flannel slacks, evidently from a tailor who was short of material, which ended high above the insteps of his incredibly thick-soled brogues. When he made one of his infrequent trips to Manhattan, he wore a bowler, and never failed to carry a tightly rolled umbrella.

He sold his American sedan and bought a small British roadster which had a fearfully loud exhaust and no protection from the elements. Rain or shine, he drove it on his appointed rounds. Lilian accompanied him as often as possible, but when the weather was inclement she would appear in the family station wagon.

Larry stopped smoking cigarettes and took to using a pipe. He said he preferred un-iced beer and drank warm whisky-and-sodas. He called people "old man" and "stout fellow," and grew pale with indignation at the way the United States had sabotaged Great Britain and France during the Suez crisis. His tailor, whom he often mentioned, was located in Savile Row, and his shirtmakers in Jermyn Street. His hats came from Lock's and Herbert Johnson's. He had a whole set of umbrellas—from Swaine and Adeney's in Piccadilly, naturally.

At first we were fascinated. We tried to draw him out, and found him not at all loath to mention the head porter at Claridge's, a great man he had come to know well, and a few assorted members of the aristocracy. He confessed to a surpassing love for London, dating from the moment he had first set eyes upon it. He adored shopping on Bond Street, belonged to a couple of good clubs in St. James's and had his bootmaker there, and never tired of going to the Tate Gallery or up the Thames to a quaint old tavern. He had spent a weekend with a county family and enjoyed every moment. His fondest hope was to return to the United Kingdom for a long stay. Already he had a charming flat picked out on Upper Brook Street within shouting distance of everything.

The trouble was, he said, that dear old Lilian didn't much approve of the idea. Felt there was too much tiddly connected with moving and that sort of thing, old boy.

We decided the strain had been too much for Larry, and he had simply blown it. A good many amateur as well as professional psychologists inhabited our area, and the explanations for Larry's odd conduct were manifold. Boiled down, they added up to one word, "compensation." The poor guy was merely compensating for having been reduced to absolute slavery. In any case, many of our fellows were addicted to sports cars, odd clothing, borrowed accents, and so forth. These were certainly less deleterious than commandeering other men's wives or going to health farms for extended periods of drying out.

Interest in Larry flagged. Lilian's pinched air was attributed to the preliminaries of the sunset years and the rigors of watching her money. But a couple of items came to light which restored the Lewises to public interest.

One was from a Wall Street type, in his cups, who narrated Larry's stock-market adventures with his aunt's legacy. He had become the speculative kind of investor. Originally he'd had no luck; the twenty-eight thousand had sunk to five or six. Then he had invested in cheap uranium stocks and struck it lucky on a single Canadian issue. The man telling the story in Darien was of the opinion that Larry now had fifty or sixty thousand and was still going strong. Apparently Lilian knew nothing of Larry's gambling.

The other revelation came from Larry himself. Like our broker informant, Larry's tongue had been loosened by a few too many whisky-and-splashes after a round of golf at the club. Somebody asked him about his European trip.

"We had a fine trip," he said. "Lilian had been before, but it was all new to me. We went first to Italy, where we saw everything because Lilian believes it costs so much to get there and back that you can't afford to miss a single sight. We were also in France, but she felt that was too expensive. So we went to Spain and stayed for a while on the Costa Brava, and Lilian was happy there—it was very reasonable. We almost recaptured the raptures of our honeymoon, and at much less per day. It wasn't much of a honeymoon, but we almost did recapture it."

When a teen-age girl is not interested in boys, it's usually because a more mature type is around. JOE RYAN

One of his listeners mentioned England. They were surprised to learn the Lewises had spent very little time there; only a few weeks.

"Lilian hates England," Larry said, with great cheerfulness. "Didn't you know? As a girl, she was put in a boarding school in Suffolk by her parents. She nearly froze to death, and disliked all the English she met. There was no hot water, and her most vivid youthful memories are of standing up against fireplaces, her dresses hiked up and her backside exposed, trying to get warm. She had chilblains and her thighs got all red and spotty. She didn't do well in her studies and ran away, and finally her parents had to put her in a school in Switzerland, where she managed to get warm. Now she has the same aversion for Britons and things British that she has for people with certain religions and those who spend their money recklessly." He turned to the waiter. "One more round, if you please, old fellow, and then a chit for me to sign. I must beetle home to my faithful spouse."

Larry's lapse in the club bar gave rise to conjecture. Some argued that he was merely crazy. Others assumed that he was engaged in a childish attempt to annoy Lilian. Only a few comprehended, at the beginning, the true extent and depth of his malevolent campaign. Actually, with the unconscious aid of the British Empire, he was bent upon obtaining his freedom and a measure of revenge.

The hard core of the curious in our group continued the investigation on new lines. Presently fresh evidence was uncovered. Apparently Lilian had taken exception to a few of her husband's peculiarities. Somebody's maid knew the Lewises' maid, and fruitful connections were established; the Lewis maid confided in the

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other maid, and that individual to her mistress. The better informed among us were soon aware that things were shaping up in Larry's household.

As a sample, one morning Lilian betrayed an unladylike resentment of Larry's breakfast conversation. He was prattling happily of the Grand National, Her Majesty's interest in horses, and of his plans for attempting to form a cricket club. Lilian cut him short.

"I think you're going crazy," she said. "You're becoming a laughingstock around here. Heaven knows it isn't costing much—I've been watching your expenditures carefully—but you are ridiculous. And you're making me ridiculous. I suppose you'd better go back to work."

"Now, now," Larry said. "Steady on, old girl. I've retired."

"Don't call me 'old girl'!" Lilian said loudly.

"Right-ho," Larry said. "I can't change my manners or what I admire most in the world, but I shall do your bidding, love. We must not have you made ridiculous. I'll have a go at returning to the city. Straightaway."

"In a black coat and striped trousers?" Lilian asked, in a fluty voice. "In a bowler? With the umbrella?"

"What else would a gentleman wear?" Larry said. "What would old Hodges in Savile Row say if I weren't got up properly?"

"You're insane!" Lilian cried. "I'm going to have you committed!"

She arose and went to her room, leaving her breakfast almost uneaten.

But Larry was not committed. Instead, he failed to find employment, bought a pair of binoculars, and took to watching birds in the woods. He wrote several letters on the subject to The New York Times, one of which was printed. Everybody mentioned it to Lilian with amusement. Lilian was not amused.

Her first public utterance against Larry's mania came at a small decorous party. Larry, slightly flushed from restoring his tissues with several pints of bitter he had brought himself in a brief case, was holding forth on the subject of our cousins' having let go of India. He felt order and decency had been severely shaken by this act. Closer ties among the nations of the Commonwealth, he thought, were the only means of rectifying the mistake. He ended by quoting a few sonorous phrases from Sir Winston Churchill. At which point his wife leaped to her feet.

"I've had enough of the Empire and India," she said. She was white-faced and nearly trembling. "Either we start talking about the Republicans and what Ike's done to them, or else I'm going home."

"As you wish, old girl," Larry agreed. "I suppose I am a bit of a bore, and should leave the Empire problems to the blokes in Whitehall. Do carry on with your Republicans."

"My Republicans!" Lilian said.

But then she grew quiet and said no more that evening. However, we were all on the hook now. We felt the drama had not much farther to run.

The finish of the Lewis idyll occurred at the annual Founders' Night dinner dance at the club. As a recently appointed member of the board of governors, Larry was seated at the main table with the other stuffy, sober, important people. With him was his wife, rather bulging out of a strapless dress. Lately she seemed to have been eating a dangerous amount. People suggested this was a form of compensation—that she was quite unhappy with the Empire and needed the Freudian reassurance of stuffing herself.

Things proceeded quietly until dessert was served. Overseeing the most important table, the steward wore a deprecatory smile when bowls of a pallid, watery substance, decorated by a few raisins, were served to the diners. Someone incredulously asked what it was.

"My idea, old man," Larry said. "I was appointed head wallah in charge of the dinner tonight, you know, and I thought you might all be amused by a typically English dessert. One gets it everywhere, even on the continent. In fact, the Italians call it ——"

"*Sopa Inglésa!*" Lilian said, in a voice of such power that it stopped conversation all over the room. "English soup. That's what it is—soup. Or slop! I had it every night for a year, after the mutton and the Brussels sprouts! And my joints were swollen and aching!" She pounded the table. "I tell you it's a windshield, not a windscreen! It's a hood, not a bonnet! It's not a dual carriageway, it's a parkway! They're not boots, they're shoes! It's a station wagon, not a shooting brake! Pants are what men wear outside, not inside! They're setting-up exercises, not physical jerks! It's a freight train, not a goods train! It's a circle, not a roundabout! Trucks are not lorries! They're bars, not pubs! I want crackers, not biscuits! And I'm sick of tea and I'm sick of you!"

Overcome by grief and madness, Lilian dissolved in tears. Kindly ladies took her away to the ladies' lounge, and spent an hour restoring her to something approximating reason. Then she was removed to a rest home in New Canaan, where the only visitor permitted was her lawyer.

Larry remained at the dinner, and, as the night wore on, got, as he said, a bit squiffed. He also said he was merry as a grig, and he looked it. In due course, the Lewises were divorced. Lilian was in a frightful state, but Larry's refusal to take anything from her, including community property, brought the sunshine back in her smile, he reported. The children wanted to go with him, but they couldn't afford it.

He now drives an American car and drinks a bit too much. Martinis. He is back in Hansird and Loughlin, and brings appallingly thin models to our parties. You couldn't tell him from any other happy American. THE END

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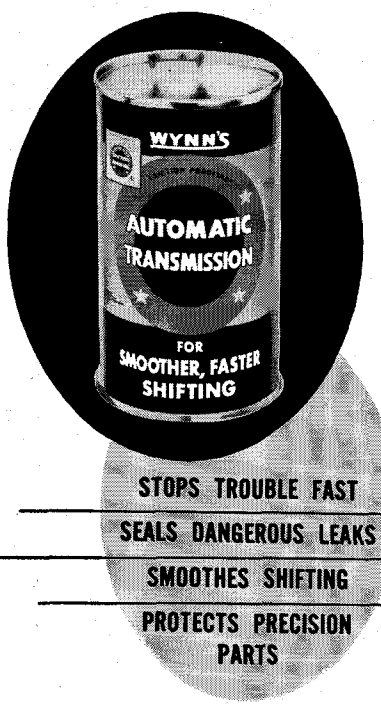

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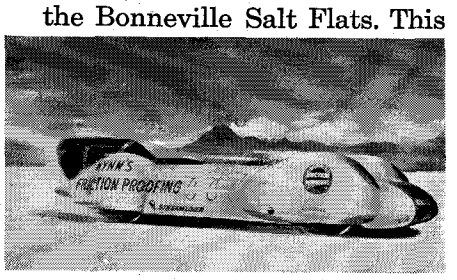

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Bold Loser (Continued from Page 26)

cheerful disposition, the trip had seemed like a long picnic. In the high mountains the aspens still had their spring green and silver. She always would remember that; and how mourning doves called in valleys of blossoming chokecherry bushes; and the diamond clearness of creeks where water flows over the sunken ledges and trout balance above their shadows at noon, long as her arm from elbow to fingertips. And she never would forget the songs Adam Tenney sang. He had a very good voice, Adam did. And he was strong-minded too.

He certainly had kept his promise to her; not once during the whole expedition had he tried to persuade her to give up the idea of staying in Virginia City and come home with him. Amanda had to keep congratulating him mentally for that, but still she kept thinking for some reason about the last time he had proposed to her, back in Salt Lake. The whole thing seemed by now sort of sad and charming, like a picture in a book, something over and done with.

"Marry me," he had said, sprawled on the grass in his Sunday suit, "and I'll buy you your own buggy, so's you can get away from me as often as you want."

She had said, severely because he could never be serious, "I don't want to get away from you, Adam. I'm very fond of you and always have been. I just don't wish to get married."

"Why not? I'm good-looking, strong, religious. Got money in the bank. Play the harmonica."

She sighed and looked out across the park. "I want to see someplace besides Utah before it's too late. Thought I would go and stay with my cousin in Virginia City a year. She says they're in bad need of schoolteachers."

"Virginia City isn't much of a town, I hear. And the men there are homely as a mud fence." He rolled over, chewing a grass blade, and looked up into her face. "I could get my brother to come over officially, as Bishop Tenney, and soften your heart towards me. I could probably get the whole Ward Bishopric. They all think you and I should get married."

"Damn it!" she said suddenly, startling several fellow Mormons nearby. "You haven't got any imagination, Adam, that's all. I always know everything you're going to do, every word you're going to say. A person has to have some surprises in life."

"Well, what would you like me to do? Sign up for a pony-express rider? Start being more tricky with my business?"

"You couldn't trick a turtle," she said. "No, Adam, we just would not be happy together. I'm going to Montana."

He stroked the wiry red gold of his beard thoughtfully, and a feeling of sorrow sharp as the taste of lemon came to her as she watched. A handsome young man, he was, fine, honest, ambitious—and simple as a plate.

"Well, Manda," he said after a time, "all right, if that's the way you have to have it. If you'll wait a couple of weeks, though, you can go with me. I've about made up my mind to take a wagon train of flour to Virginia City. I hear it's selling very high."

So that was the way it had been decided.

But everybody had tried to talk Adam out of the Montana venture, including his brother, Bishop Tenney.

Ephraim had said, "Well, Adam, I can't stop you from making this trip, but I'd like to. My heart misgives me to think of the risks."

"I can't afford not to go through with it, Eph. Flour's selling in Montana right now for a hundred ninety dollars a hundred pounds. I ought to be able to clear close to half that much from the wholesaler."

"Makes no difference how much you clear if you can't get it home. You're sure to get paid in gold dust, and every road agent this side of the Rockies will be laying for you on the way back."

Adam shifted in his chair. "Yes. Well, it may take some thinking out," he admitted.

"Furthermore," Ephraim went on, "you have to consider your moral responsibility toward your men. Many of them are young and have never been away from Zion. Virginia City is a sink of iniquity, full of drinking, gambling, vice of all kinds. A long, arduous journey, followed by such temptations, might prove too much for them."

"Oh, I don't think there's much call to worry about that."

"Nobody is proof against the devices of the devil, Adam. I myself am not, nor are you. And once the wrong path is taken, it's hard to return. I could introduce you to two men right here in Salt Lake, one of them high up in the Church, who were once amongst the slickest card sharks in the West. They could tell you ——"

"Well, even so, Eph, my mind's made up and I'm going. If you really are worried, though, I'll bet you. Wagon and three yoke of oxen."

"That what? You can bring the gold dust home?"

"Oh, no; that's too risky. I meant about my taking to vice."

Ephraim looked sternly at his brother to see whether he was being frivolous. "All right," he said, "I'll take the wager. Not because I think you will succumb to temptation, but as a means of insurance against the possibility. Three yoke of oxen, you said?" They shook hands.

No doubt about it, Virginia City looked like a pretty good-sized town after all that time on the road. Nothing to compare with Salt Lake or even Ogden, of course, being shanty built and rough, but there was a lot going on. From the commissary wagon, last of the line-up at the warehouse, Harvey Bates and Amanda watched the street aboil with dust and armed men.

Then Amanda felt a little sick, and took hold of Bates' arm. "Look over there, Harvey. Those two." Across the street, slouched against the hitching post, were a short, thickset man and a taller one with graying sideburns. Their attention was on the unloading and weighing of the flour.

"Brigham City!" Bates said, squinting into the glare. "Them two riders that stopped to water at the spring that night and was so close-mouthed."

"They seem a lot more interested in us today," Amanda said. There was no call to worry. Of course not. But she sighed, shifted on the seat board, twisted her fingers in the strings of her sunbonnet.

Inside the company office, Adam was finishing up his business. Into the last of a stack of small handmade buckskin bags the clerk weighed a thousand dollars in gold dust. It ran down smooth as oil, pretty as silk.

The clerk tied the strings, dipped the end in red sealing wax, carefully stamped it with a letter *T* and put it with the pile on the table. Upwards of fifty thousand dollars lay there looking like a dumped-out basket of potatoes.

Adam loaded these into a sack, tied the neck and stepped outside. Six of his men gathered around with hands resting uneasily in the vicinity of their holsters.

"Where to?" McAllister asked.

"Let's pull out of town a ways and balance up the books. Meantime, I'd be obliged if Brother Willard would take his wagon and see Sister James to her cousin's place."

She swung down and faced him. "I guess we're saying good-by?"

"Oh, no," Adam said. "We'll be around for two, three days yet, getting set and repairing the wagons. I'll see you before we pull out, get your messages to take home, and all. And, Manda"—he gripped her wrist hard with his free hand and a strange look came over his face—"Manda, whatever you may hear about me from now on, don't be too hard on me. You'll know who's to blame."

Something like fear held her so still she could hear a heart beating, hers or his. She said, "Don't talk crazy, Adam," and pulled away, hurrying toward Brother Willard's wagon.

Two miles outside of town Adam stopped by the river to make camp. He got his ledgers and pens together and shut himself up with these and the gold dust in the commissary wagon, and nobody saw him again till morning. Then he came out, talked to McAllister about getting the harness patched, worked a couple of hours on the shoeing crew, and in the late afternoon trimmed his beard, took a bath and got all dressed up. Afterward the men said he had acted perfectly normal, giving no sign of the awful evening to come.

Bates McAllister, Willard and two or three others rode with him into town. They had supper together in a restaurant, and then Adam disappeared for about an hour.

The others, wandering in a tight bunch from one dance hall to the next, finally caught up with him. He was leaning on the bar twirling an empty glass and talking and laughing a lot with a frizzed, questionable-looking woman. Bates had a little difficulty getting him to come away, and the rest noticed Adam seemed to be having trouble focusing his eyes. Going out the door, he caught his heel and nearly fell. Brother Willard helped him somewhat grimly, and looks were traded across his head.

Stubborn, he refused to go back to camp. The brethren followed his rather wandering lead into the next place, where Adam remarked how stuffy it was and went over to the bar by himself. He came back grinning and pounded Willard on the back, advising him to have fun.

About ten o'clock they came to a gambling hall where the stakes were very high. In the sick yellow light of a lantern hung over the table sat a lanky man with clean fingernails and long gray sideburns, staring droop-lidded at his cards. A short thick-barreled man stood behind his chair, looking on. "That's them," Bates muttered, nudging Adam, but he didn't seem to hear. He stood absorbed in the game.

The cards went down. One of the players shoved his chair back and got up, broke. Somebody called him over to the bar and stood him a drink.

Adam gripped the back of the empty chair. "Steady now, pardner," a voice said, but the tall man looked straight up at him. Adam glanced questioningly around, seemed embarrassed when he saw the dealer nod again, and sat down. "Chips," he said firmly enough, and put a small buckskin bag on the table. A mutter came from the watchers as the gold was weighed out and the thousand-dollar pile of chips stacked up. It took Adam some time to arrange his cards because he had to use both hands. "Slippery," he said. "I can handle a bullwhip better."

Even so, he won sixty dollars the first time and eighty-five the next. "Save my place," he ordered Bates, and got up and went to the bar. The men had a quick conference in whispers.

"Brother Tenney—Adam," Willard said, when he (*Continued on Page 88*)

"I don't know anything about art, but I know fat when I see it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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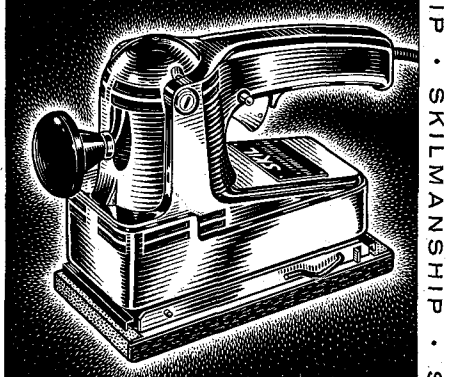

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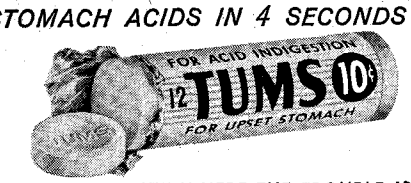

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(*Continued from Page 86*) came unevenly back, bumping chairs, "fortune has been with you tonight. Let us take your winnings and go back to camp." Adam smiled good-naturedly and sat down.

That game cost Adam three hundred and twenty dollars. This seemed to shake him. He sat up straight then and studied his next hand for a long time, so quiet everybody could hear the watch ticking in his pocket. Then he shoved all the rest of his chips in. The dealer stayed; the rest dropped out. Adam and the tall man looked at each other. Adam got another sack of dust out of his pocket and laid it gently on the table. "Oh, heaven," Bates groaned; he was a sensitive, very excitable young man. The gambler put a second sack on the table. For a moment Adam sat stroking his beard and whistling between his teeth. Then, with sudden decision, he asked for time to get more dust.

"Granted," the dealer said in a soft, pleasant voice, "and I'll do the same. I bank here with the saloonkeeper."

"Bates, you stay here and make sure nobody changes the cards." Adam laid them face down, unsheathed his belt knife and pinned them to the table. Smiling, the dealer did the same with his. Adam went out into the dark.

Before he got back, the news had spread, and he could hardly force his way back into the room. A voice yelled, "Two to one on Mormon boy," and the betting flared like a brush fire. Somebody handed Adam a glass, and he spilled most of it in his beard and down his front, brushing the drops away clumsily.

Bates pleaded, "Don't go through with it, Adam," and took hold of his arm. "You ain't yourself tonight. Don't throw good money after bad."

"You tend to your own business, Harvey." His face was red with excitement or liquor. Willard had gone outside long ago, to wait, as he put it, "in the clean air in the decent company of animals." Bates should now have joined him, but he could not move. Across the knife handles erect on the table, Adam and the gambler matched each other bag for thousand-dollar bag. There was no talking. Service stopped at the bar. Cigars went out and stayed unlit. After a while one of the cigars came out of its owner's mouth long enough for a remark. "Freighter's bet every last living sack we filled for him today." The silence came back.

Now the gambler nodded, and Adam pulled his blade out of the cards and turned them over. Four queens and the ace of spades.

The dealer pulled his knife out, looked at the point to see if it was bent, put it back in its sheath, and then turned his cards over one at a time. There were four kings and a jack.

Adam pressed his temples between thumb and finger tips. He must have been getting a bad headache by then.

The gambler turned and beckoned to the saloonkeeper. "Nat, I want to buy this man a gallon of whisky."

"No need," Adam said with drunken pride. "No hard feelings, either. No, I'm going back to Salt Lake City for another load of flour. And next time I'll win."

There were loud cheers at this, and even louder offers to help the winner carry his baggage home. He let a smile twist his mouth, gathering the little bags into a seamless sack. Oh, no, thanks. He'd leave everything with the saloonkeeper, same as usual. Nobody's life would be worth a nickel if he walked out with that much dust.

Next morning, Adam's crew, quiet and disgusted, looked at his motionless boots poking out of the commissary wagon into the sunlight. Still drunk as a hog, he was—but after all, it was his future ruined, not theirs. No need to have such strong feelings about it. They went on loading up and let him lie.

Amanda, having taken in the scene—half-empty whisky jug, matted beard, open mouth, unbuttoned shirt—came back out of the wagon with her good-by unsaid and turned to Harvey Bates. She felt strangely strong, clear-headed, and calm.

"Harvey," she said, "Adam's ruined and sick. His name will be a hiss and a byword all over Utah. Somebody has to help him, stay with him. He might even try to kill himself when he realizes what he's done." Bates nodded, grieving. "Oh, I can't hold myself free of blame. He warned me in so many words. But I didn't listen. Well, it's my duty to do what I can for him now. I'm going back to Salt Lake with the train."

Bates said, "You're a good woman, Manda. I'll help you get your gear."

Their departure from the camp was a funeral procession. Even the weather had changed; the sky turned steel gray and a harsh, fitful wind came up to throw grit in the drivers' faces. The almost-empty wagons pitched and banged over the rocks. Nobody had much to say.

Not even McAllister had thought about the possibility of any further trouble, and the outriders had been hanging around the lead wagon not even pretending to look out the route ahead. So it was hardly surprising that around two o'clock they ran into a roadblock with their eyes wide open, like fish into a net.

There were boulders piled axle high between the two sides of a deep cut, and hardly a man in the train so much as moved a hand toward his gun before the place was an antbed of road agents.

The leader had a handkerchief tied across his nose and sat looking down his rifle barrel with little, red-rimmed, squinting eyes.

McAllister said to him, "Sure looks like you got the jump on us, mister," but Bates couldn't hold back a snort of a laugh at the thought of all the work these bandits had gone to for nothing. They surely needed to improve their spy system someplace along the line.

"I'll see the train boss," was all the leader said, and Bates jerked a thumb toward the wagon behind.

He'd see the train boss, all right, but the train boss wouldn't see him. Adam was still snoring.

When the leader came out, he was dangling his gun from one hand and Adam's jug from the other. He was swearing in a quiet conversational voice. It was amazing how he just went on and on. It was quite interesting, in a way, for young men from Utah to hear him. Bates gathered that this was the first train that had come through here for close to a week, and it sure was disappointing to stop one this size and find it belonged to that coot-crazy Mormon freighter who'd turned his pants pockets inside out at the card table.

After a while he stopped expressing his feelings for a second, and one of the others said, "Well, I see we got some whisky out of it, anyhow."

"Yes," the leader said, "he sure can't take no more today. We'll drink to better gambling luck for him next time."

This brought a laugh, not very hearty, from some of the rest, and they started straggling off into the timber like a gang of boys wondering what to do with the rest of the afternoon. Meantime, Adam went on resting.

For the rest of the weeks they spent on the road he was very silent and kept to himself, even though most of the men went out of their way to speak to him and show him they weren't setting themselves up to judge his actions.

Amanda took a lot of time trying to encourage him with talk about the future.

"We'll both work hard," she'd say, "and get the books straight again. Then in five, six years, maybe, we can afford to get married and move out to Pleasant Grove, where there aren't so many temptations."

But he wouldn't join in her planning, seeming content to sit on the ground with his head against her knee and hold her hand. She wouldn't allow him any more privileges than that, because it was going to be a long engagement, full of difficulties. No use giving the devil more of a foothold with Adam than he already had.

... ...

Lines in Which
I Try to Modify a View
Held by Many Women

Not all the seated males upon
A crowded bus today
Can watch, unmoved, while
women stand.
Some have to look away.

Richard Wheeler

... ...

It was late summer when they pulled into Salt Lake City. Amanda, dark as an Ouray squaw in spite of her bonnet, felt an ache of tears in her nose and could not swallow. How wide the streets were, with their green shade trees.

Nothing was changed but her own life. She thought with a little bitterness how young she had been last time she rode past that assay office, how confident that the world held only good surprises. Less than a summer ago. But if she had stayed in Salt Lake, she might never have become engaged to Adam.

With this thought she turned and put her hand over his, holding the bullwhip. He gave a sort of sigh, almost happy, and leaned over and kissed her, in the middle of town, in full daylight.

The wagons moved on past the tithing yard and the gray cliffs of the Temple, past the solid bulk of the Z.C.M.I. department store with its windows full of summer dimities and parasols and wicker porch furniture, and straight on to the Yard, where they stopped finally in front of the office.

It took no more than half an hour to check the extras in. The greetings were noisy; questions flew like flies through the crowd, but nobody wanted to take it on himself to talk about the business end of the expedition. That was left for Adam.

Adam, however, was too busy to talk at all right then. He was inside the commissary wagon taking lids off the axle-grease buckets, scooping out of each one an inch-thick layer of grease and paper, and dumping out buckskin bags sealed with red wax and stamped with the letter *T*.

After a time Ephraim arrived to join the huddle of loudly flabbergasted observers, and standing near him were two strangers. Amanda looked up into a narrow face with deepset eyes and gray side whiskers, and all at once she began

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feeling very weak and hot, and, what with one thing and another, fainted.

She came to, lying with her head in Adam's lap on the back seat of a buggy. She could see Ephraim's upright back against the sky and feel the rocking trot of a horse.

"Adam," she said, "who were those men?"

"Which ones?"

"You know. The two at Brigham City. The one you gambled with at Virginia City. What's he doing here?"

"Oh, him. Why, he lives here. They both do, in the Sixth Ward. He was just returning three bags of dust he was keeping for me. By the way, Eph, he said they cleared around six thousand dollars extra, just gambling in Virginia City while they waited for the train to come in. Besides the five hundred apiece I paid. Still, I don't begrudge it."

Ephraim cleared his throat. "Adam, I think Sister James is entitled to an explanation. What happened, Sister James, was that Adam found it necessary to engage in a few theatricals in order to bring back the honest profits of his venture in Montana. He hired two reformed gambling men to teach him the rudiments of card playing, and arranged that it should appear he had lost all his money to them."

"I see," she said. "Why didn't you tell me this, Adam? Was I not to be trusted?"

"I was afraid you wouldn't come back with me to Utah if you thought I had sense enough to make the trip alone."

She sat upright. Hurt pride kept her quiet a minute or two before she had to ask, "But what about all those bags of dust the saloonkeeper locked up that night?"

"Them? Oh, I guess they're still there."

Ephraim said, "They were loaded with sand and lead filings. Adam and I spent several evenings filing up lead bars before he left Salt Lake. These we packed into the axle-grease buckets. Adam replaced them with the real gold dust for the return trip. I think he is to be congratulated for a truly ingenious plan."

Adam took Amanda's hand, and after a moment of indecision she left it there. Ingenious, Adam might be, she told herself, but he'd have to be more foxy still to get within smelling distance of spirituous liquors from now on. She had seen him lying hapless and besotted that morning outside Virginia City; her eye was not to be deceived.

"Adam dear," she said, "I've seen several fine performances at the Salt Lake Theater, but never one better than yours. I doubt whether most professional actors prepare for a scene as thoroughly as you did."

"Oh, you mean about being a drunkard, and so on." He stopped, evidently depressed. "Yes; well, I may have overdone it a little there. Things like that tend to get a really sinister hold on a man."

Repentantly she squeezed his hand. She never would reproach him again. Somehow they would vanquish this thing.

Half an hour later, out in the stable unhitching the horse, Ephraim said to his brother, "Sister James was right, Adam. You were playing a more dangerous game than you knew when you allowed intoxicants to cross your lips. I pray that you may find it possible to burst the bonds of addiction." After a heavy pause, he continued, "Do you remember a wager we made?"

"Yes," Adam said, "and when you pay up, Eph, I thought I'd trade the wagon and oxen in on a buggy for Manda. I promised her one a long time ago."

Ephraim's voice was strained. "Are you trying to tell me that you carried off that entire drama completely sober?"

"I doubt if I could have done it any other way," Adam said. "Go ahead, if you want. Ask Bates, McAllister, Willard—any of them—whether anybody saw me drinking. I admit I did kind of wash in it some."

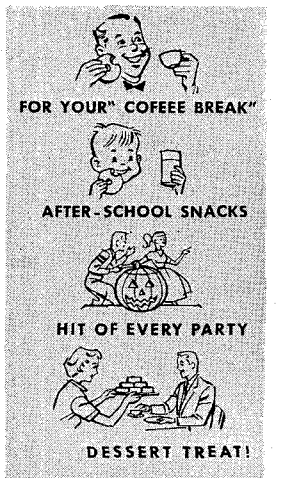
"Well," Ephraim said, "this will indeed be happy news for Sister James, as your intended wife."

Adam shook his head. "No, Eph, I think I'd just as soon leave Manda in ignorance about that. I've noticed women like to think they're saving a man from himself. Keeps them busy. Makes them feel fine. And me—well, I think I'll just settle down now and enjoy being saved."

They hung up the harness then and went into the house. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That's the third couple this month! What's going on in that Shipping Department?"



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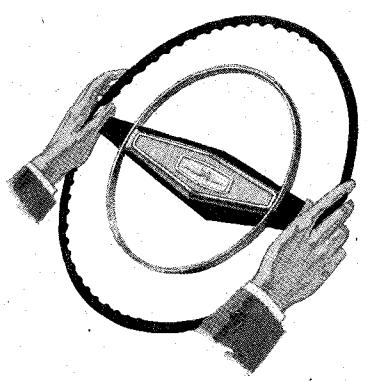

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River of Riches (Continued from Page 31)

I asked, "Was that your first fortune?"

"Heavens, no! Man on the boat had an infallible system shooting dice. I arrived in Canada, sir, with four dollars and eighteen cents—and my clothes. I roughed it, I assure you. Clerk in a hardware store, dismissed on unjust suspicion of peculation; errand boy at a consulate, kicked out for what they called 'shaking down' an applicant for a visa, which was a lie; representative of a wine merchant, wrongly accused of drinking the samples. I went through the mill, I do assure you. And now I am offered a lucrative post in Detroit."

"Doing what?" I asked.

He said, "Checking things for a motor company."

"What things?"

"A word to the wise is sufficient. This is strictly hush-hush. Less said the better, what? But I can put you in the way of a few million dollars if you have time and money to spare."

"Pray do so," I said.

"I will. But not being a complete fool I will not be exact in my geography. Do you know Brazil? I know where there is a massive fortune in virgin gold in one of the tributaries of the Amazon. . . . Oh, dear, it really is a bitter fact that men with money who want some more insist on having the more before they lay out the less! Yet I tell you without the least reserve that I got about ten thousand ounces of pure gold out of the people who live by that river."

"How did you manage that?" I asked.

Pilgrim smiled at me, and said, "I dare say you have heard of the tocte nut? No? . . . Well, the tocte nut comes from Ecuador. It is something like an English walnut, only perfectly oval, almost. As in the case of the walnut, the kernel of the tocte nut resembles in its lobes, twists and convolutions, the human brain. It is bitter to eat, and is used generally by children for playing with, as we used to play with marbles.

"Ah, but this is in Ecuador. Go into Brazil, into a certain tributary of the Amazon, and I can show you a place where these nuts—or close relations of theirs—are taken very seriously indeed. The tribesmen do not call them tocte, but tictoc, and only adults play with these nuts in Brazil—for extremely high stakes too. Fortunes—as they are counted in these wild parts—are won or lost on one game with the tictoc nuts.

"The savages have a saying there: '*Tictoc* takes twenty years to learn.' To proceed:

From vicissitude to vicissitude is the destiny of the younger son (he said). I could, of course, have written to my elder brother for money. In fact I did. But he didn't answer. In the end, I shipped as cook on a freighter bound for South America. I suspect it was running guns. The crew was composed of the offscourings of Lapland, Finland, Iceland and San Francisco.

I jumped ship first opportunity, with nothing in my pockets but the papers of an oiler named Martinsen, which I must have picked up by accident and looked, as one does, for a fellow countryman. Luckily—I have the most astonishing luck—I overheard a man in a bar ordering whisky and soda without ice. Blood calls to blood. I was at his elbow in a trice.

He was a huge fellow, and was about to go to the place—which, if you'll forgive me, I won't mention—prospecting for rubies. Desirous of civilized company, he invited me to come along with him—said he would make it worth my while—offered me a share in the profits. He found the equipment, of course: quinine, rifles, trade goods, shotguns, soap and all that.

His idea was that, the market being good just then, if the worst came to the worst we might make our expenses out of snake skin and alligator hide. His name was Grimes, but he knew a gentleman when he saw one. But he was accident prone. Exploring mud for rubies, Grimes stood on a log to steady himself. The log came to life, opened a pair of jaws, and carried him off—an alligator, of course. They tell me that a mature alligator can, with his jaws, exert a pressure of nearly one thousand pounds' weight. It upset me, I don't mind telling you. Ever since then I have never been able to look at an alligator without disgust. They bring me bad luck.

The following morning I awoke to find my attendants all gone. They had paid themselves in trade goods, leaving me with only what I slept in—pajamas—plus a rifle, a bandoleer of .30-30 cartridges, my papers, and some dried beef.

Goodness only knows what might have happened to me if I had not been rescued by cannibals—and jolly fine fellows they were too. Sportsmen, I assure you. They only ate women past marriageable age. They took me to their chief. I thought I was in a pretty sticky spot, at first, but he gave me some stew to eat—it was monkey, I hope—and while I ate I looked about me. Anyone could see with half an eye that the old gentleman wanted my rifle.

Now I reasoned as follows: I am outnumbered about two hundred and fifty to one by savages armed with spears and poisoned arrows. In the circumstances my rifle must be worse than useless. Better make a virtue of the inevitable and give it to him before he takes it away. Be magnanimous, Jack!

So, expressing delight at the flavor of the stew, I gave him the rifle and the bandoleer. He was overwhelmed with joy and gratitude and wanted to know what he could do for me. He offered me girls, more stew, necklaces of human teeth. I conveyed to him that I might prefer a few rubies. Heartbroken, he said that he had none of the red stones, only the green ones, and handed me a fistful of emeralds to the value, conservatively, of a thousand rifles at a hundred and twenty dollars apiece.

I thanked him politely, controlling my emotions as our sort of people are brought up to do. But he mistook my impassive air for disappointment. He was downcast for a moment or two. Then he brightened and said to me, "Wait. I have something more valuable than stones—something that will make you very rich. It has made me chief. But now I am too old to play. I will give it to you."

Then he fumbled in what might laughingly be described as his clothes, and produced—guess what—a nut! Upon my word, a common nut, something like a walnut, but smooth and much larger in circumference at one end than at the other. Through years of handling, it had a wonderful patina, like very old bronze.

"You know tictoc?" the old boy asked.

"I know tocte," I said. "It is a game played by children in Ecuador."

"You play?" he asked.

"Never. In Ecuador I have seen it played. In England we call it marbles."

"Of these places," said the chief, "I have never heard. Here, it is tictoc."

Then he went on to explain—it took all night—that the tictoc nut was not like other nuts. Everything, said the chief, everything could think a little. Even a leaf had sense enough to turn itself to the light. Even a rat. Even a woman. Sometimes, even a hard-shelled nut. Now when the world was made, the deuce of a long time ago, man having been created, there was a little intelligence left over for distribution. Woman got some. Rats got some. Leaves got some. Insects got some. In short, at last there was very little left.

Then the tictoc bush spoke up and begged, "A little for us?"

The answer came, "There are so many of you, and so little left to go around. But justice must be done. One in every ten million of you shall think with a man, and do his bidding. We have spoken."

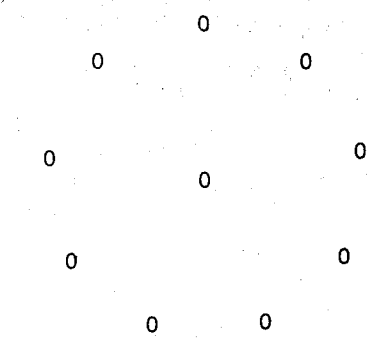
So, the old geezer affirmed, the kernel of the tictoc nut came to resemble the human brain. Stroking his great knife, he assured me that he had many times seen one, and the resemblance was uncanny. Superficially, you understand.

To only one tictoc nut in ten million was vouchsafed the gift of thought. And the nuts, being very prolific, grew in the jungles in great profusion. Anyone who could find the ten-millionth nut, the thinking nut, was assured of good fortune, the old savage told me, because this nut would obey its master.

"Now play tictoc," he said.

I said, "But I don't know how."

He did not answer, but led me to a strip of ground stamped flat and level, and polished by innumerable feet. At one end someone had described a circle drawn with ocher. In this circle were arranged ten nuts in this pattern:



The object of the game was to knock the ten nuts out of the circle in the fewest possible shots. As a game, I should say that tictoc was much more difficult than pool, pyramids or snooker. You shot from a distance of about seven feet. It was a good player who could clear the circle in five shots; a remarkable one who could do it in four; a superlative one who could do it in three, flipping the oval tictoc nut with a peculiar twist of the thumb.

Several young fellows were playing, but more were betting their very loincloths on the champion, who had recently made a Three.

"Now," the old codger whispered, "rub the tictoc between your hands, breathe on it and shout without sound—shout at the back of your mind—telling it what to do. Challenge the champion. Stake your shirt."

The top of my pajamas could be no great loss. Furthermore, I had the emeralds, you know. So I took it off and offered my challenge. The young buck felt the cotton and put down against it a necklace of gold nuggets, the largest of which was about as big as a grape.

He played first. On his first shot, out went five. Second, out went four. The last was easy. He had scored a Three.

And now it was my turn. Caressing my nut I said to it, without talking, "Now, old thing, show them what you can do. Try for a One, just to astonish the natives."

Without much hope, and with no skill at all, I flipped my nut. It seemed to stop halfway, gyrating. Everybody laughed, and my opponent reached for my pajama top—when, suddenly, my nut kind of shouldered its way forward into the circle, and with something devilishly like careful aim, spun its way into the ten and pushed them, one by one, beyond the bounds of the ring.

You never heard such a shout! I had broken a record. Picking my nut up, I caressed it again and warmed it in my hand.

The chief said, "This I have never seen. Two, yes. One, no. I know what it is—the markings inside that nut must exactly match the markings of your brain. You are a lucky man."

Feeling the weight of the necklace I had won, I asked, "Is there any more stuff like this hereabout?"

"Just what sort of research are you engaged in, professor?"

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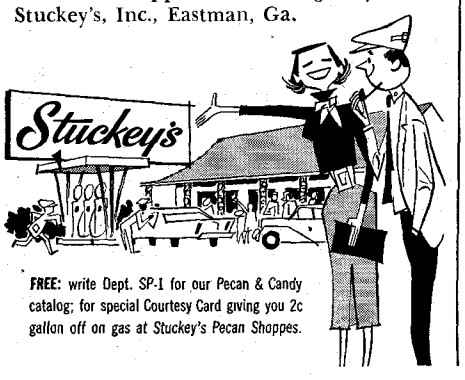

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He said no, they didn't regard it especially. The ex-champion had won it downstream, where they picked it out of the river bed and gave it to their women for ornaments. A string of your enemy's teeth meant something. But the yellow stuff was too soft and too heavy. "If you want it, take your tictoc nut and you can win as much of it as you can carry away—you and ten strong men."

I promised him that when I came back I would bring more guns and bullets, hatchets, knives, and all his heart could desire, if he would lend me a good canoe and the services of half a dozen sturdy men to paddle it, together with food and water. He agreed, and we took off.

In fine, I cleaned out that village and went on downstream with two war canoes, all loaded with gold and other valuables, such as garnets, emeralds, et cetera. I should have left it at that. But success had gone to my head.

On the way I stayed the night in the shack of a petty trader, a Portuguese, from whom I bought a whole suit of white-duck clothes, a couple of shirts, and pants and some other stuff. "Your fame has gone before you," he said, looking enviously at me and then at the gold nuggets I had paid him with. "They call you the Tictoc Man up and down the river. Now I happen to know that no white man can play tictoc—it takes twenty years to learn. How do you do it?"

I said, "A mere knack."

"Well, give me another nugget and I'll give you some good advice. . . . Thank you. My advice is, make straight for the big river, and so to the coast. Don't stop to play at the next village—there is only one—or you may regret it. The Esporco are the most villainous Indians in these parts. Don't push even your luck too far. Four ounces of gold, and I'll let you have a fine weapon, a revolver, all the way from Belgium."

The revolver I took, but not his advice, and we went on at dawn. In the late afternoon several canoes came out to meet us. My men spat and said, "Esporco, master—very bad."

"What, will they attack us?" I asked.

"No." They indicated that the Esporco Indian was the worst trickster and cheat in the Mato Grosso. But I fondled the tictoc nut, while observing that in every canoe sat a girl wearing a necklace of raw rubies, and little else. The men—big fellows, as Indians go—had an easy, cozy way with them, all smiles, no weapons, full of good humor. They hailed me as Senhor Tictoc, while the girls threw flowers.

My leading paddler, the stroke as it were, growled, "When Esporco bring flowers, keep your hand on your knife"—a savage version of *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*

Still, I gave orders to land, and was received with wild delight. The chief ordered several young goats killed. I presented him with a sack of salt, which is highly prized thereabout. There was a banquet with a profusion of some slightly effervescent drink in the nature of the Mexican mescal, only lighter and breezier.

In a little while we started to talk business. I expressed interest in rubies. The chief said, "Those red things? But they are nothing." And, taking a magnificent necklace from one of the girls, he tossed it into the river—I was to learn, later, that he had a net there to catch it. "I have heard that you are interested in stones," said he, while I gaped like a fish. And he went away and came back with an uncut diamond of the Brazilian variety, as big as your two fists.

I displayed no emotion, but said, "Interesting. How much do you want for it?"

He said, "It has no price. I have been around, and know the value your people set on such stones. I also know—we all know on this river—what would happen if the news got about that there was gold, rubies, emeralds and diamonds hereabout. Your people would come down on us like jaguars, and drive us off the face of the earth. As it is, we have enough, we are contented, we regard such stuff as this as pretty for unmarried girls. No, my friend, it is not for sale. But I tell you what. It being a plaything, let us play for it. You have a great reputation as a tictoc player. As it happens, so have I. Now what have you to stake against this stone?"

"Three canoeloads of treasure," I said.

At this, one of his sons chimes in with, "Don't do it, father! The man is a wizard. All the river knows it. He has a thinking nut!"

Apparently tipsy, the chief shouted, "Silence, brat! There is no such thing. It is a superstition. Tictoc is a game of skill, and I am the best man on this river." He became angry. "Who questions my skill?"

Nobody did. The circle was made, the ten nuts arranged at their proper distances. I begged my host to shoot first. There was a breathless hush as he went down on his knees and shot a perfect Two—at which there was a murmur of applause.

Then I stroked my nut and asked it for a One. Out it went, spinning like a little whirlwind, and a One it was.

It is etiquette, in the tictoc game, for the winner to pick up the fighting nuts and bring them back to the base. Loser shoots first. This time the chief shot a Three. I was feeling warmhearted. Who wouldn't, if he was certain to win a diamond that would make the Koh-i-noor and the Cullinan diamonds look like stones in a fifty-dollar engagement ring?

So I said to my nut, "This time, for the sport of the thing, get me a Five. But last shot we'll have another One, and the best out of three games."

It did as it was bid, and I lost with a Five. The chief, much elated, got our nuts and handed me mine with grave courtesy. I shot with perfect confidence. Imagine my horror when, instead of moving with grace and deliberation, it reeled drunkenly forward and barely reached the periphery of the circle! I wondered, could that mescallike stuff I had drunk have gone to its head through mine? Thinking with all my might, I shot again—and knocked one nut out of the ring. A third time, and I finished with an Eight.

The chief went to pick up our nuts. I was numb with grief. He handed me the nut I had played that last game with. I looked at it—and it was not my own!

Then the truth dawned on me. The old rascal had swapped nuts after the second game! Simple as that. But I kept my temper, because in a split second everybody had stopped laughing, and every man had produced a machete, an ax, a bow or a spear.

I said, "There is some mistake here, sir. This is not my tictoc nut."

"Then whose is it?"

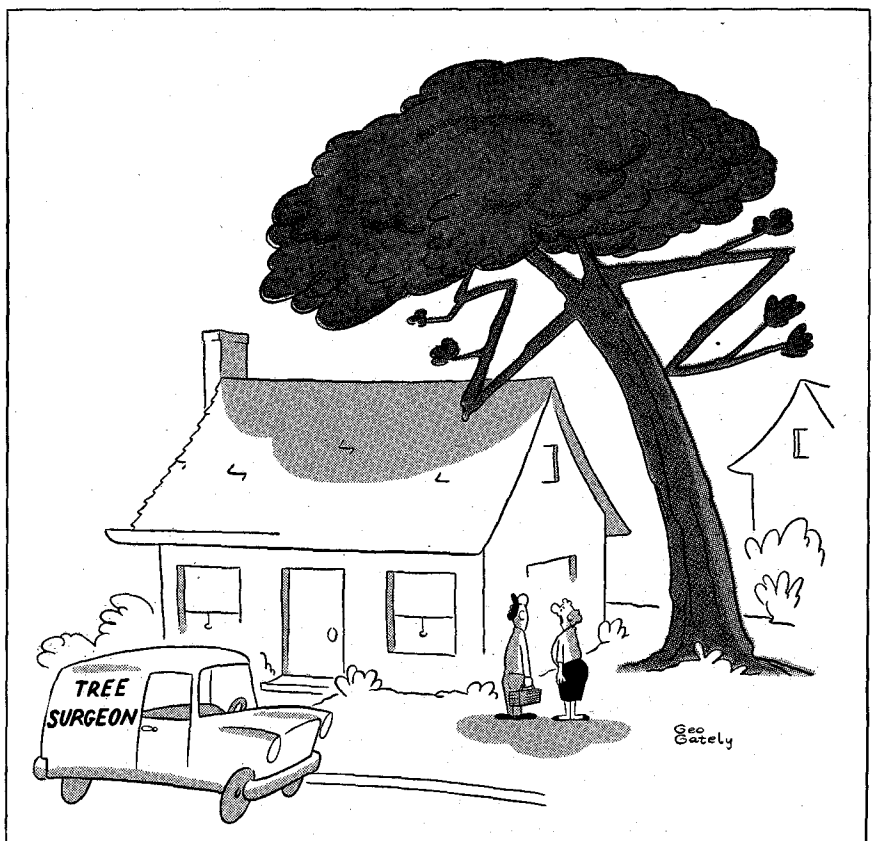
"Yours. You are, no doubt inadvertently, holding mine in your hand. Give it back, if you please."

And driven beyond prudence, I made a grab at it. I was fast, but he was faster, and surprisingly strong. I, too, am tolerably strong in the fingers. We stood locked, hand to hand, for about twenty seconds. Then I heard and felt a sharp little crack. So did he, for he stood back, waving away his tribesmen who were closing in.

He held out his hand with dignity; it held the common tictoc nut that he had palmed off on me. In my palm lay my own true nut, but split down the center, exposing the kernel.

I looked at it, fascinated. You know, I studied medicine once—might be in Harley Street by now, only there was a bureaucratic misunderstanding about four microscopes I borrowed. Silly old asses! I'd have got them out of pawn and put them back where I'd found them, as soon as my remittance came in. But no, they gave me the sack.

However, I have read some anatomy, and I solemnly swear that the kernel of my poor tictoc nut definitely and in detail resembled the human brain—convolutions, lobes, cerebrum, cerebellum, medulla—in every respect.



"It's been acting rather sluggish lately."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Most remarkable of all, when I touched it affectionately with my finger tip, it throbbed very faintly, and then lay still. Whereupon some of the virtue seemed to drain out of me, and I cried like a child.

But I pulled myself together and said, "Well, the bet is off. The game is null and void. Let me get my men together and push off."

Then, in the light of torches, I saw bundles on the shore—very familiar bundles.

"To save your men unnecessary exertion," the chief said, "I had them unload your canoes for you. I wish you no harm, but put it to you that you go quietly back where you belong. Come, you shall not go empty handed. Take as many small nuggets as your two hands can hold, and depart in peace. You overreached yourself. I would have given you the diamond for the thinking nut, and gladly, in fair exchange. But no, you had to cheat, to do bad trade, to bet on a sure thing. In this life, nothing is sure."

I said, holding out the revolver, "And what will you give me for this?"

"Oh, two double handfuls of gold."

"May I suggest three?"

"If you will allow me to test it first."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Solved the Hard Way

Pick up your sprawling self,
my love!
You've one less job to do:
That chair I've often
spoken of
Is now past needing glue.

Ruth Chadwick

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

I did. He fired one shot into the dark. I took the gun back and said, "First, the gold."

Down by the river I took the liberty of scooping up a handful of heavy clay and filling up the barrel of that revolver. It would dry like brick. That old rogue would never play tictoc again.

But in burying the remains of my thinking nut, I had a weird feeling that I was leaving behind a certain essential portion of myself. Gold and jewels I can get again. But that, never.

So I got to the coast and took ship, as a passenger this time, on a heavy freighter bound for Tampa, Florida. What with one thing and another, I arrived with only a few nuggets left, which I keep as . . . I don't know, call it keepsakes. You have been very kind to me. Let me give you one—a very little one—and then I must be on my way. Have this one."

He dropped a heavy gold pellet on the wet table. It was not much larger than a pea, but shaped, or misshapen, beyond human conception. Fire and water had done that.

"Have it made into a tie pin," said Pilgrim.

"But I couldn't take a valuable thing like this," I cried, "without doing something for you in return!"

"Not a bit of it. We limeys must stick together, and I'm on my way to Detroit. About seven days from now, John Pilgrim, at Detroit's leading hotel, will find me. Help me on my way, if you like, but ——" He shrugged.

"I have only ten dollars," I said, deeply moved by a certain sadness in Pilgrim's eyes. "You're welcome to that."

"You're very obliging. It shall be returned with interest."

"I must go now," I said.

"So must I," said he.

Marveling at the intricacies of the human mind, I walked until I found myself on Sixth Avenue, near West 46th Street, in which area congregate those who, with pitying smiles and a certain kind of shrug, can flaw a diamond carat by carat until you are ashamed to own it, and with a shake of the head depreciate a watch until it stops of its own accord. On impulse I went into a shop there and, putting down Pilgrim's nugget, asked what such a bit of gold might be worth.

His reply was, "Ya kiddin'? Tickle me so I'll laugh. What's the current price of printer's metal? . . . Worth? Kugel's Kute Novelties sell those twelve for fifty cents, mail order. I can get 'em for ya a dollar for two dozen. A teaspoonful lead, melt it and drop it in cold water. You can honestly advertise 'no two alike.' Gild 'em, and there's a nugget. A miniature gold brick. That manufacturer, so he puts out loaded dice 'for amusement only'—he sells 'em too. Seriously, did you buy this?"

I said, "Yes and no." But as I dropped the nugget into my pocket and turned to go, the shopman said, "Wait a minute, mister—it's a nice imitation and a good job plating. Maybe I might give you a couple bucks for it?"

"Oh, no, you won't," I said, my suspicions aroused. I fondled the nugget in my pocket: it had the indescribable, authentic feel of real gold. As for that trick with melted lead and cold water, I suddenly remembered that I had played it myself about thirty years ago, with some broken toy soldiers, just for the sake of playing with fire. Recently-melted lead has a feel all its own, and is sharp at the edges. But my nugget felt old and worn.

"It could be, after forty years, for once I make a mistake," the man said. "Let's have another look."

But I went out, and visited another shop a few doors away: one of those double-fronted establishments, in the right-hand window of which, under a sign which says OLD GOLD BOUGHT, there lies a mess of pinchbeck bracelets, ancient watch chains, old false teeth, and tie pins. In the other window, diamonds carefully carded and priced at anything between two thousand and fifteen thousand dollars. The proprietor, here, looked as if he were next door but one to the breadline.

I put down my nugget and said boldly, "How much for this?"

He scrutinized the nugget, put it in a balance and weighed it; then tested it on a jeweler's stone, with several kinds of acid. "Voigin gold," he said. "Where'd you get it?"

"A friend gave it to me."

"I wish I had such friends." He called, "Oiving, come here a minute," and a younger man came to his side. "What d'you make of this?"

Irving said, "It ain't African gold. It ain't Indian gold. It ain't a California nugget. I say South America."

"Good boy. Correct."

"How can you tell?" I asked.

He shrugged. "You loin," he said. "How d'you tell the difference between a Brazilian diamond, an African diamond, an Indian diamond? How d'you tell the difference between salt and sugar? You loin. . . . The market value of this little bit voigin gold is about forty dollars. I got to make a buck—I'll give you thoity-five."

"Eh?"

"Thoity-six, and not a penny more," he said, counting out the money. "And if your friend gives you any more, come to me with 'em."

I took the money, caught a taxi, and hurried back to MacAroon's place. The bartender was gazing into space.

"That man I was sitting with," I said, "where is he?"

The bartender, with a sardonic smile, said, "He put the bite on you, huh? I can smell a phony a mile off. I didn't like the looks of him as soon as he set foot in my bar. If I was you ——"

"Which way did he go?"

"I didn't notice. Soon after you left he ordered a double, no ice and put down a ten-dollar bill—left me fifty cents, and went out."

"Here's my telephone number," I said. "If he turns up again, call me any hour of the day or night, and hold him till I get here. Here's five dollars on account; another five when you call."

But Pilgrim never came to MacAroon's again.

I inquired high and low—mostly low—but found no trace of him. A British-sounding man with an insinuating air, a malarial complexion and a misleadingly eccentric manner, who talks about the River Amazon and its tributaries—I will pay a substantial reward for information leading to his rediscovery.

THE END

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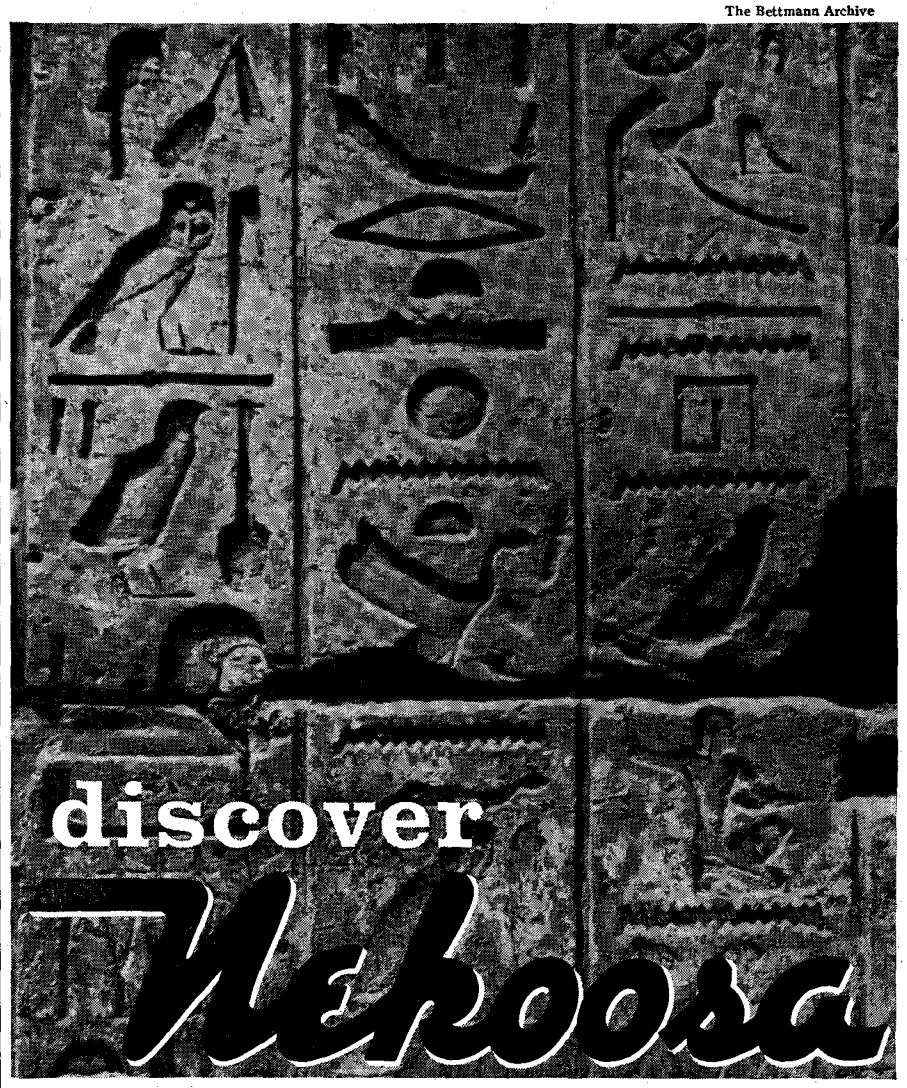

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Charlie Chaplin's Stormy Exile

(Continued from Page 21)

Napoleon film and "wring the neck of the official legend."

It is a curious footnote to cinema history that the Chaplin Napoleon was the movie Charlie put aside in the late 1930's to make The Great Dictator. Chaplin's old friend Winston Churchill had even contributed a wonderful gag-idea scene—Bonaparte, naked in the bathtub, outdignities his haughty field marshals by splashing water all over them. In the Chaplin version, it is not Napoleon but his double who is sent to St. Helena. The true Napoleon, living quietly in Paris, becomes a pacifist, concocts a perfect scheme for world peace and is about to spring a *coup d'état* to redeem the world. At the critical moment, news of his double's death comes in, which ruins the plan. In the last scene, walking along the Seine as his own "ashes" are brought back to rest in the Invalides, the true Napoleon, now a tramp whom nobody recognizes, makes a great curtain crack: "The news of my death is killing me."

When he first arrived in Vevey, at the beginning of 1953, Chaplin had halfhearted intentions of rekindling the Napoleon theme. Then, in that most curious and fascinating way that story ideas bubble up in the smithy of his soul, it was Vevey itself, plus his row with America, that supplied Chaplin the plot he needed. Vevey was once famous as a playground for European royalty and eminent political exiles, and the King of Comedy had brought to it, to the delight of local hotelmen, a nostalgic echo of former glamour. The international guests at the Hotel of the Three Crowns now make funicular pilgrimages up Mont Pèlerin just to take rubberneck looks at the house where Charlie lives with his fourth wife, Oona O'Neill Chaplin, daughter of the great playwright Eugene O'Neill, and their six children.

One evening, when exile Charlie was dining at the Three Crowns, he thumbed through the golden guest book and noted the names of famous royal exiles—Mad Ludwig of Bavaria, Elizabeth Empress of Austria, Alfonso and Eugenia of Spain, Egypt's Farouk. An idea was born. Charlie as A King in New York was first conceived as Charlie King Igor Shadhov, late of Estrovia, arriving in Vevey.

Charlie's first months in Vevey were happy ones. He was even received in state by the local dignitaries. But, for reasons we shall come to later, a distinct cooling off has taken place between Chaplin and the good Swiss citizens of Vevey. Switzerland began to bore Charlie. Some days, brooding up there in his Swiss Berchtesgaden, Charlie gets restless. It's a long way from Beverly Hills, and for Chaplin there is no road back. On his sixty-eighth birthday, last April, Charlie even got so lonely he invited the press in, a sure sign he was about to release another picture. The Chaplin kids had been packed away to Cannes on the Côte d'Azur, and his beautiful young wife Oona had baked him a cake. When he was handed the cake knife, the great pantomimist did one of his pieces of business for the photographers:

"At my age, you don't want to cut a cake; you just want to cut your throat."

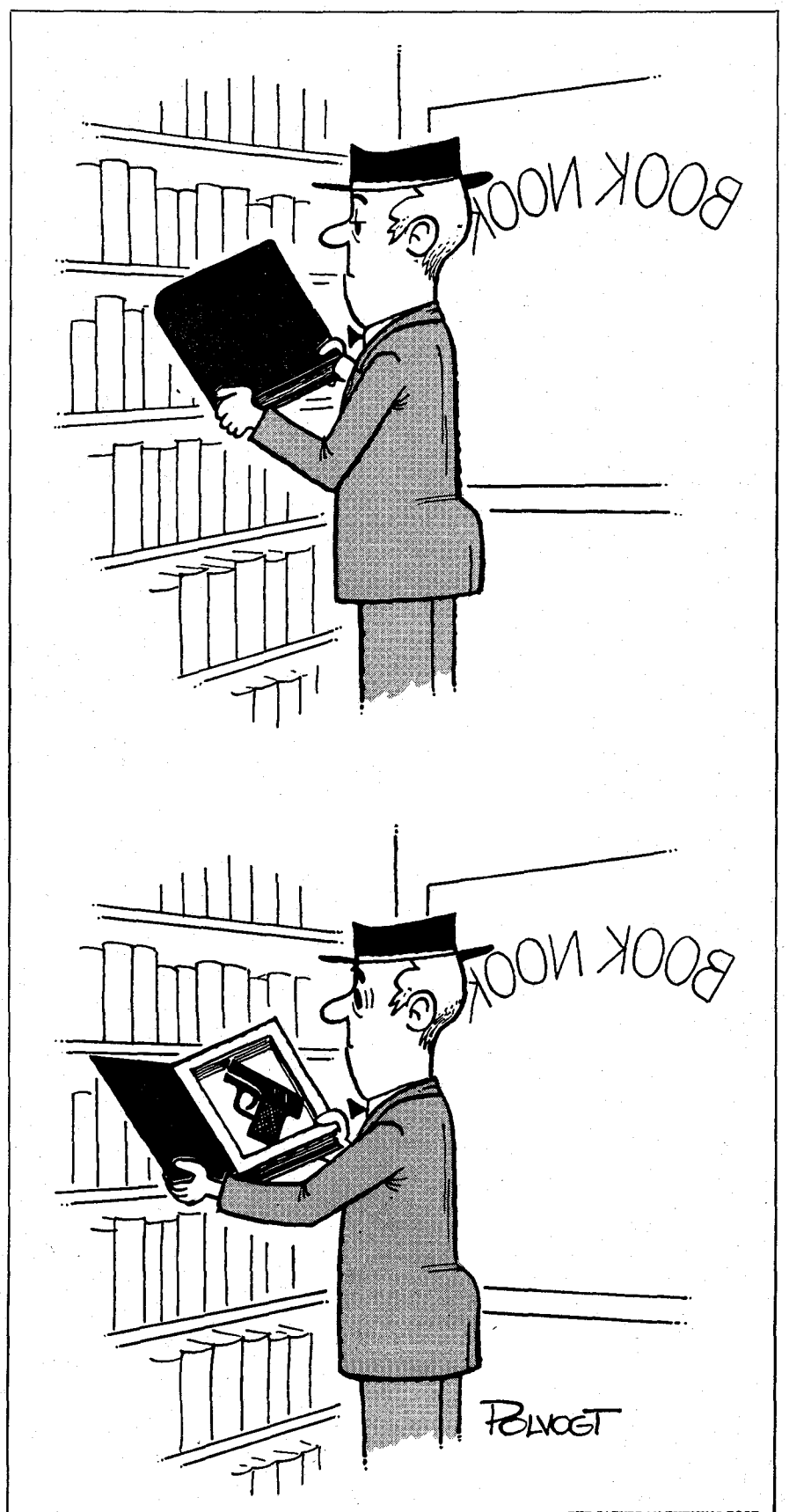
Chaplin saved his best gag, however, for the reporter who spotted the sheaf of telegram best wishes on the table and asked, "Mr. Chaplin, do many of those cables come from behind the Iron Curtain?"

Charlie, who never misses a cue line, put on his naughty, wistful smile and countered, "You mean from America?"

Loud laughter. Chaplin's peppery sallies at the United States do a good deal for the anti-American propagandists over here. The "latest Chaplin" always sends a titter through his European clan of admirers. One very hot day the comedian invited a score of guests to his Vevey villa for cocktails. Host Chaplin, helping the waiter, announced everyone would soon enjoy a special treat, the "American national drink." A few minutes later, up came Charlie and the waiter, with long cool drinks for the eager guests. "Ice water!" roared Charlie. Sometimes the man who was the world's most wonderful clown can play the painful little joker.

"America's most famous exiles" has become a familiar picture caption in the press on this side of the Atlantic. Charlie and Oona, as they make the grand tour of international café society, from the French Riviera to London's West End, from Marrakech in Morocco to the Italian isle of Ischia in the Bay of Naples, today get top billing in the headwaiters' sweepstakes of competing celebrity couples—the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Leopold of Belgium and Princess Lilian, Rainier and Princess Grace, and Ali Khan and Bettina. Charlie, who is still the finest comic alive, can still get plenty of laughs on this circuit. All he needs to draw a crowd are two forks and two restaurant rolls, and a repeat on his "Roll Dance" from The Gold Rush has everybody in the aisles. Charlie now has a new bit of restaurant pantomime. He swims like a fish, slits his belly, to order caviar.

In preparing this report on Charlie Chaplin's exile in Europe, following in the footsteps of the little comedian back and forth across the continent, it soon struck this reporter what a hilarious scenario there is in Chaplin himself. The madcap story of how Chaplin made the film—written in Switzerland, cast and filmed in London, cut and scored in Paris—is a four-year running farce. The offstage shenanigans furnish bushels of mirth. For any enterprising Hollywood producer seeking a good script with a European backdrop, "The Chaplins Abroad" has everything.



There are several one-reelers in the great slapstick tradition, all with their own titles: Charlie Buys a Villa. . . . Charlie Loses the Script in an Airplane. . . . Oona's Soufflé Collapses as Charlie Accepts the World Peace Prize. . . . Charlie Entertains the Queen of Spain. . . . The Geneva Conference of Charlie and Chou En-lai. . . . The London Conference of Charlie and Khrushchev. . . . Charlie Shows the Swiss How to Build a Tennis Court. . . . Charlie Gets the Legion of Honor (French release). . . . Charlie Received at St. James's Palace by the Captain of the Queen's Guards (British release). . . . Charlie Shows the Swiss How to Build a Swimming Pool.

Then there is a serial, still running, Charlie Chaplin vs. William Tell. Choleric Charlie is currently having a rhubarb with his Swiss neighbors because the noise from a nearby rifle range, where Swiss civilian soldiers practice for their national defense, offends him. The Swiss, politely, have told him to go bag his head. Chaplin is suing to bar riflemen of neighboring communes from using the Vevey range. In one of his finest silent pictures, The Circus, Charlie and another clown did a pantomime William Tell act. The old clown and Charlie keep taking bites out of the apple until it disappears. Then Charlie substitutes a banana and juggles it on his noggin. Today, thirty years later, the big apple is right on his own head, and some stalwart Swiss are squeezing off and aiming low, and no allowance for windage. The Swiss civilian soldiers, who have been singularly successful in defending the rugged terrain of their homeland, intend to win this suit—even if they lose Chaplin as a homesteader in the process.

Older readers may brace themselves at this point—everybody out of step but Charlie, it's a familiar theme since Shoulder Arms. That he had several monkeys on his shoulder we all remember from The Circus. And connoisseurs of old Chaplin films, going way back to The Immigrant, have always been perplexed by the furious and hidden grievance he nursed against the Statue of Liberty.

To a younger generation, who may ask what's eating Charlie Chaplin or how and why he left the U.S.A., the answer is that it is a very old story, a confusing story, and, like most spite feuds, it has been going on so long that no one knows, today, precisely when and how it began.

Even the day that Charlie Chaplin and the United States came to the parting of the ways, September 17, 1952, in New York harbor, the fade-out scene was played without a prepared script and the plot was chaotic. Many observers felt the actor got a most inelegant bum's rush. Many more, including members of our various patriotic societies, hailed it as the most wholesome good-riddance since the day we lost Benedict Arnold, in the same direction. There remain much mystery and confusion as to what was going on behind the scenes.

Chaplin had announced that he and his family were leaving on a long vacation trip to Europe. The re-entry permit in Charlie's British passport was valid for one year. On the sun deck of the Queen Elizabeth, as she was about to weigh anchor, stood Oona and her four Chaplin children (two (*Continued on Page 96*)

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Today, 4 out of 5 homes have low HOUSEPOWER (not enough electrical wiring, outlets, and switches). See cartoon. This home is obviously one of the 4. If the man can find an outlet to plug that TV cord into, he's certainly going to see one or more of the symptoms of low HOUSEPOWER. His TV picture may shrink and wiggle when that coffee maker starts; the lights may dim. The coffee maker will be slow heating up.

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Each contestant consents and agrees that neither the sponsors of this contest, nor the Contest Management Division of Richard Manville Research Inc. nor any of their respective employees, will incur any legal liability for any negligence, error, act, or failure to act in the sponsoring or conducting of this contest or the handling, or judging, of any contestant's entry; however, all due caution will be exercised to prevent the occurrence of any such errors.

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"I told you to get the wiring checked, Mr. Fix-it."

"How can I get a midnight snack with low HOUSEPOWER?"

"We might as well have a real octopus in here!"

See how simple it is! Now, write your caption in the coupon below and mail it in today!

P-2

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City_____ Zone____ State_____

Name of your utility co._____

Please check your answers about your home's wiring system in boxes below. Look for answers inside your fuse box, or circuit breaker box:

Number of fuses: 4 or fewer ☐ 5-7 ☐ 8 or more ☐

Service Entrance Size is: 30 amp. ☐ 60 amp. ☐ 100 amp. ☐ over 100 amp. ☐

Age of my home is_____years

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Name of your utility co._____

FILL IN BOTH PARTS OF THIS FORM

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(*Continued from Page 94*) more have been born since that day). Some fifty reporters were pursuing Chaplin—"Where is Charlie?" Oona knew, but Oona wasn't talking. Charlie was below, whipping from one first-class cabin to another, successfully evading the legal embraces of a process server. (One Max Krevetz, of Chicago, had a claim against United Artists for $13,000, and Charlie was still a United Artists director.) It is a shame that this most hectic of Charlie's sustained chase scenes was never recorded on celluloid.

The Chaplins were two days at sea before the then Attorney General of the United States, James P. McGranery, tossed off a bombshell statement that he had instructed the Immigration authorities to hold Chaplin for a hearing to determine whether he would be allowed to re-enter the country. What were the charges? That, hinted the Attorney General, would tip off Mr. Chaplin. McGranery then went on to add, "If assertions about Mr. Chaplin are true, he is, in my judgment, an unsavory character. . . . He has been publicly charged with being a member of the Communist Party, with grave moral charges and with making statements that would indicate a leering, sneering attitude toward a country whose hospitality has enriched him." In Europe the reaction to this bold statement was a spontaneous uproar in Chaplin's favor. It looked as though the comedian was being roughed up—that's the way it looked then.

The prestige of the United States Government did suffer over here in Europe at this point. The Attorney General was the chief law-enforcement officer of the United States. Europeans took the view that whatever charges he wanted to prefer against Chaplin, he had had plenty of time to do it before the actor sailed. Chaplin had been resident in the United States for forty years. It was McGranery's Department of Justice that had given Charlie a valid re-entry permit. Whether "assertions about Mr. Chaplin are true," who should know better than the Attorney General? Chaplin, on his arrival in Europe, would have received a warm welcome anyway, as he did in 1921 and 1931. This time, because of McGranery's statement, it was tumultuous. Charlie was wafted right into the role of political martyr the moment he hit Europe.

What provoked McGranery's action? I have made inquiries at the Department of Justice and I have asked Chaplin his version. Naturally, the versions differ. On the basis of available evidence, one has to conclude that there are certain things in life that can happen only to Charlie Chaplin. The Department of Justice presumably was preparing to move against Chaplin and intended to wait until he returned to the country. But the plan apparently leaked, and hence McGranery made his announcement. Chaplin seemed convinced—wrongly—that the American Government, under special orders from President Truman, was out to lower the boom on him.

Since he arrived here in Europe in 1952, Chaplin has added to the general confusion. A born mythomaniac, he has given several public versions of his troubles—the pressure of bankers on Hollywood, McCarthyism, Fascists in Washington, the American Legion, now this, now that, et cetera. In private, however, Chaplin recently told one of his closest friends in London the following lurid tale: Charlie says that in Hollywood, in the spring of 1952, he was visited by agents of the FBI—this could have been in connection with the granting of the re-entry permit. Several old and rather sticky matters in the dossier were gone over. Suddenly—according to Chaplin—came the charge that he was the father, out of wedlock, of a now-famous star. There are several raw things in what the FBI calls its raw file. But for Chaplin the nightmare of a second Joan Berry scandal, the paternity case in which he was convicted by a Los Angeles jury of being the father of the unwed girl's baby, must have been terrifying.

This is Chaplin's penny-dreadful version, and if true, it would explain a lot. Both those who insist that Chaplin had decided to leave the United States forever and those who believe he was pressured into it now cite the curious incident known as "Oona's Strange Interlude." Shortly after they landed in Europe, Charlie sent his wife high-tailing back by plane, across an ocean and a continent, to his bank in Los Angeles. This presented no problem, because Oona was perfectly free to travel on her own American passport. Oona arrived on a Friday afternoon, just before the bank was closing for the weekend. There was a mad search for the letter of authority Charlie had left with the bank. This found, Oona scooped the contents of the safe-deposit box clean—cash, stocks and bonds, an estimated $4,000,000 worth—and stuffed them into her valise. After selling certain other properties and converting the proceeds into a cashier's certified check, Oona scurried back to Europe. Obviously, since the treasure trove was in a rather neat little bundle, pick-up letter and all, Charlie was hedging his bets. But it is even more obvious that had Chaplin definitely known he was leaving Hollywood forever, he would have taken his valuables with him.

There is a variant version of Operation McGranery, one of those persistent stories that crop up so often in the vast Chaplin apocrypha. It goes back to the summer of 1952, when Charlie came to the East Coast a short while before sailing. Chaplin is a ferocious after-dinner mimic, capable of riotous ribbing of any public personality—except himself. This deadly gift has cooled his earlier friendships with such diverse people as Lord Beaverbrook, Bernard Shaw, Lady Astor, William Randolph Hearst, King Albert of the Belgians. His skits include Pola Negri at the grave of Rudolph Valentino, The Toreador, The Geisha Girl, and The Woman With a French Lover. Now he added a new pièce de résistance, Bess Truman Launches a Battleship. New York friends warned iconoclast Chaplin that if news of this spoofery leaked down to Washington, it might cause trouble. According to one published version, the Attorney General did hear of this naughty take-off of the First Lady, and decided to throw the book at the little fellow. Former President Harry S. Truman, in a letter to this writer, said that this story "was news to me."

When Chaplin has a grievance, it is sure to crop up in his next picture. For four years, from his home in Switzerland, he kept saying that he was engaged in giving the evils of McCarthyism the business. Such a theme, handled as Chaplin might have handled it at his best, could have been a smash hit. Instead, his A King in New York is a reckless satire of not much of anything, really. Chaplin's King, Igor Shadhov of Estrovia, a Balkan bleeding-hearter, is driven from his country because he wants to convert atomic power to peaceful purposes. The film gets off to a fast start as he flies into New York, starts giving a speech boosting freedom, and is fingerprinted as he talks. There is some funny business as the King gets caught in the swinging doors of American bureaucracy. But when Charlie, as King, gets before the Un-American Activities Committee, all he can think of is the old Keystone gag of getting his finger caught in the fire hose and then giving the solons a hosing.

This kind of routine slick slapstick, lumped with clumsy political satire, is probably sure-fire merchandising for a picture Chaplin produced on a shoestring budget as pictures go ($400,000) and knew in advance would never run in the U.S.A. The real reason American audiences will not see A King is not censorship, as Chaplin has been hinting for European box-office purposes, but a private quarrel between Chaplin and the Internal Revenue Service. If Chaplin made money on any picture in the United States, the tax collectors would immediately grab it, because of the wholesale cheating they say he has done in the past.

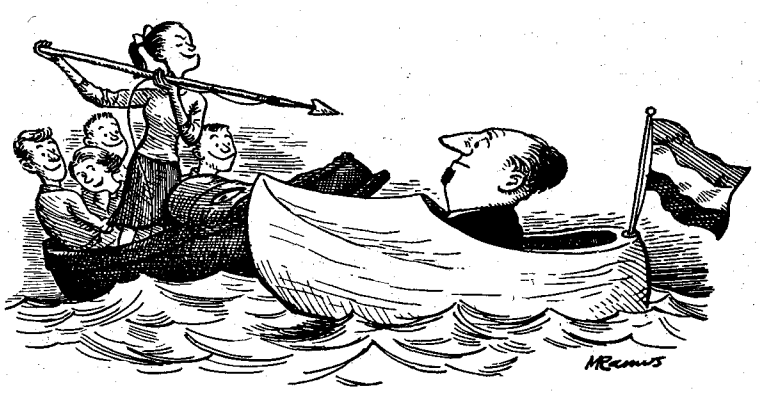
Where Chaplin really becomes a bore is when he uses his picture and his carefully planted publicity to keep alive the legend of Chaplin as a victim of American witch-hunting, though most of his act is as phony as a seven-dollar bill. Chaplin amuses and bemuses many Europeans—from the sidewalks to the salons. How does Charlie do it? Charlie arrived in Europe when a kind of nagging and niggling anti-Americanism, long fashionable among the élite, had percolated down to the man in the street. Already a symbol, through his pictures, of the little fellow's struggle against the tyranny of authority, Charlie was a natural in the role of persecuted artist being pursued by a flat-footed Uncle Sam, the Keystone Cop.

His initial reception, in September, 1952, was fantastic. The moment the Queen Elizabeth touched anchor, briefly, at Cherbourg in France, platoons of zealous reporters clambered aboard. Charlie, who usually panics before the press, conducted himself with great aplomb. It must all be some mistake, he said, and he and his family certainly intended to return to the United States. He threw out a teasing clue about his next picture, "the story of a D.P. in New York." By the time the Queen Elizabeth reached home port in Southampton and Fleet Street reporters swarmed about Charlie, he was ready to step gingerly ashore into what soon became a triumphal procession.

Charlie was coming back to Blighty, the country he had left behind for what looked like forever in 1912. He had never been wildly popular in his native land. Too many people knew him too well. Though a British subject, he had never served in any military capacity in either of two world wars. Once on an earlier visit he had stood up the Prime Minister on a luncheon date. And several of his Hollywood cracks—"I never earned more than three quid a week when I worked in England"—had drifted back. But now all was forgiven. When he reached London, the King and Queen of the cockneys in their mother-of-pearl button costumes led the snake dance that escorted London-born Charlie and his wife, Oona, through cheering throngs to his hotel. So great were the crowds before the Savoy that evening that the police had to throw out special cordons along the Strand. Long after midnight, searchlights were playing on his hotel window. Jovial Londoners sang For He's a Jolly Good Fellow, plus an old pub favorite from World War I days:

The moon shines bright on Charlie Chaplin,
Whose boots are crackin'
For the want of blackin'
And his little baggy trousers
They want mendin'
Before we send 'im
To the Dardanelles.

Somerset Maugham once remarked that the key to Chaplin's character is a certain "nostalgia for the slums." When in London, usually in the evening, he slips out the (*Continued on Page 98*)



The Perfect Squelch

A schoolteacher who came to the United States from Holland in 1956 under the Fulbright program was assigned to a high school in Chicago. Most of the students there gave full attention to his lectures, especially when he was discussing the unusual problems of his small country. One girl, however, made it plain that she found him dull. The teacher therefore was pleasantly surprised when she asked a question.

"If more than fifty per cent of the Dutch people live below sea level, as you said;" she asked pertly, "then how do you bury the dead?"

A titter at the teacher's expense ran around the class. The girl beamed—until the teacher replied, "In their bathing suits, of course."

Harold Rubin

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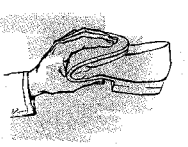

Every man's a king when wearing a pair! And this "royal family" is growing by leaps and bounds as men throughout the land continue to discover Jarman's amazing "Rex-Flex" styles. Special new scientific construction gives more flexibility per foot; full supple leather lining and super-soft cushion insole give more buoyancy per step. Jarman stylists have "gotten into the act," too—fashioning out of rich premium leathers some of the handsomest shoes you ever laid eyes upon. Visit your Jarman dealer for a pair—and walk out *right* in style and two feet deep in royal comfort.

Left: No. J5707. Center: No. J5203. Right: No. J5106 (each style also in other colors)—Jarman shoes available at Jarman dealers and stores, $10.95 to $19.95 most styles.

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also Calluses. Quick, easy, and economical. Just rub on. Invisible. Jars, 35¢, 60¢. At your druggist. *Money refunded if not satisfied.* Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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(*Continued from Page 96*) back door of his hotel. Then he walks across Waterloo Bridge to the dead-end location lots of his own poverty-haunted, Dickensian childhood—across the Thames to Kennington and Lambeth, the Elephant and Castle Pub, Baxter Hall where he saw his first magic-lantern shows, the Hanwell Orphanage. These drab scenes of South London have become familiar to the world because they often inspired sets for Chaplin pictures (The Kid), and are etched on his memory. Kennington Gate, which shows up in Limelight, was the romantic trysting spot where Charlie, the dude, met the beautiful actress, Hetty Kelly, the first great flame in his life, and the one that got away.

If Chaplin's popular reception was folksy and genuine, it was to be surpassed in pomp and ceremony by the official blowout to come. The première of Limelight was due in a fortnight, and when the word came from Buckingham Palace that Queen Elizabeth would be present, there were wise nods among the knowing in the Establishment, who control the la-di-da doings of high society—this meant a royal reception, and a national front with Citizen Chaplin against his wicked American detractors. There were a few eyebrows raised in the right places, however, and the next day the Palace announced that not the Queen, but Princess Margaret would attend.

The gala première was at the Odeon Theater, in Leicester Square. More than 200 bobbies were needed to hold back a crowd of some 10,000. B.B.C. televised the wingding. Princess Margaret arrived with Lady Pamela Mountbatten, daughter of First Sea Lord Earl Mountbatten. Rolls-Royces and Bentleys poured out top-drawer London society—the Marquess of Milford Haven, the Duke of Alba, Lord Inchcape, Viscount Esher, Lord Cornwallis, Lord Inverclyde, Lord Strabolgi, Vivien Leigh, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Seats cost forty dollars each. It was a benefit performance for the London Society for the Education of the Blind.

Ten days later, at another film première, Charles Spencer Chaplin was presented, informally, to his Queen. The occasion was the one-time-a-year Royal Film Performance at the Empire Theater. The show was Because You're Mine. There was even some talk now that Charlie might be knighted. No "Sir Charles Chaplin" appeared on the New Year's List, but he was appointed Honorary Rector of the University of Saint Andrews, a special tribute from Scotland.

If Chaplin's reception in sedate London had been wholesome, a kind-hearts-and-coronets affair, in Paris it was giddy, tumultuous and at times hysterical. There has always been a special gamin empathy, a maudlin affinity between the French and Charlot. The endearing nickname Charlot—"little Charlie"—was put on his earliest films by his first French distributor. Most French today believe that Charlot was born in France. His birthplace is listed in the International Film Almanac as "Fontainebleau, near Paris." Chaplin, when among the French, sometimes goes along with this. At other times he qualifies it to a cute "I was conceived in Paris."

Chaplin is thus at least an honorary Frenchman, and the French were eager to take their Charlot to their hearts. At Orly Airfield outside Paris, a reception committee was waiting for the plane. As Charlie alighted before the cameras and the microphones, an official came forward to announce that the Fourth Republic intended to promote him in the Legion of Honor. Like many Francophiles who speak no more than twenty words of French, Charlie, happy but bewildered, pointed to his boutonnière to remind them that he already *had* the Legion of Honor—awarded to him on an earlier visit by Aristide Briand. There was a quick huddle, and then it was explained to Charlie: "Ah, but this time you are promoted to Officer in the Legion." In a cavalcade of limousines, Charlie and Oona were police-escorted to the Ritz Hotel. There was a riotous but friendly press conference.

The President of the French Republic attended the official gala for the Chaplins at the Comédie-Française. To the delight of everybody present, with the possible exception of Oona, the play presented in Chaplin's honor was Molière's Don Juan. Then came the banquet given by the French Society of Authors and Composers, presided over by André Marie, Minister of National Education. The élite of the Paris stage and screen gathered in force to pay tribute. Carlo Rim, president of the society, eulogized the guest in words which strained the limits even of Latin oratory—"Only two great men in history are his equal, Christ and Napoleon. His glory outshines that of Joan of Arc, Louis XIV and Clemenceau ——" There was a slightly pained look on the face of the Minister of National Education.

... ...

Baby Spoon

By Laurence C. Smith

"Most babies show an ambition to manage the spoon by a year . . ."
Dr. Benjamin Spock

Her bold techniques
Are gleefully errant,
She spurns all help
From sibling or parent;
Cares not one spoonful
If after a dinner
There's more food on her
Than ever gets in her.

... ...

From Sweden, another country heard from, the critic, Olof Lagercrantz, proposed that Chaplin be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1952. At this point, nothing would have been surprising. Charlie's victory tour of Europe continued with a march on Rome, marred only by some ripe tomatoes tossed by a few ignoble Romans. Once again, a gala première of Limelight at the Sistina Theater, and this time a head of state, President of the Italian Republic Einaudi, attended.

Triumphant was the word for Charlie. Of all the turns in an amazing career, this razzle-dazzle tour of Europe was his most remarkable conquest. The little fellow had pitted his personal prestige against the giant dignity of the United States Government. He had won, hands down, precisely because he was the little fellow. Just as on that memorable occasion in Shoulder Arms when he captured the slew of prisoners, Charlie could say, "I surrounded them." Political officers in our embassies reported back to Washington that we were taking a prestige drubbing.

Ironically, it was Chaplin's clear-cut victory over the Department of Justice that now set him up for a terrible pratfall, and at the hands of the oldest villain in the Chaplin repertory of persecuting demons, the Internal Revenue Service. The XVI Amendment (Income Tax) was passed in 1913, one year before Chaplin hit the big money, and ever since he has regarded it as a personal affront, a wicked device to separate the artist from his money. The revenuers regard Charlie as "a hard, shirking man" and claim getting taxes out of him is like trying to open an oyster with a spoon. Down through the years the epic battles between Chaplin and the Treasury have become textbook classics in the art of tax maneuver. On one occasion, the Treasury found Chaplin more than $1,000,000 in arrears, and forced him to pony up. In a return engagement, Chaplin proved that the Treasury owed him $18,000—one of those giddy victories that Charlie rather unwisely boasted too much about. In the third showdown, it is the Treasury that is enjoying the old boffola.

How an old master like Chaplin got his neck in the wrong loopholes is an involved affair, although the law is simple enough. Through the autumn of 1952, as he moved from capital to capital and triumph to triumph, Charlie's plan seemed to be simply to play things by ear. On several public occasions he insisted on the validity of his re-entry permit and his intention to return to the United States. By December, however, shopping around under the name of Mr. Brocker in Switzerland, he rented the lovely Manoir de Ban in Vevey, with a six-months' option to buy. He seemed to have made the decision to make at least one picture in Europe. Then, one fine spring day in 1953, came the tax notice from the United States. Charlie whipped off to the nearest American consulate, in Geneva, and tossed in his re-entry permit like a hot grenade. He apparently thought that possession of it was what made him liable for United States taxation.

Too late. This time the Treasury had Chaplin in a three-way bind: If Charlie claimed his re-entry permit was valid, then he was taxable on the usual basis, as an alien still legally resident in the state of California; if he claimed he was no longer a resident or had been deprived of his right to be a resident, then he was taxable on all income and profits made in the United States. For a nonresident alien, British, the flat rate is 30 per cent; the one status Chaplin could not claim was the popular "18-month exemption clause" under which other Hollywood directors and stars had made films in Europe free of U. S. tax. That clause applied to American citizens only.

The amount due, according to the Treasury, was $516,167. Charlie refused to pay. In 1954 a penalty double was invoked bringing the amount to $1,400,000, roughly. And then Charlie got so mad he sat down and wrote that song: "When I think of a million dollars ——"

Readers at this point may feel the plot has become even zanier than the usual Chaplin scenario. This is only the first act of Chaplin's career abroad. What we now see emerging is the raw stuff of his latest picture. In that curious way that the hurly-burly of Chaplin's life feeds his pictures, and his pictures reflect the mad adventure of his life, the comedian now has three major themes:

He had arrived in Europe talking about doing a film on a D.P. in New York, an idea that actually dates back to 1940. Now he had become a D.P. himself.

His hassle with two major branches of the United States Government, the Department of Justice and the Treasury, will furnish material for virulent satire.

And in Switzerland, in the town of Vevey, he will be an exile, inspired by the playground of previous exile kings. Charlie becomes a king in Switzerland, the land of milk and money.

Editors' Note: This is the first of three articles on Charlie Chaplin's adventures and misadventures in Europe. The second will appear next week.

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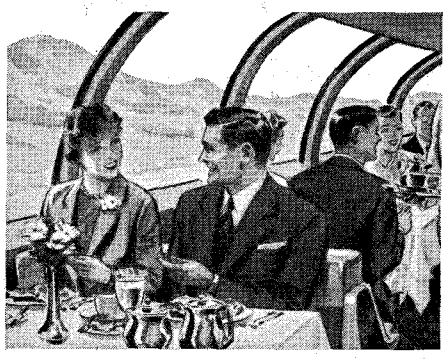

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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

I Want My Money Back

(Continued from Page 30)

the customer is often coddled, wheedled, pampered, humored, flattered and indulged. If something has gone sour in her $9.98 transaction involving a nylon slip, she may get a conciliatory letter over which some new executive has sweated half the morning. If that doesn't work, she may receive a poem written solely for her, or she may even be the subject of a full-page ad in the newspapers. Not infrequently, she's the recipient of an outright gift, similar to the item she purchased.

Furthermore, when a customer wants to complain or to return something, Macy's doesn't even call it a complaint or a return. It's called an adjustment. This lovely word is an inspired euphemism dreamed up by some department-store genius. It implies that no one is at fault. It also implies that the most tangled mess need be shifted ever so slightly for everybody to be happy.

Of course this doesn't mean that people can't get just as mad over an adjustment as a complaint. One woman recently "adjusted" her complaint by flinging the disputed object—an electric flatiron—squarely at the shoulders of the adjuster, a fragile-looking employee by the name of Frances Bigelow. The instrument blunted itself on the wall rather than on Miss Bigelow, but the latter still keeps an alert eye for whatever the customer is carrying, especially if it looks heavy.

"Adjusting" can be many things. It can mean replacing all the curtains that have not worn well in the humid climate of an African palace. It can mean putting newlyweds up in a hotel when their furniture has not arrived. It can also mean taking a lost child home in a taxicab.

The terrible-tempered Mr. Macy, were he alive today, would probably go back to whaling if confronted with some of the things the store adjusts. How does one deal patiently, for example, with people who buy a bottle of five hundred aspirin tablets and then go home to count them, one by one, finally writing in to complain that there are only 499 in the bottle? Or with the lady who spends 30 cents for a special-delivery stamp to tell Macy's that she was overcharged three cents? Or with the gentleman who called to say that he thought he lost a gold tooth on one of the store's many selling floors and would be obliged if Macy's would look for it?

Obviously, the handling of a customer's squawks and demands has come a long way since Mr. Macy's day. And to myself who am reluctant to return something even if the color and size are incorrect (I can always *give* it to somebody), the stories of what department stores will do to keep their customers happy have always been fascinating. Just how far, I've wondered, will stores go?

To get the answer to that question, I have just spent two weeks behind the scenes with Macy's. I have ridden their moving stairs from basement to roof, I have stood behind adjustment counters, I have listened in on phone conversations with complaining customers, I have ridden trucks that were sent to pick up things from unhappy suburban housewives, and I have traveled with a trouble-shooting adjuster, a man who calls on hard-core cases with whom all other forms of adjustment have failed.

I chose Macy's for two reasons: (1) It has been in business a century and obviously its policy in these matters must be fairly sound, and (2) it has the largest number of adjustments. Because the store has the largest volume of business, it inevitably has the largest number of returns and complaints. Out of 45,000,000 items sold each year, for example, about 10 per cent are returned. In ready-to-wear clothing, this figure runs higher—15 to 20 per cent. Actual complaints about merchandise, however, run less than 1 per cent.

Any way you figure it, there are still millions of things going wrong each year. And despite a highly refined adjustment department that uses forty full-time employees and several hundred part-time ones, there are plenty of unhappy customers. Furthermore, Macy's would be the last one to suggest—even privately—that it's usually the customer's fault. No one, not even a Soviet politician out of favor, is more ready to admit the error of his ways than Macy's. Take the Flagpole Incident, for example. Macy's employees love to tell you this one on themselves. It goes like this: A man in Staten Island decided to celebrate the Fourth of July by installing a flagpole and flying Old Glory. He called Macy's and was promised a fine, lofty pole in a few days. When the delivery truck arrived, however, they left not a flagpole, but a box of curtain rods. The man called up the store and told them to send the flagpole and pick up the curtain rods. A few days later, he received another box of curtain rods. He complained again and got more curtain rods, but no pole. Finally, one week before the Fourth, he gave up. He went to a local contractor and got a fine flagpole which, with a great deal of effort, he finally got firmly planted in the ground. The man then called Macy's and told them to cancel the flagpole order and please pick up the three boxes of curtain rods. You guessed it! One day before the Fourth, the man came home from work to find that Macy's had been there, had yanked the flagpole out of the ground, carted it away, and left the curtain rods. The man couldn't have been more frustrated if he'd been carted away himself.

No one to this day knows exactly how all this happened, except that each time the man called he got a different person. With scores of persons handling adjustments by phone, one rarely gets the same person twice unless he asks for her specifically. The flagpole owner, incidentally, is still a Macy customer, which is no small tribute to the reconciliatory skill of its adjustment department.

Some people, of course, take mixups with great good humor, and even enter into the spirit of things by writing Macy's witty letters. For example, the store recently received the following communication from a slightly-shook-up customer:

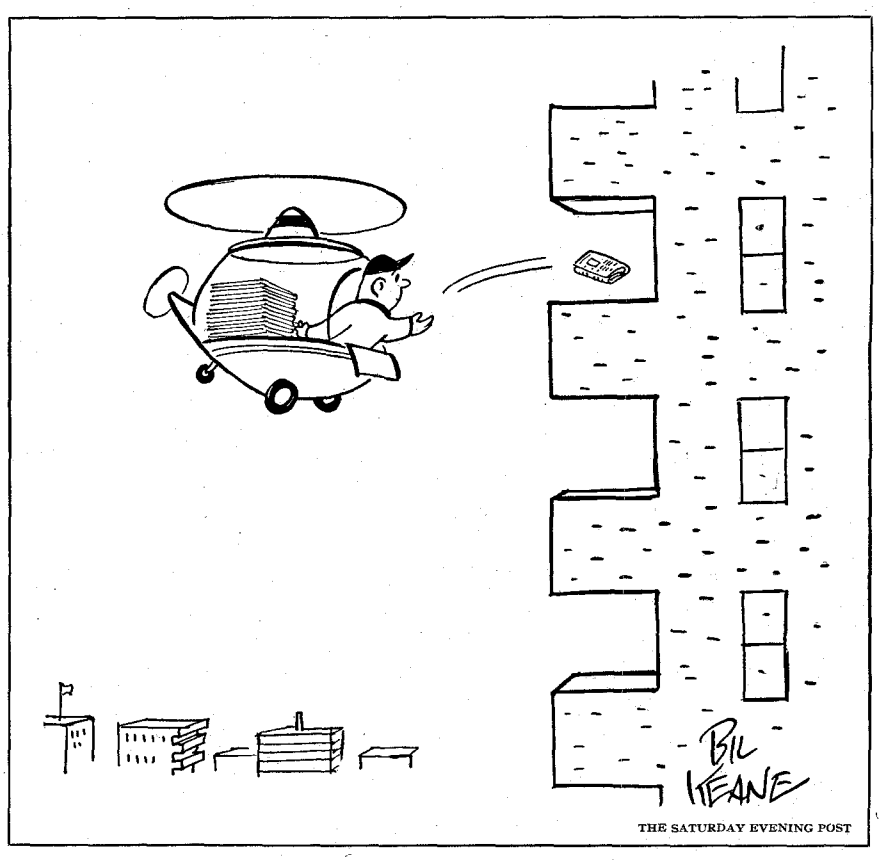
Dear Macy's: Last week I paid you $1.24 for a book called Crime File Number One which I ordered delivered to my home. Saturday your driver delivered a copy of the Holy Bible (price: $2.34). Now, I am deeply touched by the missionary spirit which prompted a clerk to make such a substitution. On the other hand, I feel I must tell you about it, for I am almost certain that Macy's would rather see me go to Hell for $1.24 than attain salvation without paying the $1.10 difference.

The man was wrong. Macy's was so charmed by the letter that they told him to keep the Bible and sent along the other book as a gift.

It is not the first time that customers have profited by a complaint. In fact, as a result of my research into the subject, my feeling is that the store could easily change its slogan from "It's Smart To Be Thrifty" to "It's Smart To Complain."

Four years ago, a young couple living in the suburbs bought an electric mixer. Recently it got out of order, and the couple sent it back to Macy's for repair. A few days later, they got a card from the store saying that the mixer had been sent to the factory for repairs, that the charge would be $4.39, and that it would be returned on such and such a date. The date went by, but no mixer arrived. The lady called up to complain, and the store, all apologies, admitted the thing had gone astray. However, they would send her a new one for the price of repairing the old one. The next day the delivery truck rolled up with two mixers—the new one and the old one, repaired. Conscientiously honest, the lady kept the old one and made the driver take back the new one. Two days later, the store sent her a letter acknowledging the return of the mixer and sending her a check for $9.94. At this point, she kept the check. If she returned it, she figured she'd just get another mixer.

In its zeal to provide service for its customers, Macy's boasts that it can track down almost any item. Occasionally this



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policy falls a cropper, as it did recently in trying to locate a "hootnanny" for an Alabama customer. Heaven knows how much time and money were spent on the search.

It seems that the Southern gentleman did not explain exactly what a hootnanny was. He implied that it was an animal by saying that he'd like a "short-haired one about a year old." He also used some Latin words to describe the species. Macy's had no idea what a hootnanny was, but bravely entered the chase. They enlisted the services of the public library, Columbia University, the Bronx Zoo, and assorted researchers. Letters flew back and forth, calls were made, and employees sent out on expense accounts. Some said it was a white goat, some said it was a gadget or "thing-a-ma-jig," and a few cynics said the gentleman was pulling Macy's corporate leg.

In any event, Macy's wrote him a lighthearted letter. "In our 165 departments," it said, "we have a great many hootnannies (thing-a-ma-jigs), but we cannot find a short-haired one about a year old, unless you want a mink coat. We have one of those, and in white too. Let us know, won't you, just what kind of a hootnanny will be right for you?"

The gentleman wrote back in tones that scarcely concealed his impatience. He didn't want a mink coat ("If my wife starts yammering for one, I'll give her a trap and a gun and point her in the direction of minks."), and he didn't want a "new thing-a-ma-jig." "What I want," he insisted, "is a hootnanny to donate to the local zoo." He ended up by saying that he was shocked by the implication in the letter that the store didn't even know what it was looking for.

Macy's redoubled its efforts, even though they began to suspect that a live hootnanny existed only in the mind of the Alabama philanthropist. Finally, after a protracted correspondence, Macy's admitted defeat. They couldn't fill the order, they wrote. At this point, the customer came forward and admitted the whole thing was a hoax. What's more, he boasted, he'd been ribbing big corporations for years.

After this dubious passage at arms with a customer, Macy's can be forgiven if they did not take very seriously a gentleman in Tupper Lake, New York, who wrote in, requesting the store's lowest price on a dead horse. Not to be fooled again, they replied in a tongue-in-cheek mood.

We sold our last horse—a live one—in 1925, and feel certain we have no more in our possession. We are, however, consumed with curiosity as to just what you expect to do with a dead horse. Wonders never cease in this business, and yours is the most unusual demand we have received this year. Our limited knowledge would lead us to believe that the prospect of a dead horse is greater at Tupper Lake than it is at Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street.

The customer, it turned out, was in dead earnest. He replied:

I appreciate your letter, but note that you took my request as a humorous one. I assure you I would not inflict you with anything but a serious inquiry. Noting your curiosity as to what I want with a dead horse, I am not surprised. Actually, I have been fishing here without success, and I believe that if I could sink a dead horse in shallow water, I could at least get some eels and catfish. If you know where I could get a dead horse, I would consider it a favor. My truck goes to New York occasionally and could pick it up. P.S. A dead pony would be just as good.

This is an order Macy's could not fill. There have been others. One youngster wrote in to say that "since Macy's has everything," he'd like a baby sister. At Christmastime, a G.I. wrote from overseas requesting a pair of socks in which the store was to place his discharge papers. Macy's sent him the socks as a gift, but told him he'd have to wait for Uncle Sam to fill them with discharge papers.

Unusual requests like these are handled in the adjustment department. So are all complaints, returns and mix-ups that come in by mail or phone. On the other hand, if a customer comes in person to return something or complain about it, the business is generally handled by a supervisor in the department where the item was bought. If the adjustment cannot be handled on the spot—and Macy's encourages this by giving each department plenty of latitude to do so—the matter then becomes the responsibility of the adjustment department proper.

This department, which carries on its peace-making mission in a huge room about the size of the United Nations Security Council chambers, is presided over by a tactful, warmhearted matron by the name of Mrs. Lillian Beyer who, in her spare time, raises money to send underprivileged children to camp. A department that can make or break friends for Macy's, it is one of the busiest in the store. Mrs. Beyer must necessarily act on the assumption that all people are honest. If a lady calls in to complain that she ordered six parfait glasses and one arrived broken, Mrs. Beyer dispatches another one immediately. "We are so busy we couldn't begin to investigate things like that," she says. "Besides, Macy's would rather be fooled occasionally than lose the good will of a customer. This policy is cheaper than using advertising to win friends."

On the other hand, expensive merchandise—"high ticket" items like furniture, carpeting, television sets and large appliances—cannot be adjusted without more controls. On such things, Macy's keeps copies of the sales slips as well as microfilms of monthly statements. It is able to produce a record of the transaction in from one to three minutes, usually while the customer is waiting on the telephone. In complaints of this kind, an inspector is usually dispatched to examine the merchandise in the home. Even there, however, Macy's is geared to give the customer the benefit of the doubt.

In one Long Island house I visited with such an adjuster, William A. Johnston, the lady claimed that the wall-to-wall carpeting she had ordered installed to the tune of $2800 did not match the paint job. She claimed that the rug sample she was given at the store was slightly lighter in color. It took Mr. Johnston just ten minutes to adjust that one. He took a look at the sample, decided the lady was right and Macy's was wrong. He then ordered the entire interior of the house repainted. It was cheaper than taking the rug back, and the lady was willing. The bill cost Macy's $585.

On one occasion, when a woman received a clothes washer of the wrong color, Macy's paid her laundry bills until the right one arrived. On another, the store picked up the tab for a parking ticket while the customer was taking something back that she'd had a particularly thorny time with.

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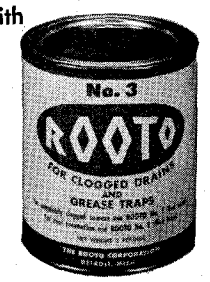

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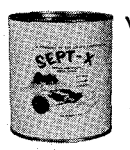

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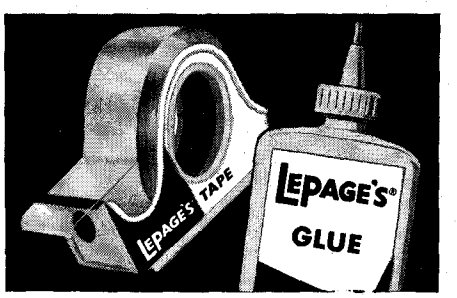

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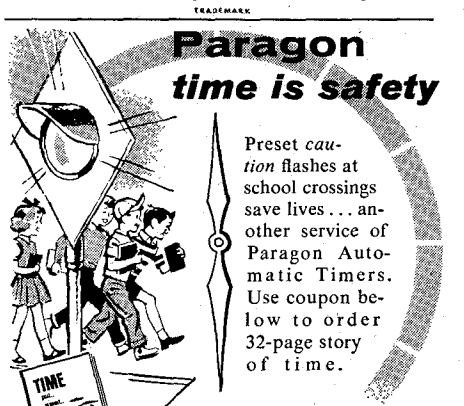

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There is, of course, a limit to all this good will, even though I learned that Macy's boiling point is high. When the store finds that it is dealing with a deadbeat—someone who is obviously trying to get something for nothing—it lowers the boom. To aid in this, Mrs. Beyer's department is festooned with large blackboards on which are written the names and addresses of several dozen people with whom Macy's does not think it's smart to adjust. The people who work in the department are required to memorize this list.

What sort of person gets himself on Macy's blackboard?

One such gentleman lives in Brooklyn. Not long ago, he went into the smoking-supplies department to say that two boxes of cigars he bought were dry and broken. When asked to return the boxes, he said they were so bad the maid had thrown them out. He had nothing to return, but he still insisted on two new boxes. The supervisor hesitated and called the buyer. The latter decided to consult Mrs. Beyer. He was surprised to learn that the complainer was well known to the adjustment department. He had been doing this sort of thing for years, not only with Macy's but with other stores. Curiously enough, the customer was a retired gentleman of wealth, seventy years of age, who drove around town in a chauffeured limousine. He did not get his two boxes of cigars.

Another customer who was given no adjustment was a woman who bought a refrigerator and complained that meat spoiled in it after two days. Inspectors sent to investigate on several occasions could find nothing wrong with it. Finally, after repeated demands for another refrigerator, Macy's dispatched another investigator. He arrived early in the morning and found the icebox's electric plug pulled out of the wall. When he brought this to the customer's attention, she said: "I always take the plug out at night to save electricity."

Although department stores do not tell one another what they are doing in merchandising ("Does Macy's tell Gimbels," etc.), there is a certain amount of fraternization among adjusters at Mrs. Beyer's level. For mutual protection, they have occasional huddles in which they pass around names, like that of the cigar chiseler and other chronic nuisances. It is doubtful, for example, that any New York store will sell perfume to a certain lady who insisted upon bringing back perfume that she had had in her possession for three years. She explained that she did not like the scent. Macy's refused to take it back not because she'd had it so long, but because they no longer carried the brand.

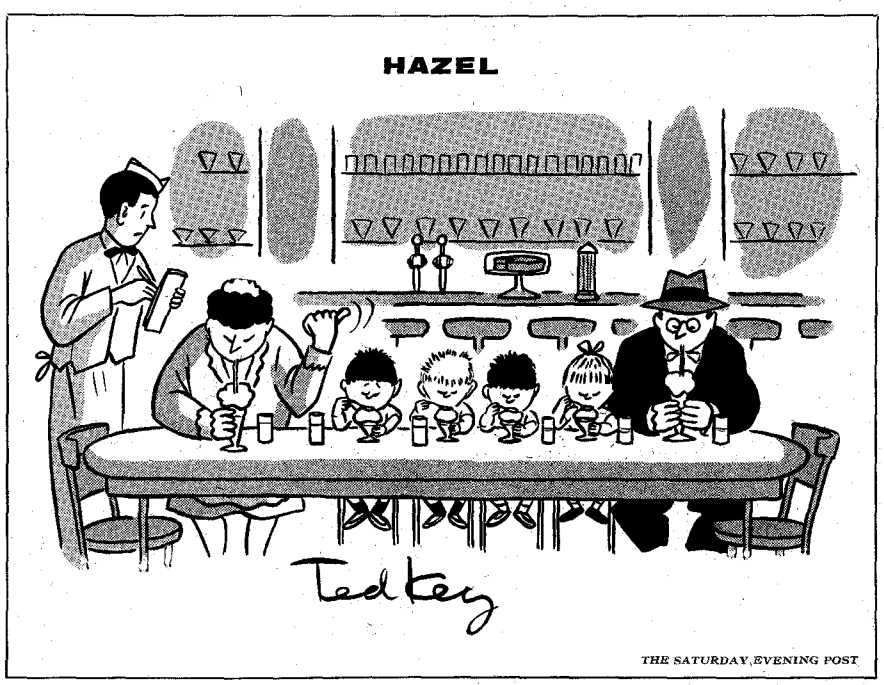
The lady was so irate that she decided to set up a deathwatch over the first-floor supervisor who had turned her down. For three months, she not only accosted him every time he came out of his office but just stood and stared at him when he was working on the floor. "Finally I could stand it no longer," he told me. "I took back the perfume." According to Mrs. Beyer, certain people, when they buy something, expect "perpetual care, like a cemetery."

It must be said, however, that the vast majority of people are pleasant, even apologetic, about returning something. Many go out of their way to do it with grace and humor, although the latter is sometimes unintentional. One woman recently returned eighteen rolls of toilet paper with a note: "I am sorry to send these back, but my husband has died and I've been forced to change my mode of living."

Another customer wrote a long letter complaining because she had intended surprising her mother with a Christmas gift of a bed light, and Macy's had indiscreetly sent a package on which the label read: One Lamp—$4.05. "If my mother can open the package on Christmas and evince any surprise at all at the contents, then she is a better actress than Ethel Barrymore, Bette Davis, and Helen Hayes combined," she wrote. "Do you think I could conscientiously wish you a happy New Year after this? P.S. Happy New Year."

Many people take time to conduct their dealings with Macy's in verse. The other day Mrs. Beyer received the following poem from a New Jersey housewife:

I think that I shall never see
A bra that's fashioned just for me.
I thought that I should order C,
Surveyed again, and ordered B.
B is too large to my dismay
And yet I am too big for A.
The gist of this is just to say:
Please come and take my bra away.



Macy's also responded in meter, suggesting she try the custom-fit department.

On at least one occasion, adjustment was a matter of life or death. One Christmas, a youngster in Toledo bit into a Christmas-tree light that had been bought at Macy's. It was the kind that had colored fluid in it which produced bubbles. The youngster became seriously ill from the poisonous liquid and was taken to the hospital. The doctor called Macy's, which immediately called Ephraim Freedman, the chemist who is head of the store's bureau of standards, and set him to work analyzing the fluid in the Christmas-tree light. In almost no time at all, Mr. Freedman was able to telephone the chemical contents of the fluid to the Toledo doctor, who was then able to give the proper antidote which saved the child's life.

Adjustments frequently include mishaps in the store—to persons as well as personal effects. Although Macy's is not legally responsible for most of these, it is happy to try to fix things up as a way of winning friends and influencing customers. Not long ago, a shopper complained that she had a stomach ache right after having lunch in one of the store's restaurants. Macy's took care of her in its own hospital on the nineteenth floor. In the middle of the afternoon when the lady had recovered, she remembered that her lunch had been eaten not in Macy's, but in another store, close by. This didn't bother Macy's a bit.

On the other hand, their patience was sorely tried when a woman from New Jersey tore her skirt slightly while trying out a metal chair in the furniture department. Macy's adjustment department suggested the woman have the skirt rewoven locally and send the bill to them. Ten days later, the store got a letter from her saying that she could not get it woven where she lived. Furthermore, it was not just a skirt that was at stake, she said. The item in question was part of a four-way outfit, including four blouses, three other skirts, and a cummerbund. All went together, and since she considered them a total loss, the cost of replacement would be $48.40.

At this point, Macy's cleared its collective throat and said it would have the skirt woven. This the store did, and in their own words, it turned out "a beautiful job." However, shortly after sending it out to New Jersey, the woman's husband came in with the skirt. It was, he said, "not like new," and his wife had been caused considerable anguish. During the course of showing the skirt to several people at Macy's, everybody noticed that he had stuck a pin in the woven spot so that he could find it. Macy's ended up by buying the lady a new skirt, but not a complete outfit. They also let her keep the old one.

In discussing this case with Arthur L. Manchee, vice president in charge of store operations and the over-all boss of the adjustment department, I said that it didn't strike me as good business to bother with people who were costing the store more than they were worth. It seemed to me it might be a good idea to break a few umbrella handles, so to speak, from time to time.

Mr. Manchee disagreed. "A disgruntled customer can cause us a lot of harm in her circle," he said. "Her friends don't know our side of the story, and if they hear enough of this sort of thing, they're likely to shop elsewhere. It's not that we love everybody or that we operate according to the Sermon on the Mount. It's simply good business."

Last May, Mr. Manchee sent out a bulletin to all Macy's employees. It sums up the store's adjustment policy on all items, from a three-cent package of sandpaper to a $65,000 diamond ring. It states: "When a customer is dissatisfied with the performance of our merchandise, it is our policy to satisfy the customer. If we feel the claim is wrong, we can attempt to convince the customer of our position. If we are unsuccessful, we will make an adjustment to her complete satisfaction." Mr. Manchee uses the word "her" because 85 per cent of all shoppers are women.

Although Macy's sales slips say that merchandise must be returned within ten days in salable condition, it is obvious from the above intramural bulletin that a customer can take back just about anything she's unhappy with, even if there's nothing wrong with it, long after the ten days have expired.

The cost of this is of course considerable. It is impossible to get exact figures because so much adjusting is done by people who are paid, basically, to do other things. For example, almost every salesperson will do a certain amount of adjustment every day. However, Mr. Manchee feels that the sum, if it could be computed, would be well over $2,000,000 annually. The actual cost of giving away things as a good-will gesture—such things as the electric mixer and the new skirt—amounts to $500,000 each year.

This liberal view of customer whims, which is true of most reputable department stores today and is not unique with Macy's, extends from the top to the bottom of the store's roster of 11,000 employees. Each has been indoctrinated with trying to please the customer.

Unsolicited "testimonials" from satisfied customers are rare nuggets and are treasured as such. Laments Mrs. Beyer, "Mostly, we hear about only the things that go wrong." Not long ago, however, she recalls, something happened which at least one adjuster has been living off—spiritually—ever since.

It seems that a gentleman from Boston came in to buy his wife a present of her favorite brand of soap. The girl clerk hunted high and low for it, but couldn't find it. Then she went to look in the stockroom. Twenty minutes later she emerged, her face smudged and her dress disheveled, but with no soap. "If you can wait a few minutes, I'll look in the basement," she said. The gentleman was in no hurry. Eventually the girl returned, looking even more disheveled, but with the soap triumphantly in hand. The Bostonian offered her a tip, but she refused.

A few minutes later, he walked up to one of the adjustment desks on the floor. There were a number of women in line and he had to wait. Finally, the supervisor handling the desk had disposed of all the customers except the woman in front of him. She was complaining loudly about a pair of tan gloves that had faded in washing. The supervisor looked harried. He had been listening to this sort of thing all day. As is usual, he first tried to convince her of Macy's point of view. He explained patiently that the gloves were the cheapest Macy's sold, that there was no guarantee against fading, and as far as he could see, they hadn't faded anyway. Furthermore, if they had been washed, they couldn't be sold again. The woman was not satisfied. She raised her voice. She demanded her money back and she shook the gloves in his face.

At this point, the Bostonian stepped up. "I'd like to say something," he said. The woman stopped for a moment and he continued in a loud voice: "Now I've shopped in several departments and people have astonished me by their willingness to help. One girl spent an hour finding some soap for me, got all mussed up, and then refused a tip. Here are my sales slips. I'd like you to see that every clerk who dealt with me knows how I feel about this experience. Will you do that?"

The man behind the desk was too stunned to answer. He just stood there for a few seconds and then broke out into a smile. Eventually the smile all but split his face. In fact, it didn't wear off until long after the gentleman from Boston had left and he'd turned back to the woman who was still waving that pair of tan gloves.

THE END

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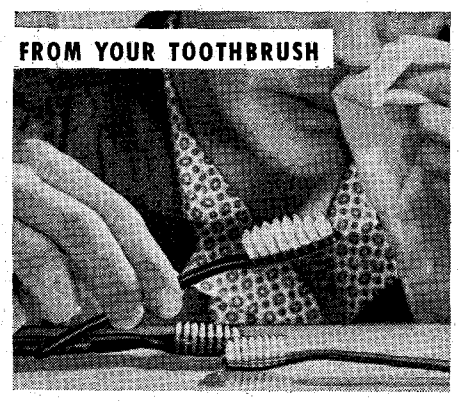
THE TOOTHBRUSH THAT
WON'T PASS ALONG GERMS

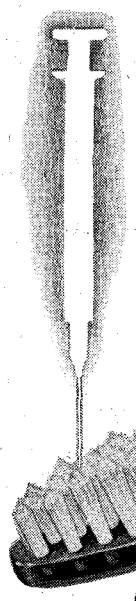


If you have a bacterial infection . . .

if toothbrushes touch between brushings . . .

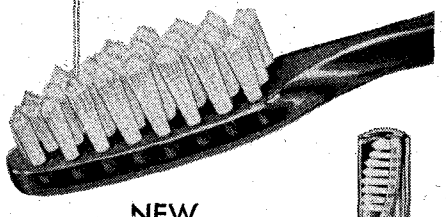
Dr. West's "Germ-Fighters" won't "catch it" *and pass it along!*

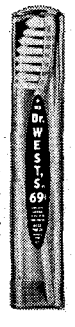
IT'S HAD A GERM-FIGHTER "SHOT"



Here's the new kind of toothbrush that *won't pass along germs.* Every bristle, the entire brush head of the new Dr. West's "Germ-Fighter" is treated by a special anti-bacterial process.* This enables the "Germ-Fighter" to inhibit or destroy germs that fall on and hold to it. Keeps itself safe . . . to help keep *your* family safe whenever they brush.

*Pats. applied for





NEW
DR. WEST'S
"GERM-FIGHTER"
BRAND
TOOTHBRUSH

Child's size 39¢ Youth's size 49¢ 69¢

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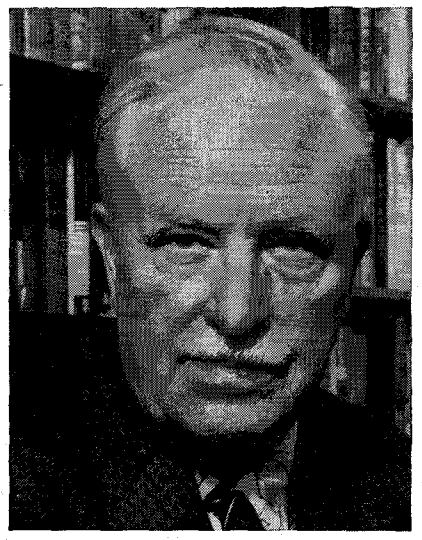
Keeping Posted

Dr. Campbell's Wonderful School

A teacher of writing in a university once said that he didn't care whether the students in his classes ever published anything, implying that good art forms can't be created with the public in mind. Well, he obviously wasn't associated with the University of Oklahoma's creative-writing courses, whose students and graduates have been racking up total sales averaging well over $100,000 a year since 1938. The students are told that the only diplomas they can get are publication checks, and such diplomas have been granted for more than 200 books and many thousands of magazine sales. When Dr. W. S. Campbell (pen name: Stanley Vestal) set up those O.U. courses, his keynote was, "You can no more write a good story without a reader in mind than write a good letter to nobody."

Dick Smith, a current student who already has a newspaper editor's background, recalls that Doctor Campbell had a writers' conference in 1955 featuring a panel composed of Mary Agnes Thompson, Land Kaderli, Al Dewlen and Ed Montgomery—"Not only they," says Smith, "but two other Campbell protégés, Marian Gavin and Beth Day, had all made first sales to the Post during the previous two years!" Miss Thompson now has Posted five times, one of her stories becoming the Elvis Presley movie, Loving You. But Oklahoma's most prolific gift to the Post (so far) is Bill Gulick, specialist in Westerns, who has spun for us nine stories and a serial. Other O.U. contributors: Clifton Adams, Wayne Brown, Alberta Constant, Francis Fugate, Walt Grove, Hazel Heckman, Geraldine McClung, W. R. Scott, and Kermit Shelby. Grand total of O.U.-to-the-Post by-lines: 44.



Dr. W. S. Campbell.

Doctor Campbell was the first Rhodes scholar from the state of Oklahoma; he was Oklahoma U.'s youngest professor when he joined the faculty in 1915; he has written twenty-four books, a majority about the Old West. So it sort of figures that one of his pupils was Lynn Riggs, whose play, Green Grow the Lilacs, was adapted into the great musical, Oklahoma! Doctor Campbell was planning to retire from campus teaching this spring, continuing only with his correspondence courses. But his wonderful work will have to be carried on by his able colleagues, Professors Foster Harris and Dwight Swain, for Doctor Campbell suffered a heart attack in a classroom and he died on Christmas Day.

Author on Ice

Sheelagh Stevens, 14-year-old daughter of W. J. Stevens, Jr., assistant managing editor of the Post, is following about 50 per cent in her father's footsteps. She is a full-fledged writer now, with an article in last month's Seventeen magazine; but her subject is how to figure-skate, and her father hasn't made noteworthy strides at that. Seventeen's illustrations showed the author swirling through maneuvers beyond the ability of most mortals, but the final photo candidly depicted an unpremeditated sitdown—"Poom!" writes Sheelagh. "Another way to make a quick stop."

Mr., Mrs., Miss Stevens and 7-year-old William, III, live in Merion Station, Pa., not far from the Philadelphia Skating Club and Humane Society; there Sheelagh assiduously practices her art before professional Hans Johnsen, and for two summers she has pirouetted under the eye of Cliff Thaell at Lake Placid's Olympic Arena. Speaking of pros, Sheelagh didn't accept pay for her article, so the A.A.U. needn't worry about her amateur standing.

Sheelagh Stevens.

Just a Happenstance

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Stern.

Richard Stern says that his serial, Terror in the Streets, which opens on page 22, is wholly fictional, except that the setting is a real country (name purposely omitted) where such events *might* happen. So that eliminates Venezuela, where so recently terror did happen.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"SO YOU'RE ALL TENSED UP"

What can be done about the ailments of overworked businessmen? Specialist Harry J. Johnson, M.D., tells how to cope with life's stresses.

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